




## Theater Major

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Relationships:	<a href="#">Ranboo &amp; Toby Smith</a> , <a href="#">Tubbo &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot &amp; Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit &amp; Phil Watson</a> , <a href="#">Eret &amp; TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Cara</a> , <a href="#">CaptainPuffy &amp; TommyInnit</a>
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Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">fics that fuel my daddy issues</a> , <a href="#">Things</a> , <a href="#">and I will adore you forevermore</a> , <a href="#">Sadness in written form</a> , <a href="#">Ash's Favorite Incomplete MCYT Fics</a> , <a href="#">Meyt fics</a> , <a href="#">dino's minecraft hyperfixations</a> , <a href="#">My heart flutters</a> , <a href="#">dsmtp fics that have kept me alive</a>    , <a href="#">Completed stories I've read</a> , <a href="#">Stier</a> , <a href="#">Found family to make me feel something</a> , <a href="#">fanfics that hurt me but i love them (authors should pay for my therapy)</a> , <a href="#">I'm simply stunned</a> , <a href="#">Sleeping With My Best Friend's Wife Makes Minecraft 100% More Funnier</a> , <a href="#">BEST FICS EVER 10/10 MUST READ AGAIN</a> , <a href="#">THESE ARE SO GOOD WHY ARE THEY SO GOOD??!! (mcyt edition)</a> , <a href="#">Ash's Favorite Completed MCYT Fics</a> , <a href="#">oh no my minecraft era has returned (finished)</a> , <a href="#">My favourite tommy centric fanfics</a> , <a href="#">Sad Tommy Fics For a Day I Need to Cry</a> , <a href="#">Ky's TBR</a> , <a href="#">c20w_'s stash of treasures</a> , <a href="#">Fics I read way so much it definitely isn't healthy but they're really good</a> , <a href="#">MCYT fics that are POG o7</a> , <a href="#">The Fics ever</a> , <a href="#">This is such a good fic-- WAIT WHEN DID I GET TO THE END</a> , <a href="#">Yeah this is good very good</a> , <a href="#">Amy's Library aka her precious jewels</a>
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# Theater Major

by [Annex](#)

## Summary

Tommy hasn't seen or spoken to his brothers in almost seven years. And it was supposed to stay that way. In fact Tommy wasn't ever supposed to see or speak to his brother until they apologized to him. Or at least that's what he thought.

Now in his senior year in the most prestigious school in the country due to a very strange set of circumstances, Tommy is shocked to find his out his brothers are coming home a semester early and are going to be staying at home with him again.

With his whole world shaken and his perfectly crafted world crumbled by this news, Tommy figure out how to manage his knew home life with his current school life.

Not to mention he's also part of the school theatre program that is much more demanding than anything he's ever done before.

Tommy has to make it through his last semester of high school, last show with the school that has done so much for him and now his entire schedule and life has been thrown to the wind by his family. And why are they acting like nothings wrong?

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Or Tommy's a theater kid who now has to deal with fact that his brothers are disrupting the life he had ever so perfectly created in the massive wake they left behind.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# **There's No Business Like Show Business (Annie Get Your Gun; 1946)**

## Chapter Summary

What happened between Tommy and his brothers?  
And how'd he even get into the academy in the first place?

## Chapter Notes

**\*\*//Trigger Warnings\\\*\***

- Panic Attacks
- Description (Graphic?) of a Panic Attack
- Depression
- Description of Depression
- Vague mentions of Suicide
- Vague Suicidal Ideology
- Unintentional Child Neglect

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy has been in a slump all day, not really talking to anyone, barely managing a wave when he passed his friends in the hallway. Honestly, both Tubbo and Ranboo were starting to get worried. They didn't even get a chance to talk with him during the day. Despite the fact that they had about half their classes together, they had a test in history, a quiz in math, a lab in chemistry and Tommy didn't show up to lunch. He always showed up to lunch unless he was in the counselor's office, which he happened to go to instead of having a class before lunch. Tubbo had asked about him when he went to see her during his period but she simply smiled at him and told him to ask Tommy himself.

But when they got to the theater Tommy dropped his snack tray onto the break/homework table and then just dropped his head onto the table alongside it. Ranboo had flinched while Tubbo simply poked him. Eret raised an eyebrow at him before sitting down at the other side of the table.

“Have something you want to talk about?” Eret asked, also poking Tommy's head.

“Not really.” Tommy muttered, muffled by the fact he was face down on the table.

“You spent two full periods in Puffy’s office. Come on.” Tubbo said. Tommy sighed and shifted his head so he was longer face down on the table.

“My brothers are coming home soon. Sometime before winter break.”

“Ooh.” Eret winced.

“L.” Tubbo answered. Eret whacked him lightly on the shoulder. “What?”

“I thought they were supposed to stay until Technoblade got his masters?” Ranboo asked.

“He’s graduating early.” Tommy said. “You’d think after being at school for almost 7 years they’d just stay there.”

“You wish.” Tubbo replied, earning himself yet another light whack from Ranboo this time.

“I mean Wilbur got his teaching degree in six years and now Techno is graduating a year and a semester early? Can you believe that?” Tommy hissed.

“Hey Eret?” Tubbo asked. “You’re around the same age at Tommy’s brothers, why aren’t you still in college?”

“This school isn’t run by the county or even the government like public schools are. The requirements to teach are different, sure you need education if you’re going to teach but you don’t need a teaching degree to work here. I graduated from college a year early and came here directly. I worked one year as a student teacher and then some summer programs and that was that. Here I am.” Eret told them. “Most of the teachers here were like that.

Graduated early or didn't even graduate at all just had enough to teach and student taught for a year."

"I can tell." Tommy muttered. "I don't learn a thing in English."

"That's just because Dream's a dick." Tubbo replied. Eret sighed.

"We're technically still in school, please just call him Mr. WasTaken." Eret told them for what was probably the three hundredth time.

"We call you Eret." Tubbo pointed out.

"My choice."

"Whatever."

"Aren't your brothers going to be looking for a job instead of just staying around the house?" Ranboo asked. "So you won't see them that much."

"Wilbur will, but technically they're taking *another* year off, like the one before going to college wasn't enough. So Techno will be home all the time and Wilbur is only applying for part-time jobs at best." Tommy muttered. "I just really don't want to see them."

"That's fair." Eret told him.

"What sucks is probably no more hang outs at my house for the foreseeable future. Wouldn't want to disturb the precious golden twins." Tommy fake gagged at his own words.

“Boooooooo!” Tubbo whined, he always liked going over to Tommy’s house, especially because Phil was never home and Eret was the one to supervise them.

“I’m sure you could always ask Phil.” Ranboo said, trying to look on the brighter side of things.

“Phil doesn’t know you guys ever came over in the first place.” Tommy said, despite the fact that he never openly admitted to that before, they all always knew. That didn’t stop Eret from glaring at him anyway. Eret only came to the little get togethers *because* Phil wasn’t going to be there and if Eret wasn’t there, there was nothing to stop them from getting trouble. That and the fact that these get togethers were supposed to be about practicing for the theater stuff.

“We’ll still have our discord game nights.” Eret waved him off. “Plus if we need to meet up outside of school we can always meet at someone else’s house.” Tubbo smiled.

“Your house?” He asked. The three of them had always wanted to see their teacher’s house but Eret always refused, insisting that even hanging out with the kids outside of school was weird enough, despite the fact that Eret was barely older than them and was less of a teacher to them and more of a friend in the first place. Eret sighed in annoyance.

“If it came to that, yes.” The three boys cheered and Eret knew that they were going to do whatever it took to make sure they got invited over. “Anyway, this table is for breaks and homework, who had homework?” They all raised their hands.

“I have a worksheet from Ponk, and dickhead Dream is making us read two chapters of the new book he just gave us.” Eret couldn’t help but sigh.

“English as well.” Tubbo replied, confirming the chapters Dream had given him

“English and Sapnap gave me a packet for greek.” Ranboo said.

“Okay how about we read the chapters out loud for English and then Tubbo while these two finish up on their worksheets and packets we can work on your choreography for the winter showcase.” Eret suggested.

“Oh god please.” Tubbo begged. Reading the book by himself was hard, the dyslexia made it difficult for him to read for long periods of time, but Eret had figured out pretty early on in their first year that when others read aloud to him he was able to understand the book. Eret also made all three of them finish their homework before starting rehearsals. That way they kept their grades up and therefore Ranboo and Tommy could keep their scholarships. And Eret got to keep some of the best kids in the theater industry. With that the group set off to work while Eret got the theater ready for their rehearsal.

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“Good work today.” Eret praised the boys who had started packing up.

“Do you think we’ll get any homework for break?” Ranboo asked. Winter break was just next week which was why they were having so many tests in a row. Despite the fact that their winter showcase was also next week so their theater class wouldn’t be off technically as they’d be in their hell week. And this wasn’t any ordinary high school hell week. Their school was a private school with the most prestigious theater program in the country. Meaning only three of them were actually able to get in during their first year and no one had been able to get into it since. Sure there were upperclassmen... before they *became* the upperclassmen. So instead of a huge cast full of talented people, it was a tiny group of three people who were insanely talented in a wide range of performing skills. Acting, singing, dancing, instruments, ect. Whatever kind of performing arts you can think of, these kids were miles, kilometers, ahead of their peers and even ahead of college students, especially due to this program. So Hell week here was like hell week at a professional theater. None of them would have much time for anything other than rehearsals.

“I hope not.” Tommy replied. “Unlikely, Dream is definitely giving us a shit ton of stuff over the break.”

“I’m just glad it’s two weeks this year.” Tubbo replied. “That way we still have a week after the winter showcase.” Tommy nodded.

“Fair enough.”



“You guys are doing great and deserve a break. Don’t worry about any homework you have over the break. I’ll do my best to talk to your teachers about giving you work.” Eret laughed, understanding how hard these kids were working. Eret had been part of this program back when they were in high school, and it was increasingly more difficult when they had hell week and a mountain of homework on top of it, so they worked hard to make sure that the boys didn’t have to do much homework during hell week. Tech week, right now, they were allowed to have homework, Eret was not about to push their luck but they definitely didn’t want these kids overworking themselves. They experienced burnout themselves and it wasn’t fun.

“I think I have to go on an ambulance ride at least once this break. Don’t think I can get out of that.” Tommy said.

“Your EMT class scares me.” Ranboo muttered to himself. Tommy only shrugged.

“Yeah I can’t get you out of that, but I can ask Ponk to let you go after the showcase.” Eret told him as the group made their way out of the theater.

“Oh yeah, Ponk is chill with me doing it after, I just have to do it at least once. Last year of highschool means we need actual hours in so we can get certified.” Tommy replied as Eret locked the doors to their school theater.

“How are your guys' last year of high school classes going?” Eret asked.

“Fine,” Tubbo said. “I’m glad I was able to make it into Sam’s class this year.” Tommy bumped shoulders with Tubbo.

“You get into his class every year.” Tommy laughed.

“Yeah Sam picks who gets into his classes. He’s picked you every year since we first took his class in our first year.” Ranboo rolled his eyes. “Of course you got in, Sam loves you.” Tubbo crossed his arms and didn’t reply.

“I have a mid term project for Sam’s class and I have until the end of the semester but he gave it to us now just to be sure we have enough time to get it done.” Tubbo continued without addressing the others' conversations about Sam.

“Home ec with Niki is good, she’s mostly having us bake this week, winter and holiday themed cookies and cakes and all of that. She’s really good. Greek is going well too. There are only three of us at this level but apparently there are a lot of underclassmen are taking it this year so it’s getting a lot of popularity. I’m getting a bunch of volunteer hours because our class is helping the new students, tutoring and things like that.” Ranboo told them.

“Sapnap teaches that class, right? The math teacher?” Eret asked. Ranboo nodded.

“Yeah, apparently he grew up learning it with English so when kids wanted a different language they allowed him to teach it.” Ranboo explained, holding the front entrance door open for everyone behind him.

“Nice, how about you Tommy? You mentioned your EMT class is getting certified soon, what about the others?” Eret asked, waving to the night security guard at the entrance as they left the building. Tommy shrugged a bit.

“I’m getting good with sign language, this year it’s just me and Callahan but it’s not a very popular class to start with. English is still shitty and I hate Dream but Puffy keeps me late sometimes so I don’t have to be in class with him for the full period so that’s good.” Tommy explained. Eret nodded.

“I don’t know what his deal is with you.” Eret confessed. “He’s never had this problem with any of my kids before. He’s newer but he’s been friends with the majority of the teaching staff here for years. I’m pretty sure Foolish is his half brother or something.”

“Foolish is nice. I don’t know how he’s a teacher but he’s nice.” Tubbo replied.

“He- yeah no I agree.” Ranboo muttered. “He had a mental breakdown when I told him one of the lights was broken and he couldn’t fix it. I had to get Ponk who ended up getting Sam to fix it and then took Foolish to lay down for the rest of the day.”

“I’d believe it.” Tommy said. “We worshiped a pickle one afternoon when I went for extra help. I think he gave me a 100 on that test because he didn’t help me and he didn’t want anyone else finding out about the pickle.”

“You’re telling *us* that now.” Tubbo pointed out.

“It’s far too late to change my grade now.” Tommy replied solemnly. Tubbo rolled his eyes and shoved him a bit, making him laugh.

“Alright this is where we part ways.” Eret told them as they reached the sidewalk. The teacher’s parking lot was to the right while the sidewalk that took the kids home was straight ahead. They nodded.

“I’m going to go climb into my father’s office window.” Tubbo decided and headed off back towards the school. His dad happened to be the principal of the school and Tubbo loved nothing more than doing things that pissed him off but technically weren’t against the rules. The student handbook went from having about 25 pages worth of stuff to somewhere around 120 after Tubbo joined. They needed official rules after kids started to imitate Tubbo’s actions.

“Be careful! Have a good night!” Eret called to him. Tubbo gave him a salute and ran off. “You two, be safe walking home. I’ll see you tomorrow. Text the group chat when you get home safe.” Ranboo lived in a group home on the next street over from Tommy’s house. Right on the border of what elementary and middle school they would go to and they just so happened to be put in separate ones. No one from Ranboo’s home was able to pick him up this late and so he had to walk. Tommy walked too, considering Phil didn’t even know he wasn’t home. So naturally the two walked together. Eret had offered to give them rides, as did Sam and Puffy but the two declined unless it was raining, snowing, or just too cold and windy to walk that far. It was about a fifteen to twenty minute walk depending on how fast they walked. So it wasn’t too bad.

“See ya tomorrow!” Tommy called as Ranboo waved and the two set off.

“So are we going to meet your brothers?” Ranboo asked as they walked further into the dark. Tommy shrugged.

“Probably not. Hopefully not.” He replied.

“Probably not?” Ranboo asked, he wasn’t exactly eager to meet the people that made Tommy’s life so miserable but he *was* interested in seeing what they looked like at the very least. He was curious.

“You’ve known me for over three years, almost four at this point and you’ve been over to my house how many times? Have you even met Phil?” Tommy asked. Ranboo was quiet for a moment, attempting to think of a time that he met Tommy’s father, but he hadn’t. Eret hadn’t either, while most kids went with their parents or guardians to ‘meet-the-teacher-night’ (even one of the care-takers from the home went with Ranboo) Tommy always showed up alone. Phil hadn’t even shown up to a single show they did. Apparently Tommy stopped asking him after their first year when he didn’t show up to even the promotions which happened on both Sundays and Saturdays to prevent parents from *not* showing up. Tommy merely shrugged and said he was used to it.

“No.” Ranboo replied after a moment of silence as they walked.

“There you go.” Tommy said simply. “I haven’t spoken to them since sixth grade, Ranboo I don’t know them anymore, it’s been six years.”

“Is that a good thing?” Ranboo asked. “If they aren’t the same people they were when your fight happened, doesn’t that mean good things?” Tommy shrugged.

“Possibly? If they were just reentering my life and I’d see them maybe twice a week it *could* be a good thing... but it’s literally like I’m starting to live with strangers and I have no clue how safe I’m going to feel around them.” Tommy replied. “I mean I know they’re not going to hurt me, I’m their brother after all, but” He paused. “It’s not a safe place, you know what I mean?”

“Yeah. Puffy’s room is a safe place, the theater is a safe place but Dream’s room isn’t a safe place.” Ranboo said, just labeling places that he could think of off the top of his head. “A place where you feel welcomed and loved.”

“Right.” Tommy said. “It’s not a place I feel welcomed, I haven’t for awhile and it’s not like them coming home is going just be okay, you know?”

“Yeah I get it.” Ranboo replied. “And Phil just dropped it on you?” Tommy nodded.

“I was eating cereal this morning and he was like, ‘oh yeah, Wil and Tech are coming home later next week.’ and I choked on my cereal.” Tommy said, rolling his eyes. Ranboo made a face. He couldn’t say he liked Phil, not after everything Tommy told them.

“Welp, see you tomorrow Ranboob!” Tommy exclaimed, clapping him on the back like he always did. As he went left down the street towards his house, while Ranboo had to go right for a bit then over to the next street and get to the group home. Ranboo couldn’t help but laugh, used to the nickname after four years of it.

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Tommy was at his front door and sighed at the sight of the empty driveway, you’d think after seven years of this he’d be used to Phil not being home on time. He was usually home around 8 o’clock, and it was about 6:30 right now. Early end to tech week so far but they were far ahead of schedule and they had gotten through everything they needed to get through. Besides, the winter showcase was a lot less important, despite both being only one night, the winter showcase was shorter and had less pressure and overall wasn’t seen as a huge event. That didn’t mean there wasn’t a huge scramble for seats especially because they didn’t have the balcony seats open, the entire upper deck was closed off. They were still an internationally renowned school and people felt special if they could get a seat to the show.

Regardless he was home earlier than he thought but it didn’t hurt any less when he realized that Phil wasn’t home and probably wouldn’t be for at least an hour. It was rough but he figured he’d get to have pizza tonight so it’s evened out a bit. They had left overs from a couple nights ago so he’d just heat it up and go to his room to chill, maybe practice even. One of the best decisions of his life was to move the keyboard from the living room to his room. It wasn’t like anyone but Tommy used it anyway and even if Phil *wanted* to play the piano they had one down there too. He didn’t have to use the keyboard. Either way, Phil didn’t even notice and Tommy was content to use the keyboard in his room instead of in front of Phil.

In the end he texted the group chat he got home safe, closely followed by Ranboo's confirmation that he also was home. Instead of doing something productive he ended up laying on his bed switching between scrolling through twitter and reddit just for some entertainment. It wasn't like he had anything more important to be doing, he had already memorized all of the songs for the winter showcase, it wasn't anything too difficult, just nowhere near as formal or as much pressure. Tech and Hell week would definitely be enough for him to be ready. After all, he couldn't really memorize blocking while he was at home, no stage, no blocking.

Although he did hear Phil come home. The door opened and closed without much preamble or noise, but in the almost dead quiet house it wasn't hard to hear him coming.

"I'm home!" Phil called.

"Okay!" Tommy yelled back, not even bothering to stop his scrolling. After a little bit Phil did end up coming upstairs, at least having the decency to knock, but didn't really wait for an answer before opening the door.

"Did you eat something?" Phil asked. Tommy glanced at the time at the top of his screen. It was 9:22 now, Phil had gotten home an hour later than he usually did.

"Yep." Tommy replied, sitting up.

"Good." Phil said, with a light smile. "Homework?"

"Already done." He said.

"How was school?" Phil continued.

“Fine. Nothing interesting or exciting today.” Occasionally Tommy would tell Phil about his day, although it was a recent development. In fact, Phil taking *any* interest in Tommy at *all* was a recent development. It started in Junior year and this had since been their routine. Phil would come home, make sure Tommy ate and did his homework before asking about his day. On good days Tommy would tell him about something... on bad days Phil would be lucky to hear an answer to any of his questions. Today was a mid kind of day, he was still pissed about Phil just dropping the fact that Techno and Wilbur were coming home on him this morning but it wasn't really his fault.

Phil gave a little sigh and walked into his room. Tommy didn't mind all too much but wished he would have asked first. He sat up full and faced Phil as he sat on the chair with his desk.

“Techno and Wilbur coming back won't be as big of a shift as you might think.” Phil tried. Tommy raised an eyebrow not quite knowing where this was going. “I mean we lived with them once before.” Yeah and look how that turned out.

Tommy loathed his brothers about as much as he loved them. But they just loathed him. They told him so right before going off to college, the perfect time to do so, that way they wouldn't have to hear him bitching to them about it later.

“We sure did.” Tommy replied. Phil sighed again.

“I'm going to be picking them up from the airport on Friday. Do you want to come with me?” Phil asked. Tommy pretended to think for a moment, even if it was just for his own sake, so Phil wouldn't push.

“No, I have a lot going on Friday. I have tests and stuff, plus we have a club event next week, remember?” Tommy told him. He silenced the part of him that hoped Phil asked about the ‘event’ which was really the winter showcase. In freshman year he had been so excited to tell Phil about it, to which he replied with an obviously distracted ‘uh huh’ only to ask when it was and tell Tommy he was working that day. After a whole year of disappointments he gave up on Phil ever coming to anything and stopped asking.

“Vaguely.” Phil answered and Tommy resisted the urge to roll his eyes. At this point Tommy wasn't even sure if he *wanted* Phil to know about his theater career. After all, the theater was a safe place and he really didn't want his *family* invading that.

“We’re getting ready, it’s why I’ve been staying later than normal.” Tommy replied. “I can’t come Friday.” Phil nodded at him and patted his shoulder.

“They’ll see you Friday night then.” Phil said. Tommy nodded as well. There was a moment of awkward and slightly tense silence between them before Phil stood up with a groan, Tommy could only snort.

“Old man.” He muttered. Phil rolled his eyes fondly.

“You little shit.” He also muttered before leaving the room. Tommy laid back down on his bed but didn’t pick up his phone yet. He looked up at the ceiling of his bedroom and let out a breath. He could do this, yeah he could do this.

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One of Tommy’s least favorite sounds was the blaring of his alarm. He quickly silenced his phone and briefly wondered if it was worth it to fake sick. Phil was usually gone in the morning so if claimed he’d been sick Phil would be forced to believe him and call him out of school. Although he knew Tubbo would kill him if he called out *this* late into Tech week.

And then someone knocked on his door.

“Are you up mate?” Phil called through the door. What. Phil was never home this late in the morning-

It was Friday.

Fuck, it was Friday and Phil was home because he was going to pick up Techno and Wilbur and that’s why he was home and definitely was a reason Tommy *shouldn’t* stay home.

“Yeah! I’m up!” He called to Phil and practically launched himself out of bed, scrambling to get dressed as quickly as he could. He wanted out of his house and he wanted out yesterday.



Tech week must be getting to him, he couldn't believe he forgot. He rushed out his door, despite having no real reason to be rushing but he just wanted to get out of the house. He ran into the kitchen surprised to see a muffin waiting for him.

"I bought you breakfast." Phil said as he drank coffee. Tommy paused but grabbed the muffin.

"Thanks." He replied somewhat cautiously, he took a couple of bites as he shoved his shoes on and hiked his backpack further up his shoulder. "I gotta go pick up Ranboo in case he gets lost." He called. Ranboo might have had a shit memory, something he and Puffy were working on but he wasn't *that* forgetful. Tommy just needed an excuse to get out of the house.

"Be careful and have a good day!" Phil yelled after him.

"Thanks! Bye!" Tommy replied and ran down the street, in the opposite direction of school, towards the group home that Ranboo lived in.

The house itself wasn't bad or anything. In fact it was one of the better homes Ranboo had been in but it was crowded, as all homes tended to be and it wasn't a fun place to be. So Ranboo was often found at someone else's house, be it Tubbo's or Tommy's place. More likely Tommy's place considering it was closer and no one was ever home so it was a good place to just relax.

Tommy went up to the door of the house, it was loud to the point that Tommy could hear them from outside, although he supposed it made sense considering there were a bunch of kids all trying to get ready for different levels of school. Regardless he knocked on the door and waited.

"Oh hello Thomas. Here for Ranboo?" One of the care-takers asked when she opened the door. For the life of him he couldn't remember her name but to be fair she called him *Thomas* which was not his name.

“Yep!” He replied. “I got a headstart today, I want to get to class early today.” She chuckled and nodded.

“I’ll go get him.” She said and left to get Ranboo, who stumbled out the door a couple of minutes later.

“Hey, you’re early.” Ranboo said, closing the door behind him and walking to Tommy, who shrugged in reply. Ranboo usually met Tommy outside of his house and then the two of them would walk to school, but occasionally if Ranboo was late or Tommy was eager to get to school he would meet Ranboo at his house instead.

“My dad’s home and I don’t want to deal with everything. Techno and Wilbur are coming home today and I just don’t want to be there.” He replied as the two started down the sidewalk.

“That’s fair.” Ranboo muttered.

“Yeah they’re probably going to be there when I get home.” Tommy complained.

“You’ll be okay. Worse comes to worst we’ll deal with it.” Ranboo told him. Tommy sighed.

“Yeah I guess.” They were quiet for a moment, but it was different from the silence with Phil, this was comfortable and neither felt like they needed to say anything. “I’m going to stay with Puffy for three periods.”

“Dream is going to kill you.” Ranboo told him.

“He can fuck off! It’s the day before break and I need my therapist. That dickhead can fucking deal.” Tommy yelled and crossed his arms. Ranboo huffed out a laugh and the two kept walking.

It was a cold morning, they could see their breath as they walked. The sun had barely risen, far too early for either of them but it wasn't bad. The air was crisp and frost coated the trees and grass. Honestly, they were just glad it wasn't snowing. Both of them were bundled up to the best of their abilities, Tommy's blue puffy coat was enough for him while Ranboo had a black pea coat that Eret had given him for 'Secret Santa' in freshman year, Ranboo didn't know that he had rigged the draw so that he had Ranboo just to give him a coat, Tubbo's scarf that he had given him and never asked for it back and gloves that Tommy had given him this year because his old ones had holes in them.

It was a nice day, although cold, it didn't hinder the fact that the sky was clear. Tommy was a bit miffed, today was supposed to be a shitty day, after all his brothers were coming home and yet the day itself was so nice. It pissed him off a bit, but as the academy came into view a lot of the stress and anger melted away. This, despite being school, was one of his happy places.

-

First up was chemistry where they met up with Tubbo. Ranboo and Tubbo sat together having known each other in middle school while Tommy sat two rows behind them next to Purpled, who was cool and reminded him of his old friends but they were nowhere near as close as he was with Tubbo and Ranboo. But Purpled's older brother was the gym coach here and he helped get Tommy out of gym more times than he cares to admit. Chemistry was fun, their teacher was great. George NotFound or as Tommy calls him Gogy. Which did get him points off a test once, didn't stop him. Only problem Tommy had with George was that he was good friends with Dream.

Next was Math, they sat in groups of four and Tubbo Ranboo and Tommy had their own little group. Sapnap, their math teacher and Ranboo's Greek teacher, was pretty cool, he stole Tommy's nickname for George and also opted to call him Gogy. Which was probably why he got points off on that one chem test.

After that they all split, Tubbo went to coding class with Sam, Tommy went to EMT class a specialty class he had been taking since Sophomore year with Ponk and Ranboo went to his daily sessions with Puffy. Where Eret was like a friend or even an older sibling, Sam was like a dad, despite the fact that only Tubbo ever took his classes. Sam showed up to some of Tommy's events for him and was the one to give him flowers or chocolate after shows. Eret did too but that was just kind of a given. Ponk was great, a doctor and the school nurse EMT class was rarely loud and definitely well behaved so it wasn't a big deal to hold the small class in the side room off of the nurse's office. Tommy was also 99% sure Sam and Ponk were dating or at the very least crushing and Tubbo agreed with him.

The three met up again for History with Mr. Jacobs, one of the few teachers they actually called by their last name. Despite the fact that he didn't care he was good, if not a bit scatterbrained teacher that treated the kids well and fairly, not nearly as much as Sam or even Ponk so a first name basis wasn't necessary but they enjoyed his class. Tommy sat with Tubbo while Ranboo sat behind them.

Then the three split once again, going to their language classes. Tommy took ASL with Callahan. Callahan used to be terrifying and Tommy was honestly very nervous to take a class with him, but as the year progressed it wasn't bad. Callahan was the school enforcer and dealt with the ISS kids and although there were very few kids who did get ISS they never got it again once they spent at least a day with Callahan. But if you weren't in ISS he was actually pretty chill and nice, Tommy was the only kid at his level so a one on one class with him might have been scary when he was a freshmen he actually really enjoyed it now. The fact that Callahan was mute and *only* spoke in sign language was actually very helpful, the next door teacher, Connor, was mainly a translator for the freshmen and sophomores who didn't yet understand what Callahan was saying.

Tubbo was taking German with Niki who was also Ranboo's home economics teacher. She was very nice but Tommy never had her as a teacher. Ranboo took Greek with Sapnap and then Tubbo and Ranboo ended up having English together with Dream while Tommy went to *his* daily sessions with Puffy. Part of his and Eret's agreement was that he had to go to Puffy daily and since it didn't interrupt his schedule he kept it all four years. Puffy was extremely helpful and he couldn't imagine life without her.

Despite the fact that going to the academy really helped him he still needed a lot of help with the transition from middle to high school. At first he didn't really talk or do much but once he opened up to her life got a whole lot better and easier. It wasn't easy at first and it wasn't instant results and of course he still had a lot of issues they were working through but he never would've been where he is today without her. He owed a lot to Puffy.

After that was lunch or gym, it alternated depending on the day for the three of them but either way they tended to skip and end up in the cafeteria anyway.

Finally, it was Tubbo's turn to go to Puffy's office, Ranboo headed to home ec and Tommy went to the hellscape known as English class. Gods did he hate that class. Dream was his teacher and for some unknown reason Dream had it out for Tommy and was an absolute menace. He actively targeted him and overall was just cruel to him. It sucked and Dream made his life miserable, possibly even more so than his *family* did. Dream *bullied* him. And adult, a *teacher fucking bullied him* . But unfortunately he had tenure and to get anything

done about him Tommy's mental health would have to be declining rapidly or he had to have proof. But everyone's phones were taken and put at the back of the classroom and Tommy had no proof about anything. Luckily, despite being awful, Dream wasn't *too* bad for Tommy's mental health so it was bearable at the very least.

So for today, Tommy's session with Puffy 'ran over time' and instead of staying there for one or even two periods he was there for the last three periods of the day, just sat in one of the chairs in Puffy's office, since Tubbo didn't have to talk to Puffy about anything she allowed Tommy to stay. He skipped English but that was just another plus.

Onto Theater, the best time of the day even if it was Tech week and they *didn't* have the weekend to practice because the theater was getting repainted. Bad timing but definitely needed.

"Puffy said you spent the last three periods of school in her room?" Eret asked, sitting in the chair next to Tommy as he worked on finishing up his homework. All the break homework was pretty light considering Eret had spoken to their teachers about work with hell week coming up and all. Most were understanding but Tommy wasn't there for Dream's class so despite the fact that he knew from Tubbo and Ranboo that there was an assignment he technically didn't have to do it. It wasn't assigned to him therefore it doesn't exist.

"Yeah my brothers are coming home today." Tommy muttered before checking the time on his phone. "They may even be home right now."

"That sucks." Eret replied. "How are you feeling?"

"Come on man, I did this with Puffy already." Tommy huffed, slinking down in his seat. Eret let out a chuckle.

"I'm sure you did. I just want to know." Eret told him. Tommy grumbled something under his breath but sat up straighter.

"I don't know. I'm worried but at the same time I don't care." Tommy said. "I just... It's my senior year, I just didn't want to have to deal with this."

“That’s completely valid. You shouldn’t have to, but you also should let yourself enjoy your senior year. Don’t worry too much about what you can’t control and focus on what you can. Okay?” Eret asked. Tommy couldn’t help but smile a bit. Eret had helped him through one of, if not *the* hardest time in his life and they’d do it again. Eret left him to finish his homework and as he filled in one of the last problems of his math packet he figured he’d be okay.

Tubbo and Ranboo were already on stage, practicing the blocking while just simply saying their lines, not really acting. He nodded to himself.

Yeah he was going to be okay.

## Chapter End Notes

You're in for a hell of a ride, hope you're ready

Join my discord we're not so active but we're friendly as hell

[Discord](#) 8

# Memory (Cats;1982)

## Chapter Summary

What happened with Tommy, Techno and Wilbur? And how did Tommy even get into the Academy in the first place?

## Chapter Notes

**\*\*//Trigger Warnings\\\*\***

- Panic Attack
- (Graphic?) Descriptions of a Panic Attack
- Depression
- Descriptions of Depression
- Vaguely Suicidal Ideology
- Vague mentions of Suicide

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

### Six Year Ago

“Just leave us alone Tommy, we’re busy!” Wilbur huffed as he practically shoved past the young boy to put some extra clothes into his suitcase.

“But it will only take a second! Plus you said you finished packing yesterday.” Tommy whined, his hands behind his back, holding a poorly wrapped present for the twins.

“Well things change.” Techno muttered, rearranging the things in his bag for what must be the eightieth time.

“But-”

“Tommy, go.” Wilbur said lowly. But he couldn’t go, not when the twins were leaving to go to college tomorrow. If he waited until tomorrow to give them their present they wouldn’t be able to fit it in any of their bags at the airport.

“No!” Tommy exclaimed and stamped his foot. He had to give this to them now. “I need to-”

“Just go Tommy!” Techno yelled and shoved Tommy back towards the door. Tommy hadn’t expected such an outburst and instead of keeping his balance he ended up falling ass-first onto the floor... and onto his gift for the twins. He winced as he heard the cracking of glass and he stood up to find his present shatter, the pieces scattered across the floor of their room. Tommy blinked at the mess.

“Oh god tell me you didn’t just do that!” Wilbur exclaimed. Tommy’s head turned so fast to Wilbur that he was surprised he didn’t get whiplash. Tears were forming in his eyes. “You’re so annoying, move over.” Wilbur shoved him to the side, away from his broken present as Wilbur grabbed the trash can and started to shovel what he could inside.

“What the fuck, Tommy? What was in this? Glitter? Are you kidding me, this shit is everywhere!” Wilbur exclaimed.

“We’re never getting that out.” Techno huffed picking a piece of broken glass and tossing it into the bin.

“W- Techno was the one to shove me in the first place!” Tommy exclaimed, finding his voice.

“Because you” Wilbur punctuated his statement by poking Tommy hard in the chest. “Wouldn’t get out of here and leave us alone like we goddamn asked!”

“I was just trying to-”



“You’re so annoying! Why are you still here? You made your mess and now we’re going to have to stay up late and clean this up! You’re not even part of this family anyway, I don’t even know why dad adopted you!” Wilbur yelled.

And that hit him harder than anything ever could. Put the knife in his back.

“It’s not like any of us even wanted you in the first place anyway.” Techno muttered, zipping up one of his bags as he wasn’t crushing the entire world of his eleven year old ‘brother.’

And that twisted the knife.

Funny how the twins worked in tandem, Wilbur had stabbed him in the back and Techno had simply twisted it. Tommy couldn’t even cry, he was just shocked as he stared at what he thought were his brothers before dashing out of the room and into his own. He slammed the door behind him and locked it. His heartbeat quickened and he felt like he couldn’t breathe. Air wasn’t going in quick enough and it was leaving far too slowly. His head was spinning and he couldn’t focus on anything he couldn’t even tell you where he was.

### **Panic attack.**

Something whispered in his mind. He used to have those a lot but that was before he came here. Because here was supposed to be his forever home, the home that loved him and the home that wanted him. Clearly that wasn’t true.

He tried to remember what he was taught, how to stop panic attacks but his brain was too far gone. He still couldn’t breathe and now his heart felt like it was going to fall out if it kept beating like this. His vision blurred which just made him panic more and he felt like he was dying. Could you really die of a broken heart? He supposed he was going to find out as the room around him went dark.

Tommy didn’t leave his room the next morning. He didn’t say goodbye to his ‘brothers’. He didn’t even open the door when Phil asked him too.

Tommy didn't go to the airport that morning.

-

About a week later Tommy was starting to listen to the rational part of himself. He had a therapist once and he was sure that the man knew what he was talking about, after all he didn't have all those degrees on the wall for nothing.

Surely they hadn't meant it. Tommy had been with them for years now and there was no way that they hadn't wanted him. Right? Yeah! If they hadn't wanted him, why did they keep him? If they wanted rid of him so bad why was he still here?

Check and mate thoughts of anxiety and abandonment issues.

Although it didn't quiet them down as much as Tommy hoped it would. Sure it wasn't as bad and he was actually able to come out of his room now but they were still pretty bad. Sometimes he wished his head would just shut up.

The phone rang, its familiar blaring noise echoed through the mainly empty house. It didn't last long as Phil picked it up rather quickly. Probably a business call then, he had been getting one of those recently. Phil came into the room a couple of minutes later holding the phone.

"Yeah, okay he's right here mate!" Phil said and handed the phone to Tommy mouthing 'Wilbur' so that Tommy knew who it was. Tommy brightened instantly and grabbed the phone. This was it, they were going to apologize to him! It had been a hard week but it was all worth it to hear those words!

"Hello?"

"Tommy! Oh this is so great! College is amazing!"

"What?" Tommy's voice quivered, unintentionally.

“College is best! We’re having the best time and it’s only been a week! We thought we’d be miserable away from home but god is it great! Without you or Phil around we have so much fucking freedom! It’s so much better here!” Wilbur continued, either not noticing or not caring about the tremor in his brother’s voice.

“It is actually pretty cool.” Techno “Better than being at home with you losers!” Tommy was in complete and utter shock. He blinked a few times, not quite registering what they were saying now. In that moment he knew that what they said was true. They didn’t care for him, they never had and never will. The years they had spent together were fake and meant nothing to the twins.

He vowed never to speak to them ever again. Not unless they apologized. He vaguely recognized someone on the other line calling his name but he didn’t care. Instead, he hung up the phone and went straight back to his room.

Fuck them both.

-

Phil picked up the phone from the table and redialed Wilbur’s number.

“Hello? Phil?” Wilbur asked.

“Hey mate, what did you say to him that made him hang up like that?” He asked.

“I- I don’t know.” Wilbur replied. “We were just joking with him and then I started to tell him how much we missed you both despite having such a great time here and then boom! Dial tone.”

“Really?” Phil asked.

“Yeah, I had just started talking about how we already planned to be coming back soon and that we couldn’t wait to hang out again. Last time we saw him we were so stressed and I can’t

even remember what we spoke about. He didn't come to the airport." Wilbur muttered sadly into the phone. Phil sighed and it came out staticy.

"I don't know. It's definitely been a rough adjustment for him. He has barely left his room. I thought he was better but he's just went straight back into it." Phil told them.

"I wouldn't worry too much about it." Techno said. "It's normal after the older siblings leave, especially for college, for kids to pull away. He'll come around, he's a resilient kid."

"I suppose you're right." Phil replied. "I've been taking more shifts at work lately, perhaps that's the issue as well."

"Why are you doing that?" Wilbur asked.

"College doesn't pay for itself." Phil laughed.

"Unless you're Techno." Wilbur muttered. Techno had gotten a full scholarship to this school. Wil had gotten a partial scholarship and they both decided this was the best option.

"Yes, well we can't all have full scholarships. I never realized just how expensive college can be. I figured it best to start now for Tommy as well. Don't want him starting his life in debt."

"Who knows, maybe he'll be the next Techno and get a full ride." Wilbur laughed. Phil chuckled to himself.

"Alright, tell me about your school."

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Tommy did *not* get better. In fact he got worse, a whole lot worse.

Sixth grade was a *lot* different from elementary school. It was harder and the teachers were nowhere near as understanding as he had been led to believe. He tried his best but... the odds were stacked against him.

Not to mention Phil was hardly ever around anymore. Phil used to work from nine to five, but once the twins went away for college he started to take more shifts and work more hours. Instead of nine to five it was six to eight.

Was Tommy really that much of a burden that Phil didn't want to spend time with him anymore? Everything the twins said was true so far. They obviously didn't care about him anymore, if even they ever had to begin with and now Phil was also proving he didn't care. Tommy failed three tests in a row during the second semester and Phil didn't even mention it to him. He probably hasn't even seen his grades all year.

Class after class, grade after after grade Tommy barely managed to pull himself up to average by the end of the year. Now his grades weren't usually stellar or anything but they were good! They used to be good, better than average but now he was struggling to do that. Phil wasn't home in time to help him with his homework and honestly? Tommy hasn't really made any friends that could help him. Sure there were a few acquaintances that maybe he could go to for help but it's not like he has a phone or anything to contact them with.

He *did* make some good friends by the end of the year. God they kept him in the average range with the study sessions they had him participate in. He was so fucking thankful to have them there for him.

Seventh grade was arguably worse. Tommy thought that maybe, possibly, Phil cared but leaving his sons, his biological children at college might have made him take more shifts at work but it would level out in the end. It didn't.

Phil continued working odd hours with little to no time spent with his youngest son. If he even saw Tommy like that. The twins spoke for the whole family that night and he wasn't sure what Phil's stance on it was. Surely he had to have heard the yelling, or Tommy's door slam, why didn't he come and help?

Or were Techno and Wilbur right? Was he truly not wanted?

Phil seemed to prove this theory with every passing day that he barely spoke to Tommy. When every dinner was eaten around nine because Phil got home late. With every assignment he failed because he had no one to ask for help. With every back-to-school-meet-the-teacher bullshit that he never showed up to or even bothered to ask about.

*Tommy was an unwanted child.*

The realization hit him in the end of seventh grade when he participated in the school concert, he had played piano, the instrument Phil had him learn and he just never stopped practicing. Tommy was so proud of his solo, of his performance. But he waited in the lobby for two hours after the concert, waiting for Phil to show up and he never did. The school ended up calling him and apparently he was home the whole time, he just didn't come to show. He picked Tommy up with no fuss and when he got in the car Phil broke him once more.

"What were you doing at the school so late?" Phil had asked, as if Tommy hadn't spoken about this concert to Phil any chance he got for the last week.

"Nothing." Tommy had replied.

-

By the time winter break rolled around in eighth grade Tommy wasn't sure if there was an assignment he **didn't** fail. To be fair he wasn't trying anymore, he really just couldn't at this point. Waking up and going to school was the hardest thing he ever did and he couldn't bring himself to do work or even study. Just getting up was a hassle most days.

Despite the fact he wasn't handing in assignments or studying, the failing grades still hurt to see. It really sucked to see because he knew he could get good grades or at least passing ones, he just didn't have the energy to do anything but sleep. And he couldn't even do that right! Every night he stared at his bedroom ceiling for what felt like hours before he fell asleep. Only to be woken up all too soon by his alarm.

He didn't care about the grade really, he just cared about the significance of the grade. That it was really just reflecting his failure back at him.

The grade itself didn't matter. He didn't care if he failed his class, they weren't going to do anything for him anyway. It wasn't like he was going to make it to high school. God was Tommy sure he wasn't going to go to high school. He just wasn't going to make it. Hell, he was surprised he made it this far. Over the summer he briefly considered calling his social worker, maybe he could ask to be taken back into foster care, but decided that whatever was waiting for him back in foster care would probably be much worse than this. At least here he had a warm stable home and he didn't have to share his room with two other kids.

He was not making it to high school. The only reason he still went to school was for his friends. They had gotten him through sixth and seventh grade, he owed it to them to at least see them off into high school. Sure, he wasn't going to make it to high school, held back or for other reasons, they were. So he stayed in school despite barely being able to pay attention.

Although he didn't really expect this.

Getting called down to the Guidance office during the last period of a Friday before break was never good. Tommy saw the pitying, sympathetic and even a cruel delight in some of his classmates faces as the Teacher told him to head down to Guidance. Deo mouthed him a simple 'good luck' as he passed his desk, and he gained sympathetic looks from Bitzel and Luke. Even Wisp had given him a nod as he passed his desk and left the classroom. Tommy had given him a glare in reply, still not over what had happened, what he did. Tommy was convinced he was going to be kicked out, or sent to the 'other school' where the kids who failed all their classes went because they were too much of a hassle to be in with the 'regular' kids.

Granted, yes Tommy was failing the majority of his classes, but he wasn't causing any trouble, he was just... tired. It was his last year of this school anyway, and it was only the start of the second semester, he could bring his grades back up... theoretically speaking. He wasn't going to, probably, but they didn't know that.

God he was going to have to tell Phil about this wasn't he? Or worse the school was going to call Phil about this and then he'd be in trouble. This officially went from bad to worse. The school was going to call Phil and then he'd have to explain to him why he was doing so poorly in school and he just couldn't do that. Not after last time.

So it was safe to say that by the time Tommy had reached the Guidance office he had basically worked himself into a panic attack and was just barely holding off the intense

feelings of panic. He walked in and the secretary barely looked up. She glanced at him and pointed to the conference room. He nodded, mumbling out a 'thanks' and hoped she heard it. He steeled himself and took a breath before opening the door.

He was not, however, expecting to see the proctor for the audition he had done before November break. He blinked but the proctor, Eret, if he remembered correctly, smiled at him. Eret was wearing the same strange clothes they had been when the audition was. Well not the same clothes but the same style. They looked like some kind of monarch with their fluffy collared shirt, tucked into pants that had pirate-like boots at the bottom. The only thing not royal about them was the sunglasses. Tommy frowned but Eret still smiled.

"Just the one I was looking for." Eret said. "Please sit, you're not in trouble or anything." Tommy cautiously sat down on the other side of the table. Eret was the complete opposite of what Tommy imagined an administrator from a school like the one he had auditioned for was like. He thought that the school would have been full of people who only wore suits or at least collared shirts and ties. Granted Eret was wearing a collared shirt but this wasn't what he meant at all. The school was the area's most prestigious school, possibly even the entire county or country. It was known internationally despite not taking many kids out of the county let alone the country. It was also insanely hard to get into, practically perfect grades from 1st grade until 8th grade and it cost a shit ton to go to. The uniform and school supplies needed were more expensive than four years worth of supplies in his current school. Uniforms and textbooks included.

"Why am I here?" Tommy asked.

"Well I have actually happen to have good news for you." Eret told him, leaning forward onto the table.

"Oh?" Tommy said, unsure of what the entailed.

"You've been accepted into the Esemipi Academy." Tommy's jaw dropped.

"You're joking." Tommy said. "Are you sure you have the right name?"



“Thomas Watson?” Eret asked.

“Uh, yeah... I guess you do have the right name...” He trailed off. “How is that possible?” He hadn’t meant to get into the Academy, the only reason he went to the audience in the first place was because he’d get to skip class. There was no way he was getting in, or at least he thought there was no way he could get in. Sure he’s grades were fine up until 6th grade but he’s nearly failed 6th and 7th grade and is currently failing 8th grade. It’s just not possible for him to get in.

“Well, I teach a special program there and you’re perfect for us. However I should have been a bit more clear. You’ve gotten into the Academy *with* a full scholarship, if you can get your grades up to what they used to be.” Eret told him.

“I- what?” Tommy asked. Eret smiled.

“I’ve seen your grades. They’ve been really good and they started off really well too, but you’ve gone further down hill as time progressed and I can tell it isn’t because you don’t understand the material or it’s just too hard. Kids who don’t understand the material usually have one subject they excel in, or at least a topic or two in which they do well. Kids who are struggling with something outside of school show steady declines as things get harder. Is something going on?” Eret asked. Their tone was sincere and comforting, they clearly had done something like this before. Tommy blinked rapidly, attempting to stop any and all tears that threatened to spill. He was already in high emotions right now and it had been so long since someone had seriously asked him if something was going on. Instead he took a breath.

And then broke down.

He let himself cry for the first time in what felt like ages, letting himself just let it out. Eret moved over next to him, and had asked if it was okay to touch him. Tommy managed to nod, between sobs and Eret threw an arm over his shoulders, a comforting weight. Tommy wasn’t sure how long he cried for but it felt like too long, but Eret hadn’t said anything and the bell hadn’t rung yet so it was okay.

“I- I can’t do this anymore!” He cried. “Waking up is so much work, going to school day in and day out it too fucking hard.”

“What is?”

“My family, life, everything!” Tommy said. “They *hate* me at home and I can’t figure out what I was doing wrong in classes and no one is around to help me. I- I just can’t do this anymore.”

“Tommy, you’re not doing anything wrong in your classes. The shift between fifth grade and middle school is incredibly hard. Not having a support system to help you through that makes it so much harder.” Eret told him. “What you went through, what you’re going through was traumatic and it’s okay to feel this way.”

“It is?” Tommy asked, wiping his face despite the fact that he was still crying.

“Yes. School, especially this country’s school system, is so hard to go through. Without a support system it’s amazing you’ve been doing so well all this time.” Eret told him. “However, despite all of this, you’ve gotten into an internationally renowned school.”

“I- yeah I guess I did.” He muttered thinking about it more.

“Okay Tommy,” Eret said. “Do you want to go to the Academy?”

“I- um, what program do you teach again?” He asked sheepishly.

“Theater.” Eret replied. Well that explained a lot. The clothes, the fact that most of the kids that went on the audition had been from the drama club, the fact that it was an audition and not just a test. “I have a very difficult theater class that I teach. It’s all about preparing students for a life and career in theater. Along with your course load you’d be taking a couple of hours after school to practice.”

“That sounds like a lot. I’m already failing classes now.” Tommy mumbled. Eret gave him a smile.

“It's because your family is taking you for granted and it's a domino effect, right?” Eret asked. Tommy nodded, he wasn't sure he could do all of this too much longer. Eret thought for a moment.

“Can I tell you something?” Eret asked. Tommy looked up at them and nodded.

“Yeah, go ahead.”

“I was a lot like you but I was in high school. I was struggling, my grades were declining and everything was going to shit for me.” Eret shifted, and looked as if they were going to take their glasses off. “Okay I’d make eye contact with you but the lights are super bright in here so pretend I am.” Tommy snorted and nodded.

“Okay.” He nodded.

“I was struggling with my sexuality and gender. I could barely focus on my studies and my friends were putting immense amounts of pressure on me. I was the president of the drama club as well as playing the lead in my Sophomore year. I wasn't coping. I couldn't quit drama, it was my safe heaven and kept me sane but if I kept going I would be failing my classes. I couldn't figure out who I was or who I was into. I was really struggling. But I was scouted mid year by the old Theater teacher here. I spent a day in the academy and I learned that I could be a part of drama without having to have the whole club on my back. Not to mention it was a fresh start, a place where I could be where no one knew who I was.” Tommy blinked at him, intrigued.

“So I got up and I left, enrolling mid year into the academy. I left and never looked back. It was horrible for my mental health and I couldn't do that to myself. I did what was best for me.” Eret told him. “What's happening to you, it's hard, it's so hard and it's okay if you want a change.” Tommy nodded and thought about it. This academy really could be a good change, if this teacher was willing to tell him such a personal story just to let Tommy know he wasn't alone, maybe this was a school for him.

“The thing about the Academy is that you're the only person from this school to be accepted. All you have to do is get your grades up.” Tommy was hesitant. That sounded really nice, it made him feel special, *wanted* .

“Tommy, do you like theater?” He did. It was an easy answer. He loved theater and did shows all the time in elementary school. But he was doing far too bad in school to join the drama club in middle school.

“I do.” He answered quietly.

“Could you see yourself doing theater as a career? Every student who graduates from this program gets accepted into one of the three top performing arts colleges in the country. From there you’re guaranteed a spot in a major theater. Do you want this?” Tommy nodded, not looking at Eret.

“I do.” He whispered as it was all he *could* say.

“Then do you think you can get your grades up? I can’t do anything if you don’t get good grades this year. I can make sure the administration knows that you were having mental health issues so that’s why you weren’t doing too well, but we need you to have good grades for at least one year of upper education. You did well your first semester of 6th grade and now you need to do well for your last semester of 8th grade. Can anyone help you out?”

“My friends. There are three of them, well four but I’m not sure we’re really friends anymore.” Tommy said, thinking of Deo, Bitzel and Luke. Their friend group’s relationship with Wisp was a bit rocky since the fight but it wasn’t necessarily hostile. And despite everything he knew that Wisp wasn’t the type of guy to *completely* screw him over.

“Well then my advice to you is to stick by them as much as possible. Have them call you and make sure you’re doing your work, help you stick to a schedule. Outside of that, telling your teachers you’re struggling, they *will* help you. These teachers are here for your success not your downfall. Other than that,” Eret grabbed a notepad from the table, and a pen from their pocket and wrote something down on it. “This is my discord. We can’t give out our phone numbers to students but if you need anything message me. I’d be happy to tutor you if you’d like, we can set up sessions and anything else you might need, okay?” Tommy blinked at the paper, this had to be the nicest thing anyone had ever done for him.

“Okay.” He managed. “Thank you so much.” Eret only smiled and nodded.

“It’s no problem. Your skills are on another level, we’ll be happy to see you in the fall at the Academy. I know it’s hard now, but I promise it does get better, okay?” Eret said. Tommy looked up at them and nodded. “Even if you decide not to go to the academy you can still ask me for help, okay? Regardless if you join I want you to be okay.”

“Yeah.” He agreed. Eret smiled again before they stood up.

“Alright, get back to class now, the period is almost over and you wouldn’t want to be late for the bus. Okay?” Tommy jumped up eagerly and nodded.

“Thank you, so so much.” Eret nodded.

“Go on Tommy, we’ll talk again soon dude, okay?” Tommy nodded in reply.

“Okay.” He said and headed off up back towards his classroom. The weight in his chest was significantly lighter and the world was just a little bit brighter.

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### Present Day

“Alright you’re a little off center.” Eret commented. “Other than that you’re perfect but we need to stop you from moving.” Eret paused and thought for a moment. Tommy paused the game he was playing and looked at Ranboo who was on stage catching his breath from the routine he had just finished. He *was* a bit off center, although Tommy understood. It was a dance routine and he just barely missed the center. He checked the time on his phone and realized it was a lot later than he thought it was. Tubbo had already left, having run through his parts first and it went through without a hitch. Tommy had finished his over an hour ago and now he was waiting for Ranboo so they could walk home together.

“I can do it.” Ranboo said between breaths. “One more time, okay?” Eret nodded before realizing the time themselves and sighed.

“Alright, Tommy you should go home now. We’re only halfway through Ranboo’s set and this is pushing us back too far. You already finished your set, go home and relax a bit, go over the timing for your piano solo, you got it in the end, be sure not to lose it.” Eret told him. Tommy wanted to protest, but knew that staying here would only cause him to grow bored and he’d end up regretting not going home anyway. He nodded.

“You’ll give boob boy a ride home?” He asked, realizing it was probably already dark out.

“Sure thing.” Eret said, an amused smile on his face. Tommy gave both Ranboo, who was now glaring at him for the nickname, and Eret finger guns as he made his way out of the theater.

The winter’s night air hit him a lot harder than he thought. It was dark, the breeze floating through the air was bitter. He didn’t mind it though, if anything it woke him up. He had been practically falling asleep in the theater before. Tommy shoved his headphones into his ears and put on the ‘Fuck Ranboo/Eret’ playlist that was specifically made for situations, one, like today’s, where Eret kept Ranboo longer than they kept Tommy subsequently sending Tommy to walk home alone, or where Ranboo was sick and didn’t come to school so Tommy had no one to walk home with then either. Despite putting on the playlist he skipped around until he found the song he was looking for. He had been messing up the timing of his piano solo and needed to get it down. It was off by half a beat and he didn’t know why.

Throughout the entirety of his walk home, Tommy moved his hand in time with the song, as if he was conducting, trying to get the timing right. He had it down pretty well by the time he reached his house but he’d need to actually try it on the keyboard or even the piano to see if he *actually* had it down.

Due to this, he was too distracted counting beats and getting timing that he missed the second car in the driveway. He opened the door, not bothering to pause the music, simply calling out to Phil, telling him he was home, putting his key back into his backpack, still distracted.

That was, until he was engulfed in a hug.

Tech week was one hell of a distractor for him to forget about this. *Again.*

## Chapter End Notes

Join the Discord we're fun!

[DISCORD](#)

I don't know when the next chapter will come out but hopefully soon. I'm already 1/4 of the way done with it lmao

# Maybe (Annie; 1977)

## Chapter Summary

**\*\*//Trigger Warnings\\\*\***

- Mentions of Past Child Abuse
- Mentions of Past Poor Mental Health
- Mentions of Past Foster Homes
- Mentions of Past Poor Foster Homes

^^These are all in passing but be cautious when reading

## Chapter Notes

In which we have an interlude of Wilbur and Technoblade.

We'll be back to our regularly scheduled Tommy POV next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

This was a very weird feeling. Tommy's arms were practically pinned to his sides, his earbuds knocked out of his ears as someone tightly wrapped their arms around him. He could only blink before he realized his vision was obscured by fluffy, brown hair. Oh.

*Oh.*

It was Wilbur. Right. The twins were home. Wilbur pulled away, having hugged Tommy for a lot longer than he would've liked.

"Tommy! It's so good to see you again. It's been ages since we last talked!" Wilbur exclaimed, smiling at him.

"Ayup." Tommy replied awkwardly, unsure of how to reply really. Wilbur's smile faltered a bit.



“What’s new with you then? How have you been?” He asked as Tommy took off his shoes. Well that was a loaded question, how had he been, before or after high school. Pre-High school Tommy was a lot different than high school Tommy. Although he supposed Wilbur wouldn’t have liked that answer too much.

“Uh- nothing really and I’ve been fine.” Tommy replied as he haphazardly side-stepped around Wilbur. “Um, you?” He asked to be polite.

“Oh, uh, you know fine.” Wilbur answered, looking confused. “Are you okay?” Tommy nodded.

“Yeah, never better.” He replied and there was a moment of awkward silence. “I- well I guess I’ll head to my room now, see you later I guess.” Wilbur still frowned at him and Tommy simply turned on his heel, shoving his headphones, that never stopped playing the music, back into his ear as he walked down the hallway back to his room. He prayed that he wouldn’t bump into Technoblade on the way to his room and luckily he didn’t.

As soon as he stepped into his room he shut the door and locked it. No way in hell he’d let anyone barge into his room after whatever the hell his interaction with Wilbur was. He paused his music and pulled out his headphones as he shrugged off his backpack and sat down at his desk. The laptop he had was *years* old but it still worked and that was enough for him, it did it’s job and nothing more but that was all Tommy could ask of it anyway. Pulling up discord he typed out a message to the Theater server, only consisting of him, Tubbo, Ranboo and Eret.

## ***C H I L D***

*‘ Thanks for remind me that my brothers were waiting for me at home ’*

*‘Got ambushed before I could even take my shoes off.’*

## ***Queen Shit***

*‘Are you okay?’*

**CHILD**

*'Yeah but I just had the most awkward conversation of my entire life.'*

**Bees Go Brrrrrr**

*'Ha. L'*

**Queen Shit**

*'Well the point of to kind of distract you from the issue but uh, I guess it backfired'*

**Memory Boy**

*'And I though I was the one with the memory issues'*

**Bees Go Brrrrrr**

*'How many times today are you going to forget about them'*

**CHILD**

*'Not worth my time tbh'*

**Memory Boy**

*'Good for you?'*

**Queen Shit**

*'Get back to practicing Ranboo'*

**Memory Boy**

*'I'm not even here'*

## ***CHILD***

*'Ooooooh you're in trouble'*

## ***Bees Go Brrrrrrr***

*'Ooooooooooooooooooooo'*

Tommy snorted at the discord messages before sighing and leaning back in his chair. There were noises downstairs, something unfamiliar to him to be honest. Phil rarely made noise and Tommy was rarely in the communal areas of the house. Hearing noise and movement, *life*, was a foreign concept to him. His brothers killed the life the day before they left.

Deciding his time would be better spent practicing rather than listening to his family's 'resurrection' that he didn't want a part in, he rolled his chair over to the keyboard and picked up at the beginning of his solo.

After two times of messing up the timing he was able to get it down. To be sure he didn't lose it or that it wasn't a fluke he continued playing it and replaying as much as he could. He planned to play until he was pinged, to know that Ranboo and Eret got home so that he could go on their weekly calls to just decompress.

But instead there was a knock on his door and Tommy paused his playing, wondering, *hoping*, he was imagining it. He wasn't obviously, as they knocked again, a bit more urgently this time. He debated not opening it because it was obviously not Phil, who would knock and then at least try the handle, so it had to either be Technoblade or Wilbur. Neither of whom he really wanted to see right about now. Regardless he walked over to his door and tried to open it, forgetting the lock before cursing under his breath, unlocking it and opening it.

Before him, in all the pink glory, was Technoblade. His hair was a lot longer than Tommy remembered. Techno had always had long hair but this was a lot. Or maybe it was the same but Tommy was just used to him having it in a braid, who knows.

"Hey." Tommy said, when Techno didn't say anything once he opened the door.

“Uh, Yeah. Hi.” He paused, as if expecting something before coughing and continuing. “Um, Phil says it's time for dinner.” Tommy frowned and checked his phone.

“It's 8:30.” He replied. Techno only shrugged.

“Phil wanted to wait for you.” He said. Tommy made a face but shook his head, realizing he probably couldn't get out of this, especially because he went straight to his room when he came home. Phil would make him eat one way or another.

“Alright, give me a minute, I'll be down in a second.” And with that he closed the door and walked back over to his laptop. It had shut off by now and he logged in before opening discord once more and typing out his message.

***CHILD***

‘I'm getting roped into a family dinner’

***CHILD***

‘Ping me when you guys are home and we can go on call, I'll leave and come here’

***CHILD***

‘Phil knows we have weekly calls he won't give me shit’

***Bees Go Brrrrrr***

‘L’

***Bees Go Brrrrrr***

‘Family dinners are so stupid’

***Memory Boy***

‘Can’t relate’

***Bees Go Brrrrrr***

‘L’

***Queen Shit***

‘I don’t know which one of you to yell at?’

***Memory Boy***

‘Tubbo’

***CHILD***

‘Deffo Bee Boy’

***Bees Go Brrrrrrr***

‘Probably me’

***Queen Shit***

‘Tubbo stop making fun of Ranboo for being an orphan’

***Bees Go Brrrrrrr***

‘Yes your majesty’

***Bees Go Brrrrrrr***

‘I’m not going to stop btw’

### ***Memory Boy***

‘L’

### ***Queen Shit***

‘Ranboo the quicker you get off your phone the quicker WE. CAN. LEAVE.’

### ***Memory Boy***

‘Whoops’

Tommy stood up as Eret ended the conversation, taking a breath to steel himself before opening the door and heading downstairs.

----

Wilbur was absolutely dumbfounded when Tommy turned around and left. Especially since Tommy hadn't even hugged him back. They hadn't even spoken to him in seven years or so and he just stood there as Wilbur hugged him. He'd always been so clingy as a kid, literally *clinging* to one of them when he was little. He could only blink after Tommy left to go to his room.

"Did Tommy come home?" Techno asked, coming in from the kitchen. Wilbur nodded numbly. Techno raised an eyebrow.

"Well where is he?" He asked.

"He went to his room." Wilbur said, frowning.

"What?"

"He just- I- he just, it was like we were complete strangers." Wilbur sputtered.

"What?" Techno asked.

"He came in and made the *most* awkward small talk of our entire lives and then left." Wilbur said. "He used to be so lively and active what- he's not." Wilbur said.

"It's been awhile I'm sure he just was unsure what to say. It's going to be awkward at first, we haven't seen the kid in years." Techno waved him off. Wilbur wrapped his arms around his middle and shrugged.

"I don't know... but okay." He conceded.

"Tommy came in, yeah?" Phil asked, poking his head in.

"Yeah he's in his room." Wilbur answered, still a little put off by Tommy's behavior.

"Oh good. I'll start dinner."

"Thank God." Techno replied. "I'm starving."

"Well excuse me for wanting your first dinner back to be a family one." Phil joked.

"I don't mind that if the kid didn't come home at 8 o'clock at night." Techno huffed and followed Phil. Wilbur glanced back at the hallway leading to their bedrooms before sighing and following his twin, accompanied by the ambient noise of their familiar bickering.

-

"Could one of you go upstairs and get Tommy for me?" Phil asked as he pulled the pot off the burner.

"I got it. Wilbur already spoke to him and now it's my turn." Techno said, standing up.

"Good luck." Wilbur sung. Techno rolled his eyes and swatted the back of his head lightly, although that didn't stop him from complaining to Phil about it.

Techno walked through the familiar hallway and rooms that had barely changed since he was there last. There were new pictures on the mantle, instead of being Wilbur's and his own high school graduation pictures and Tommy's 5th grade graduation photo, it was Tommy's Middle school graduation photo and their college graduation pictures. He couldn't help but smile at them. Tommy looked so excited in his picture, if not tired. There were obviously edited (to downplay) the bags under his eyes but he was still happy in the picture. He decided not to dwell on it any longer and instead walked down the hallway and came to Tommy's room.

There was piano music coming from the room. A song, really well played, came from the other side of the door. Tommy was still playing?

Phil had made all three of them take up instruments. Wilbur had a guitar which is obviously still played as he *was* a music major after all, but Techno? He rarely picked up his violin let alone play it. Sure Tommy learned piano real fast and had plenty of potential but Techno never really saw him as a piano person. He was loud, abrasive and crude. The piano sounded nothing like him. Either way, Tommy was doing really well on the piano, sounding practically professional with how well he played. Techno almost didn't want to interrupt him. But his stomach growled and he was reminded of what was waiting for him once he got Tommy.

He knocked firmly on the door and waited. The piano music stopped almost instantly, mid verse. But no one came to the door. Raising an eyebrow before knocking again. This time he heard movement and someone tugged on the door but it was locked. Locked? Tommy never locked his door, no one in the household did. Tommy used to but that was when they first adopted him and he had been battered up in his last house. By the biological kids of that family nonetheless and he thought this would be a repeat. But when he kept his door unlocked it was a sign of trust between them, and now it was locked once again.

But after something mumbled on the other side of the door, it was thrown open and Techno was met with someone who he could never be prepared to meet.



Tommy was, well he was a teenager, almost an adult. He looked at Tommy, simply taking him in. Although he also expected Tommy to rush forward and hug him when he saw him. Tommy always followed the two of them around, *always* happy to get some, *any*, kind of affection from him and Wilbur and yet here he was, just staring back at Techno.

"Hey." Was all he said, to a brother he hadn't seen in years. And perhaps that broke him a little bit.

-

Techno came downstairs a bit dumbfounded by his 'conversation' with Tommy. If it could even be called that. He sat down at the dining room table next to his brother. He didn't even look up until Wilbur punched his arm.

"What?" He asked, annoyed.

"I've been talking to you for the past ten minutes." Wilbur huffed.

"I haven't even been down here for ten minutes." Techno rolled his eyes and Wilbur shrugged. "What do you want?" Wilbur sort of softened a bit.

"Tommy's not what you expected?" He asked. Techno let out a sigh.

"No." He answered. "You were right, it's like we're strangers. It makes sense that we're not, like best friends or anything, but we're family, aren't we? Why is it like *this*?"

"I know. It's so weird." Wilbur muttered.

"You're favorite!" Phil exclaimed and both of them brightened at the mention of food and their favorite food nonetheless. It was their mother's old recipe and they rarely had it since she died because it took so much time to make. They had it when they adopted Tommy, on

the twin's 18th/ they're high school graduation and now today because it was definitely a special day.

Phil placed a bowl in front of both of them then placed one for him and one for Tommy who still hadn't come down yet.

"Is Tommy coming down?" Phil asked, rather unfazed by the youngest's absence.

"Yeah he said he'd be down in a minute." Techno replied, Phil nodded and sat down. As he scooted in his seat Tommy rounded the corner and sat down into his seat, the same ones they had always sat at. He sat down without a word to any of them and Phil was still unbothered by Tommy's mannerisms.

"You're home late." Wilbur said. Tommy looked at him and blinked for a moment, wondering how he should reply.

Dinner was slightly awkward as the twins realized how much Tommy has truly changed over the years. He wasn't yelling or demanding attention, in fact he was quiet and hadn't yet said a word to them, preferring to stare at his food as he ate.

"You're home late." Wilbur said. Tommy looked at him and blinked for a moment, wondering how he should reply.

"Clubs run late." He said. Wilbur didn't do anything at first but eventually he nodded.

"So how are classes Tommy?" Wilbur asked, sick of the silence. He hated silences almost as much as Tommy does, or did rather. Tommy shrugged.

"Fine." He said.

"Do any teachers remember us?" Techno cut in. "Our legacy living on?" Tommy's eyes shifted for Phil for a moment before shaking his head and looking back down towards the soup.

"I wouldn't know." Tommy replied. Wilbur frowned.

"What do you mean?" He asked.

"I don't go to the same high school you guys did."

"The school lines didn't change, did they?" Techno asked.

"No, Tommy goes to private school." Phil cut in.

"What? Where?"

"Esempi academy." Tommy said. Both of the twins laughed.

"No really, how is our alma mater doing?" Wilbur asked, when the two calmed down.

"First of all, alma mater is for college. Second of all we're not joking, I go to Esempi academy." Tommy answered. Wilbur looked at Phil who shrugged and nodded.

"It's true mate, he got his acceptance in 8th grade." Phil told them.

"Wait, you're not joking?" Techno asked.

"No, he got a full scholarship. What was I going to do? Say no?" Phil laughed.

"How do you have the grades for that? There's no way." Wilbur asked. Tommy couldn't help but roll his eyes.

"Dunno." He replied. "I got in and that's that, it's my fourth year now nothing new."

"Why didn't you tell us?" Wilbur asked Phil.

"To be honest I thought you knew." Phil told them. Tommy nodded and shrugged, eating some more soup.

"What's the academy like?" Techno asked.

"Normal I guess? Small classes, different classes, like specialty classes. More options and less experienced teachers but they're better than most. I don't know, it's normal to me." Tommy replied with a shrug.

"Normal?!" Wilbur exclaimed. "It's an internationally renowned school and you're calling it 'normal?' Tommy, are you insane?" Tommy dropped his spoon into his bowl, effectively silencing anything anyone was going to say. Wilbur thought he was going to yell, and in fact he wanted him too. A semblance of the old Tommy would be hopeful for him, anything to get their little brother back. But he didn't. He looked at his phone and instead he turned to Phil.

"I was pinged." Was all he said, calmly. Phil nodded.

"Yeah go ahead. We'll see you later." Phil told him. Tommy nodded, dumping the tiny bit of soup he left in his bowl and put it in the skin before he walked off towards his room.

"What was that?" Wilbur asked, when he recovered from what just happened.

“What do you mean?” Phil asked.

“He just left.”

“He has a call.” Phil replied. “On Fridays he goes on a call with his friends. Ever since he started to do that his grades went up and he acts like his old self when on them. I think they’ve been really good for his mental health.”

“Oh.” Wilbur muttered.

“Has his mental health been bad?” Techno asked. Phil shrugged.

“It’s been better, I mean he was very subdued for a while... Stopped drama club, closed himself off a *lot*. 8th grade seemed to be the worst of it but this school, the academy really seemed to make things better. I remember the day he came home after his acceptance, I don't think I can remember a time when he was that happy or excited. So I let him be with it. If he's happy so am I.” Wilbur and Techno were quiet. What happened to them?

----

After dinner and after watching TV for hours the twins finally decided to go to sleep. Phil has turned in a while ago. It was actually pretty late so they figured Tommy and Phil would be asleep by now; however they weren’t expecting to hear laughing as they passed Tommy’s door. The walls in this house weren’t thin by any means, you could hardly hear anything between rooms unless you were yelling but the doors were a different story. Plus, Tommy’s door was cracked ever so slightly. Wilbur approached the door.

"Oh come on now! That's just not fair!" Tommy exclaimed. There was a pause. "Oh fuck you boob boy I had that!" Laughter followed.

Another paused.

"Oh we're going to win boob boy. As much as I hate to say it but we're the best of all of us!" Tommy exclaimed, waiting for an answer. "No, no, no, no, that was *not* a compliment Ranboo!" Followed by a lot more laughter.

It was the exact same as it used to be. That abrasive laugh, so genuine you just couldn't take it any other way. It was familiar and just so uniquely Tommy. And yet it was so different from the kid that was sitting with them at the dinner table.

The one in his room, laughing and joking with whoever was on the other line, that was Tommy. He was their little brother, the one they had remembered. The one they thought they'd be coming back to.

The one at the dinner table, at the door, that was a stranger and one they'd probably have to become accustomed to. That was how Tommy was to them.

Wilbur felt as though he might cry. He'd always been the closest with Tommy and now it was like they were the biological kids of Phil's and Tommy was just the foster kid all over again.

Techno jerked his head towards their room and Wilbur reluctantly nodded and the two crept to their room, trying not to alert Tommy or wake Phil.

-

Neither one of them said anything as they got ready for bed. There wasn't much to say to one another, or rather not yet. They both needed time to put their thoughts into words, to get everything put together to just process before they spoke about it.

As Wilbur climbed into his bed that he still, surprisingly, hadn't outgrown, he turned to Techno who had already been in his bed.

"So." Techno started without looking at Wilbur.

"Yeah." Wilbur muttered. "It's not just us, right?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean he's obviously like that with Phil right?" Wilbur said. "Phil didn't seem at *all* concerned by anything."

"Either he's grown to be like this at home or he's just been like this since we've left?" Techno tried.

"Do you think that us leaving was the reason behind that?" Wilbur asked.

"I don't know." Techno replied after a minute. "But we can't blame yourselves for leaving."

"Yeah but... we could've gone closer. Maybe if we made more of an effort to get into contact." Wilbur said.

"That I'll agree with." Techno muttered. "We should have done better with communication."

"Yeah." Wilbur muttered. "We should probably try to make an effort to reconnect. Who knows, maybe we'll get him back."

"Yeah. Maybe."

With that neither of them had anything else to say. Wilbur turned over and pulled the covers up further, closing his eyes and hoping to drift off to sleep.

I wrote most of this on my phone so please forgive me if there a few too many spelling and grammar mistakes.

Also if you notice, every time Tubbo made a joke about his friend's situations he made sure they were either A. Okay before making it or B. The friend was the one to joke about it first! He's a good friend I promise lmao

Come and join a community of super sweet, if not really active, members! You're welcome to join, come on in and brighten up the place with your presence :D

[DISCORD](#)



# Don't Rain On My Parade (Funny Girl;1964)

## Chapter Summary

\*\*//TW\\\*\*

- Talking about the foster system
- Mentions about bad foster homes
- Mentions about bad home life
- Mentions of underage drinking

[THIS LIST IS PROBABLY INCOMPLETE NO MAJOR TRIGGERS BUT ONLY JUST IN CASE]

Be safe my loves.

Also Weekly Updates from now on! Mondays!

## Chapter Notes

In Which there is so much all the time.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Bright and early on Monday morning Tommy was *not* happy to be going to the academy over the public school. It was the only time of the year that he felt this way. Technically he was supposed to be on break right now. No classes in session and the school was pretty much closed.

Except for the theater program who had their hell week all week. Now, again, it wasn't as bad as it would be in the spring but it was still hell week. They were there for about the school day. From 7:30 am to about 2 pm. Six and half hours of pure theater. Which honestly wasn't too bad when you think about it. The show itself was about two and half hours long without an intermission. So they'd run through the show which would take them to 10 am. Work on what they needed until about 11 when they'd break for lunch for 30-45 minutes and then run through as much of the show as they could before heading home.

So he found himself in the kitchen eating a banana waiting until Ranboo showed up, it was nice to get back to something he was used to. That was until Wilbur appeared in the kitchen doorway. Tommy blinked at him, not expecting *anyone* (except maybe Phil) to be up this

early. Wilbur looked at him, confused through tired, half lidded eyes. Clearly having just woken up and clearly he was still very tired.

“Ayup.” Tommy said, still in relative shock.

“Hey.” Wilbur said, sleep still in his voice. “What are you doing up so early?” He then yawned. Tommy tossed out his banana peel.

“School.” He answered, he was *going* to school even if he wasn’t technically attending classes and such.

“You’re not on break?” Wilbur asked. Tommy shook his head.

“Nope. Next week.” He answered. A half truth but he really didn’t feel like explaining the theater program to a half asleep Wilbur. “What about you, why are you up?”

“Insomnia's a bitch.” Wilbur answered, yawning once more and he seemed much more awake now. He grabbed one of the single drink orange juice bottles that Phil kept around from the fridge and started drinking it.

“Yeah.” Tommy agreed, not quite knowing if he should answer.

“I’ll drive you to school, okay?” Wilbur said. “Lemme just finish this and we can get going.”

“Don’t. I’ll walk.” Tommy said, swinging his backpack over his shoulder. “I always walk.”

“But you don’t have to.” Wilbur said. “I can drive you, it's not a big deal.”

“I walk with Ranboo everyday, can’t just leave him to walk alone.” Tommy said, which was true and he didn’t want to be in a car alone with Wilbur, this conversation was awkward enough as it was.

“I can drive him too if you want.” Wilbur offered. “If he lives nearby it shouldn’t be a problem.”

“No you can’t.” Tommy said and it came off blunt and rude. “Sorry.” He muttered. “He lives in the group home the next street over and the caretakers don’t let him get in cars with people they don’t know. Flight risks, kidnappers, you know, foster kids are ‘easy prey.’” Tommy explained.

“Ah.” Wilbur muttered. “I didn’t realize.” Tommy shrugged.

“We walk to and from school together.” Tommy told him. “Unless one of us is sick or we’re held back for club or something.”

“What if it rains? Does Phil drive you two?” Wilbur asked. Tommy snorted quietly.

“Phil’s not home nearly in time to pick us up.” Tommy told him. “Ranboo can’t walk in the rain. He has Aquagenic urticaria, allergy to water. So if Sam or Puffy stayed they usually drive us home because it’s on their way. Worse come to worst Schlatt, Tubbo’s dad, would take us, he’s the dean so he’s there until everyone leaves.”

“You’re friends with the Dean’s son?” Wilbur asked. Tommy nodded.

“Tubbo and Ranboo have been friends since middle school, the private one across the street from that nursing home, we have a lot of classes together and we’re in the same programs.” Tommy told him.

“Oh.” Wilbur muttered. “How are classes and programs different?” Tommy really didn’t feel like explaining the whole system of the academy. How your classes and schedule was

determined by how you got into the school and which one he was in and how. Luckily he saw Ranboo out of the corner of his eye. He looked out the window to see him in front of his driveway, standing looking at the cars in the driveway. There were *never* cars in the driveway and he was probably trying to make sure he had the right house. Ranboo started looking at the other houses. Tommy sighed and looked at Wilbur.

“They’re really not but I have got to go before Ranboo thinks he’s got the wrong house.” And with that Tommy rushed out of the house, wincing at the slamming of the door behind him and down the driveway towards Ranboo.

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Wilbur watched Tommy approach his friend and seemingly leturced him. He frowned but watched as the two began their walk towards the academy. That was probably the most he had spoken to Tommy since he and Techno got home. Perhaps the most Tommy had ever spoken since he and Techno got home. It seemed that the way to get him to open up was to talk about his friends and the academy. Well not like he had last night, talk about the academy like it was a normal school despite the fact that people at *college* would ask Techno and Wilbur if they knew anyone who went to the school or knew what it was like. Esempi Academy was probably *the* most well known school in the country and it was hard to act like this was nothing.

But he supposed if it got Tommy to talk to him it was a small price to pay.

Wilbur distantly thought that he should thank whoever Puffy and Sam were since they were driving these kids home when the weather was bad. He shrugged and started to make coffee so as to not feel dead on his feet all day and hopefully the smell would wake up some of the other members of the family.

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“Alright, let's go, let's go, let's go. Get your ‘costumes’ on, get the racks ready for quick changes, props should be already ready, if they aren’t find them and get them ready. The backdrops are ready, rollaway sets should be in place, if they aren’t get. Them. Ready. We have six and a half hours to go through a two and half hour show twice with a break for lunch and criticism.” Eret exclaimed and the three boys rushed onto the stage and backstage to make sure everything was there.

“I got the costume racks!” Tubbo exclaimed, grabbing the costume closet key from its normal spot and rushed over.

“Help me with the rollaway sets, I can tell they’re out of order.” Tommy told Ranboo, grabbing one set and moving to the right place. Ranboo nodded and started to move the sets as well. As they finished that, Tubbo came out rolling three costume racks and positioning them where they were easiest to access. He had already changed into his beginning ‘costume’ which was just a different outfit, not quite a costume just not the clothes they came in. There *were* actual costumes on the rack which they’d have to change into later but they started out in rather normal clothes. Tommy grabbed his and rushed into one of the changing rooms and Ranboo followed behind, going into the other room to get changed.

Despite the fact that it wasn’t really a quick change they both were far too used to quick changes to slow themselves down and as soon as they came out of the dressing rooms they went onto the stage, standing in a line and the lights turned on as soon as they stopped moving.

They all squinted at the sudden light before their eyes adjusted and they looked into the house and Eret was standing at the light and sound board.

“Not bad timing.” Eret told them, their voice echoed through the theater, having mic’d himself up. “That was quick, nice work. Come back here and get your mics, after a quick mic check we’ll start.”

And with that, hell week at Esemipi Academy had officially begun.

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“For the first real run through I don’t think we did that bad.” Tommy commented before biting into the sandwich he had made for himself the day before, having become very accustomed to ‘buying’ lunch (See; Getting Tubbo to just take food for him) or finding something to make himself in the mornings.

“Yeah, actually I think we did really well.” Ranboo replied, stretching his legs out. Ranboo was much more of a dancer, having been the more flexible out of the trio.

“Could’ve used some work on the improv but can’t exactly practice that.” Tubbo replied, sipping on some weird juice box.

“Yeah, it all depends on the prompt, what the audience pulls and stuff. Honestly it’s hit or miss.” Ranboo muttered, before realizing his fatal error.

“I guess they never miss huh?” Tubbo instantly cut in.

“You got a boyfriend, I bet he doesn’t kiss ya !” Tommy exclaimed. The two fist bumped as Ranboo put his face in his hands and Eret walked over, having turned off all the mics and turned off the stage lights.

“You guys did well. Honestly. Only notes are obvious ones, stop saying ‘uh’ during improv, you’re relying on making it seem natural but using it just a bit too often. Timing in the finale was a bit off, but that may be because it was the *last* part before lunch and it’s the first time we’re really putting it all together. Hopefully it will be better during the second run through. Furthermore Tubbo you were *half* a beat off during your dance, Ranboo I noticed you forgot what to do after the three step turn, if you forget it again don’t look to Tommy to see the next move, play it off as you two doing different steps during that part. Tommy your pitch was just *slightly* off in the opening, not a lot but enough for me to notice. Remember this is to help you improve on your performance, none of this is out of malice. All three of you are *lightyears* ahead of your peers and no matter what happens this show you’re all amazing.” Eret told them, as they sat listening to every word, ready to learn what they needed to fix. Mistakes happen, of course they would and no matter how small or stupid of a mistake it would be or how much of the show it would mess it Eret wouldn’t be mad or care. They’d only care about how it affected them and if all three of them were okay. Despite that, everything Eret did for them, all three of them, they felt the need to make Eret proud. Even if they were already proud of everything the trio did.

“You got it king!” Tommy exclaimed, giving them finger guns before taking another bite of his sandwich. Eret chuckled.

“Any complaints or comments on the lighting, or sound? Anything wrong with sets, props, anything that can be improved upon, tell me now or forever hold your peace.” Eret told them. “I’d need to give Sam advanced warning before coming in to help up on the sets, if it’s props I can handle it.”

“The lights were a little off and I kinda felt like I was chasing the spotlight at times rather than the spotlight was on me.” Tubbo spoke up. He was always the one to speak up first, knowing both Ranboo and Tommy had trouble talking to authority figures about things they did ‘wrong’ or things that they could improve on. Ranboo with his foster homes that were less than pleasant and Tommy with his family.

“I think my mic was a bit crackle-y but other than that the tape was uncomfortable but nothing too bad.”

“I’ll fix the lighting, don’t worry about it, plus Wednesday we should have our actual spot light volunteers for this show.” Eret told them. “I’ll also help you with the mic tape and you’re right it was a bit scratchy. I think I messed that up so I’ll fix that no worries I’m sure I know what I did. Ranboo? Anything?”

“There’s one note in the track that is off and you can’t hear it because Tommy’s voice covers it but the track bothers me a bit.” Ranboo muttered. Having perfect pitch was both a blessing and curse for him. On one hand it was one of the many things that got him into the program in the first place. On the other hand if even one note was even slightly off he knew about it and it would definitely bother him until it was fixed.

“No worries, I can record over the verse or whatever it is, just point it out to me and I’ll fix it tonight.” Eret told him. “Sounds good?” Ranboo ducked his head, grabbing his own lunch.

“Yeah, thank you.” He muttered, embarrassed. None of these kids were used to the kind of attention Eret gave them and four year was just not enough to get used to it. Anything that made you uncomfortable or even bothered you, it would be corrected to the best of their abilities. It was comforting.

“We’ll start up again, hopefully with improvements in place after lunch.” Eret told them and took out their own food to eat.

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“Phil! Where’s my water bottle?” Tommy called, running through the hallway and jumping their small set of steps and into the kitchen where Phil was. Wilbur and Techno were sitting at the island, having their own breakfast.

“Here you go, I washed it for you because I can’t remember the last time I told you to wash it let alone having you actually wash it!” Phil told him. Handing him a full, and apparently freshly cleaned, water bottle. He blinked at it, not expecting anything like this from Phil and he smiled.

“Thanks.” He said, pleasantly surprised but still confused. He shook it off, rushing over to the front door, tugging on his shoes as fast as he could, holding his phone in his mouth.

“You won’t be late mate, you do this every year.” Phil told him, leaning against the wall, watching his youngest miss the knot for the second time in his rush to tie his shoes.

“Mf mmnh hnmg mmmh mhdh” Tommy’s words were incomprehensible as he spoke, due to the phone in his mouth. Phil reached down, taking the phone out of his mouth, but not away from him.

“What was that mate?” He asked, a fond smile.

“They’ll be here any second and I have to be ready.” Tommy replied, finally tying his shoe and popping up, holding his hand out for his phone, which Phil just dropped into his hand.

“They’ll wait for you. It’s not like they’ll leave without you.”

“Where are you going?” Wilbur asked.

“Club thing.” Tommy said, absentmindedly, as he grabbed his backpack.

“Don’t you have school?” Techno asked, looking at the clock. Tommy shook his head barely paying attention to his brothers as he was far too busy looking for his headphones.

“Not today.” Phil supplied helpfully. “It’s a private school thing I guess but he has off today but his club has this event thing so he’ll be at the school anyway.” Phil waved them off. “It



happens every year.” Tommy found his headphone, which had been around his neck the whole time but that was neither here nor there just in time. A horn honked, not loudly or even abrasively, just enough to get Tommy’s attention.

“They’re here!” Tommy exclaimed. “I’ll see you!” With that he was already out the door and halfway down the driveway, the door slamming behind him. He hopped into the car, but not before flipping Ranboo off for getting the front seat. As he buckled he couldn’t help the anxiety and excitement in his gut as he prepared for the last winter showcase of his highschool career.

Phil could only raise an eyebrow at the twins who seemed to be sulking a bit while glaring at their cereal.

“Can I help you with anything?” Phil asked.

“I think you’re giving him a lot of freedom. I don’t even know who was in that car.” Wilbur muttered, poking his cereal.

“I gave you two just as much independence and don’t think I don’t know about those times you’ve snuck out to go to parties, only to sneak back in far too late.” Phil hummed, putting his own dish into the washer.

“To be fair,” Techno started. “We didn’t know you knew about those.”

“I think even Tommy knew he was a kid. You guys weren’t exactly subtle about it.” Phil told them.

“If you knew why did you stop us?” Wilbur asked.

“Because, you always came home, and only one of you would smell like alcohol and have a headache in the morning, meaning you were being responsible and taking turns. Also because

I trusted you, just like I trust your brother now. He's almost an adult and he should be allowed to have his privacy and his own life."

The twins didn't say anything more. At least, not aloud.

-

The Winter Showcase had been an absolute success. The show had gone on without a hitch or even any technical problems. There was always one and yet the biggest issue they had was the mic tape fell off where Tubbo's mic wire met the collar of his shirt so it wasn't even noticeable and Ranboo was able to fix it as soon as Tubbo was off stage.

What was even more exciting was that, as a reward for doing so well during the performance, they were actually hanging out at *Eret's* house. Something that normally took place at Tommy's house but was no longer an option since literally *everyone* was home currently.

Speaking of his family, one member would certainly not shut up. Continuously texting him and asking when he was coming home. It was text after text to the point where Tommy had to turn his phone *off* during the show. Usually they were just one Do-not-disturb in case they needed a flashlight or to check the time but Tommy could not stand to see the pile of notifications and instead turned it off and left it in the pocket of his jacket in the dressing room.

They hadn't cared before, why start now.

Instead of answering Wilbur, or even reading his messages, he just opened up the conversations with Phil, who had texted him a quick, '*you good?*' To check in on him.

*'I'm staying over here. Will be back tomorrow, here's the address in case of an emergency.'*

Tommy texted Phil, despite not really caring too much he did know it was irresponsible and just wrong to not tell Phil where he was and at least give him an address in case of emergency, or if he needed Phil by any chance. Doubtful but just in case.

Phil simply texted back with '*okay*' and a thumbs up emoji that was just so Phil. He found himself smiling at the text and couldn't quite figure out why. Tubbo calling his name from the

living room snapped him out of it and was definitely eager to get back to his friends.

To his family.

-

Tommy hopped out of Eret's car, slinging his backpack over his shoulder. They hadn't gotten much sleep last night. They were busy doing anything and everything they could. Watching movies, good and bad, bootleg musicals they found and Eret had given all of them (especially Tommy) far too much sugar for any of them to sleep. He yawned, hiking the bag further up his shoulder, grabbing his keys and going to put it in the door before it opened. He blinked tiredly at the person who opened the door, and it happened to be Techno.

"Welcome home." He said. Tommy nodded and nudged past him, dropping his backpack under the hooks that held their coats and jackets. "Don't take off your shoes, we're going to the mall."

"What?" Tommy asked, having sat on the floor, practically dead on his feet, to take off his shoes.

"Yeah, we're going to head to the mall, hang out, get some shopping done. We all are." Techno explained.

"Why?" Tommy asked. "Is there something going on there or..." He let himself trail off, leaving the end of his question open.

"I don't think so." Techno said with a shrug. "It'll be an outing, we'll have fun." Tommy made a face to himself, not believing that for a second.

"Alright, I guess. We're leaving now?" Tommy asked.

"Yep!" Wilbur exclaimed, popping into the room, Phil right behind him, twirling his car keys in his hands

“We’re all up so we figured it’s best to head there now, should be pretty quiet and we’ll be the first to get there so if there *are* any sales or something we’ll have the first pick.” Phil explained. Tommy gave a polite smile and nod, standing back up, refusing an outstretched hand from Techno.

“Let’s go then.” He replied.

-

Tommy hadn’t been to the mall with any members of his family since he went shopping for sixth grade school supplies. Phil had been too busy to go out shopping for school supplies all throughout high school and most of middle school. He went with Deo and Bitzel in seventh grade. He hadn’t planned to even go in eighth grade but Wisp and Luke had dragged him out, complaining that they had missed going with him, Deo and Bitzel the year before. Although he knew they had been worried about him.

But here he was now with *all* of them, all three members of his family. Honestly? Tommy was just glad that they had taken down the posters they had put up, for the preview and promotional show they did for the winter showcase. He really didn’t want to answer any questions about anything right now. It was probably strange enough that he kept waving to some employees that were closer to Techno and Wilbur’s age rather than his own. (He had seen them so much during the set up for the promotion shows) And even managed to high five one of his favorite security guards. What was he going to do, leave them hanging? Unlikely.

But honestly, he wished for one of his middle school friends, Deo, Luke, Bitzle, even Wisp for god’s sake! Wisp had actually apologized apparently and still hung around Luke and Bitzel from time to time. Deo was apparently still mad but Tommy accepted his apology and wouldn’t mind reconnecting with the other guy. Although he really wouldn’t mind spending time and reconnecting with any of them. Honestly they got him through so much and although they did do a monthly meetup (most months anyway), he still missed them. They actually had missed the last few months as senior year had them all rushing around and applying for colleges and shit.

But he couldn’t have any of them with him now so he resigned himself to walking around the mall for hours with people he really couldn’t stand. Good thing he was good at acting. He was already tired from staying up so late last night, he had no idea they were going to go to the mall with them. Of course his *family* decided they hated him and that it would be just a

fan-fucking-tastic idea to make his life a million times worse. Damn Phil and his old age having to do things early in the morning.

“Oh, I have to go in there.” Wilbur exclaimed, suddenly pointing to a card store. It had gifts and really it just looked like a place that people went when they forgot an anniversary or birthday or some sort of occasion. If you were buying gifts, that is, the cards seemed fine, but the gifts were tacky at best. Apparently, Wilbur had a fight with one of his friends from highschool and was planning on buying her a gift.

“And you’re getting her one from here?” Techno asked, eyeing the store like it was on a murder trial.

“Yeah, why not? It’s not like it was a huge fight, I just want to apologize.” Wilbur shrugged. “It’s the thought that counts.” Wilbur waved them off as he entered the store, looking at the display in front of the entrance. Tommy followed and looked into the store, but soon realized he recognized someone looking at the cards. He was too caught up in his excitement that he completely forgot about his family and he stopped in his tracks.

“Toms?” Phil asked.

“Callahan.” Tommy whispered. Phil frowned and Techno raised an eyebrow at him.

“What?” Phil asked.

“Callahan!” Tommy exclaimed, breaking out into a smile and rushing further into the store leaving his family baffled as he approached an adult rather than a kid his own age. They followed after him, concerned.

“Hey!” Tommy exclaimed, stopping right next to his teacher. Callahan looked at him, no smile but a ghost of one on his face.

*'Hello T-O-M-S'* Callahan signed to Tommy. Tommy's smile brightened a bit. Callahan looked past him at the approaching people. *'Family yours?'* Callahan signed. Tommy brought his hands up into an almost shrugging motion that basically meant *'Unfortunately'* and the corner's of Callahan's mouth ticked up.

"So what are you doing here?" Tommy asked. Callahna pointed to the cards and then to the person looking at them behind him. Tommy squinted but the guy noticed and came over to them.

"Ayup Connor." Tommy greeted as he recognized him.

"Sup Tommy."

"What are you guys buying cards for?" Tommy asked. Connor grabbed a random card and showed it to him.

"Birthday." Connor said, and put the card back in its spot.

"Oh, Who's birthday?" Tommy asked.

*'P-U-F-F-Y'* Callahan signed. Tommy's jaw dropped.

"No way. When is that?" Tommy yelled.

"Monday." Connor answered.

"Oh I gotta buy cards!" He exclaimed and rushed off to where Connor had been looking. Plucking a card or two from the stands and rushed over to a different section.

“Hi, I’m Tommy’s father.” Phil introduced himself. “How do you guys know Tommy?” Callahan sighed a couple of things, occasionally spelling a word or two out, far too quickly for someone who wasn’t actively fluent in sign language to understand. Connor snorted as he read the signs.

“We’re teachers at his school.” Connor ‘translated’ as Callahan obviously had a couple of other choice words about Tommy’s ‘family’. “Callahan teaches Tommy and my classroom is attached to his, I help translate with the underclassmen classes.”

“Oh what do you teach?” Phil asked Callahan.

“Sign Language.” Connor replied, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. Which it might as well have been.

“What? But he was taking Spanish last I checked.” Wilbur said.

“Well Tommy has been taking it since freshman year.” Connor laughed.

“He’s pretty good at it then? Four years of it he has to be by now.” Techno asked.

“Fluent I’d say. I mean, I’m no longer in the classroom. Plus he’s the only kid in the class this year, only kid at the level so he has to be to know what Callahan is saying.” Connor told him.

“Wait, what? How do you guys run a class with only one student?”

“We’re a very small private school.” Connor chuckled. “Only 120 students, the average private school is 166. For us, that’s about 30 students per grade, not to mention the amount of kids that either transfer out or get kicked because they can’t handle the work they’re given. Which is fine, no shame in transferring, this school is intense. Most of us, as teachers, only teach one grade or one kind of class per grade, so if we didn’t run single student classes we’d

never teach and the kids would never learn.” Callahan signed something and Connor nodded at it.

“Right, and as Callahan just said, just because other people dropped the class doesn’t mean Tommy should suffer. You can’t teach a beginner sign language with someone who’s at Tommy level or vice versa.” It made sense but it was still strange to hear about, especially since both Techno and Wilbur came from a very large high school.

“I got the cards!” Tommy exclaimed, rushing back towards the group, smiling widely and obviously talking to the two teachers. He had a bunch of cards, split between his two hands. “I got you guys cards as well because it seemed you were having trouble, no pressure to buy them but I picked out the ones that *screamed* you and Puffy. Okay I’m going to go buy these!” Tommy ran to the checkout counter, still holding a decent amount of cards.

“That’s a lot of cards, Toms.” Wilbur commented. Tommy’s posture shifted and Wilbur couldn’t help but notice.

“Well, yeah.” He answered. “But her birthday is Monday and Tubbo and Ranboo probably don’t know and if they do they definitely haven’t bought cards so I’m buying the cards for them and we can give them to her on Monday.”

“Oh.” Wilbur said. “Don’t you want to get her a gift?” He asked, this was the right thing to talk about to get the most out of Tommy, it was best to stick with this conversation.

“Yeah but I’ll find one around the mall.” Tommy said, taking out his wallet and handing over the amount the cashier had told him. Wilbur frowned, distantly wondering where Tommy had gotten the money from. He obviously didn’t have a job.

“Oh, alright.” Wilbur muttered and walked back over to the displays and picked out his own present for his friend. Despite the pretty much shitty quality of the thing it reminded him of an inside joke the two of them had and he smiled at it. She would definitely appreciate it. He grabbed the little plushie and walked online as Tommy idly chatted with his teachers, sometimes verbally and other times signing but waved goodbye and followed his family out of the store.



“You never told me you were taking sign language.” Phil said casually, his tone made it clear he wasn’t upset or hostile. Tommy shrugged, shifting his bag of cards in his hand.

“You never asked.”

----

Tommy shoved his headphones into his ears as soon as they got back to the car, having bought at least four cards and a sheep plushie with rainbow wool for Puffy. She was going to need it after the shit show of a session he was going to have with her on Monday. Distantly he felt a bit guilty unloading everything on her on her birthday but a little voice inside his head that unsurprisingly sounded a lot like Puffy told him not to worry about it and that he was more important than a birthday. It was a social construct anyway.

He smiled to himself and switched the music to a more... *Puffy* song.

----

“Do you know who Puffy is?” Wilbur asked Phil as he made dinner. Tommy had disappeared into his room yet again after their mall trip.

“I wish I could say I do but honestly I don’t think I’ve ever heard the name.” Phil chuckled humorlessly. Wilbur sighed and sat at the kitchen island.

“She’s important to Tommy and his friends whoever she is.” Techno said.

“That’s for sure.” Wilbur replied. “He bought her *four* cards.”

“Well to be fair he did say at least two of them were for his friends.” Phil added.

“Still.” Wilbur muttered.

“She’s got to be a teacher of some kind at his school.” Techno replied. “I know it’s a private school and the teacher-student ratio is a lot lower than normal, but there’s no way two teachers would be buying cards for a student, yeah?”

“I don’t know. He mentioned her before I think. One of the people who gives him and his friend a ride when it’s raining. But if she was a student Tommy would probably know her birthday instead of hearing it from a teacher.” Wilbur said. “Probably some sort of confidentiality breach if they had.”

“It depends on the school but for a school like Esemipi Academy there’s no way they’d let their teachers give out information like that.” Techno said. Wilbur only hummed in reply, resting his head on the counter.

“He was different today.” Wilbur said after a couple minutes of silence.

“He was *normal* when he was with his teachers.” Techno replied.

“Boys I know it's hard for you.” Phil interrupted. “I know you were expecting the energetic child you left behind but middle school was really rough on him and he’s starting to open back up. I think he’s adjusting. We had a system before you guys came and now it’s all different. We’re all home so much and he’s lost a lot of alone time. You’ve barely been home a week, give him time he’ll go back to ‘normal’ once he’s used to you again.”

“I don’t know Phil.” Techno said. “He looks at us with these eyes. Like he expects so much from us and yet... like we’re strangers.”

“He used to *worship* the ground we walked on and now it’s like...” Wilbur let out a bitter laugh. “Like we’re strangers.” Phil sighed.

“Give him time.” He said. “He’s not a kid anymore, he’s turning 18 in April. We’ve all changed in the 7 years you’ve been gone.”

“I guess so.” Techno muttered.

Wilbur didn't answer.

----

Monday came and honestly Tommy was so happy. Being trapped in a house all week with his family was not only uncomfortable but also awkward. They were making an effort which honestly had to say something but he wasn't really interested. Well, he might be but he needed to consult Puffy first. She would tell him the right thing to do.

Okay *maybe* it was stupid of him to be even considering forgiving them without an apology, or opening up to them. But the whole reason it hurt and the whole reason it was awkward right now was because he *wanted* to be a part of them. He wanted that family that they had with each other. Even if he had it with his theater group, especially in freshman year when they had more people they were always going to go away.

The seniors, the theater program's upperclassmen before Tommy was a senior, they all left. Of course they did, they went to college, performance schools but they all split up. Into three different colleges, the best performing arts colleges of the country, this program gave them a guaranteed acceptance and an almost guaranteed scholarship. It was an easy choice for most of them. Sure Tommy, Tubbo and Ranboo all agreed to go to the same college no matter what, even if majors changed or it wasn't one of the performing arts colleges but he was losing a huge part of his support system. He wouldn't have Eret, or Puffy or Sam with him. He wouldn't have a nearly as close relationship with his teachers as he did now.

But family. A *legal* family was supposed to be forever. So he'd *belong* somewhere if he rejoined this legal family of his.

Not to mention he still craved their approval. Phil was still a fucking cool dude. Technoblade was a reputation that even Esempe Academy kids had heard of. He was always so awesome when Tommy was a kid. He had helped Tommy down from that tree he climbed up (and definitely didn't get stuck on). Technoblade was his childhood hero living the room across from him. Wilbur... Well Wilbur was a bitch but he understood Tommy on a different level. He always knew what to say or do and it pissed him off at first, a foster kid trying not to get attached but it was inevitable. They were all just... amazing.

Or they had been.

Until Wilbur stabbed him in the back. Until Techno twisted the blade. Until Phil left him to bleed out.

And honestly, he wanted them back.

Gods how could he not. They were once his family, the people he loved above himself and still he craved their validation. Their attention.

But could he really do that to himself? He had just gotten his life back on track and now he wanted to mess it all up again?

Fuck it, he needed Puffy. She'd decipher his head and tell him what he really wanted. And if that didn't work, Eret had a creepy way of knowing what you wanted before you knew you wanted it.

"You should really get out of your head more." Ranboo hummed.

"I- what?" Tommy asked, shaking his head, and his thoughts away.

"I've been talking to you for the last ten minutes and you've had his glazed over looked in your eyes. You've only just snapped out of it." Ranboo told him. "Are you okay?"

"I- yeah I'm fine." Tommy muttered. "I just have a lot on my mind and I wish my sessions with Puffy weren't so late in the day."

"Could be worse." Ranboo shrugged, clearly talking about the session time. "You could be Tubbo."

"Fuck that, I'm not waiting the *entire* day to speak with her. I'm going to see her at lunch." Tommy told him.

“Do you want to talk about anything now? We’re only halfway to school.” Ranboo asked. Tommy sighed.

“No, not really. Besides, it's not fair to just brain dump on you. I only do it to Puffy because Eret made me and she gets paid for it.”

“Plus she’s good at making you feel better.” Ranboo added.

“I hate how fucking good she is at it.” Tommy muttered.

“I don’t mind, you know.” Ranboo said. “If you told me about your issues. I offered after all.”

“It’s not your job to listen to me complain, Mr. Boob. Besides it’s just a jumbled mess right now, I need time to put it into words, you know?” Tommy told him.

“Yeah I understand that.” Ranboo said. “Still, if you ever need anything.”

“I know.” Tommy said. And he did. He did know. He had a support system here and even if it wasn’t forever or anything it was his and right now he loved it.

He knew they were there for him.

## Chapter End Notes

This was supposed to come out Monday afternoon and now it's technically Tuesday Whoops.

But this is a long chapter so I hope it makes up for it.

[DISCORD](#)

Join us and have fun!

# Anything Goes (Anything Goes;1934)

## Chapter Summary

**\*\*//Trigger Warnings\\\*\***

- Abuse of Power (Teacher acts a certain way he shouldn't when because he's in power)
- Explicit Mentions and claims of child abuse/neglect
- Minor Implications of child neglect

**\*\*This list may be incomplete be safe my loves\*\***

## Chapter Notes

In Which Tommy speaks to his therapist and makes plans.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy quite literally kicked open the door to Puffy's room holding a stuffed gift bag and some cards in his hands. For her credit, she didn't flinch nor did she even look up. Now this wasn't a *regular* for Tommy to do, in fact it was much more something Tubbo would do and probably *did* on a semi-regular basis. Regardless, Puffy was used to teenage boys kicking her door in. It's why it was usually left ajar and always unlocked (unless, of course, she was in the middle of a session or with another student for something)

"You." He announced. Puffy *did* look up at that, staring at her most frequent student with a single eyebrow raised at him.

"Me." She replied.

"Birth." He said. She blinked, attempting to recovery from whatever the fuck that was. "Happy Birth." And he handed her the bag before closing the door and sitting opposite of her. She could only chuckle at the boy's antics and shook her head.

"What are the cards for?" She asked, looking over the gift bag.

“There are four of them. I missed three birthdays so here’s one from my first year, and second and third and then this one is for this year. Since you never told me your birthday I had to catch Callahan and Connor shopping for cards for you.” He huffed, handing over all four cards and crossing his arms. Puffy couldn’t help but smile, he had gotten her birthday presents for all the birthdays he had missed, he was such a sweet kid and honestly she wasn’t sure how he got stuck with what he had.

“Thank you Tommy. I’ll open them later.” She said, putting them aside, knowing Tommy would’ve gotten very embarrassed if she had opened everything in front of him, not to mention they were on a time limit and Tommy had gone two very stressful weeks without her.

“Yeah well Birthdays are special, you only get so many of them.” He mumbled to her. She nodded.

“Well, we’re here to talk so talk. What happened, how was the homecoming and winter break?” She asked. Tommy made a face.

“It was so awkward. They didn’t believe me when I told them I go here, right? So Phil didn’t even tell them. I got into an internationally renowned school and Phil didn’t tell them. Not to mention neither one of them seemed excited or congratulated me, nope just took it as a joke. Took *me* as a joke. I was pinged soon after that so I didn’t have to stay but that was just the first night!” Tommy exclaimed.

“Yeah? What about break? Was that any better?” She asked.

“I was stuck at home with them all day. Phil hasn’t been home for more than maybe 10 hours a day and as soon as his biological kids show up, oh suddenly he’s always around. Taking off work and going in later, coming home sooner. It’s- It’s everything they said to me!” He told her and held off saying anything else. Although, after being his therapist for almost four years now, Puffy knew a thing or two about Tommy and his tells.

“But?” She prompted, knowing there was more to the situation. Tommy made a face, as if he didn’t want to admit something but even he knew there was something more he had to say.



“But it does seem like they’re all trying.” He muttered. Puffy waited for him to continue and Tommy sighed. “It’s- Phil pays attention, he makes both Techno and Wilbur back off when they’re being too- too... *them* . He knows my patterns a bit too well for someone who’s rarely ever home and he just... I don’t know he seems present in my life even though it never seemed like he was.”

“Okay, is that a good thing?” She asked. Tommy shrugged, thinking about it.

“I don’t know.” He tells her. “I- Wilbur is trying too. He’s everywhere all at once trying to do things or say things even poking at me to get me to be... me. Like how I normally am with them. I- it’s maddening in most ways but... flattering? I don’t know, it’s flattering or whatever in other ways. Y’know? It’s fucking weird is what it is! They go from not wanting me in their house to trying to get my attention every five seconds!”

“What about Techno?” Puffy asked. Tommy let out a puff of air.

“He’s the same?” Tommy tried. “He’s closed off just like normal but... he doesn’t push. He’s the same as Wilbur, wanting my attention, wanting *me* but like he doesn’t push for it. It’s like he’s just there, waiting for it and when I don’t give it he’s disappointed.”

“Now, I don’t want to be that generic therapist but how does all of this make you feel?” Puffy asked. She always provided a safe space for emotions and admitting them. Even in the theater and during rehearsals he didn’t like really showing true emotions, but he barely hesitated in Puffy’s room.

“Conflicted.” He says. “I- It’s complicated. It’s like- they’re the same people as before, right? But with different opinions of me. I know I’ve changed, I’ve grown and I’m different from little fucking toddler fifth grade me but they haven’t changed a bit. The only thing new is how they treat me.”

“How do you *want* them to treat you?” Puffy asked. “Is this something you want?”

“I want their approval.” He admits quietly. “I don’t know why. Every rational part of me is screaming that I shouldn’t because why should I? I’ve had the worst years of my entire life thanks to them and... I still want to be a part of them.”

“That’s okay.” Puffy told him. “They hurt you, that much is true but they were also your family once upon a time. If you want to reconnect with them that’s perfectly understandable and fine, but to do so you should put up boundaries. These people, your brothers and your father were all abusive towards, unintentionally or otherwise.” Puffy was being blunt but they’ve had this conversation many times before and Tommy had long come to terms with the fact that his home was or had been an abusive one, in one way or another.

“Okay. But... I’m not sure I want to reconnect.” Tommy told her.

“You don’t have to. Tommy, they owe you the world, you owe them nothing. Do you understand?” She asked. Tommy nodded, not quite believing her. They had gotten him out of a horrible situation, given him hope and adopted him. Sure they killed that hope and any other hope inside of him years later but he really couldn’t compare his old foster homes to this. He’d take this over being in Ranboo’s place any day. (Even if he was currently in a very safe and loving group home).

“I guess so.” Tommy muttered. “How do I set up boundaries with them, my family?”

“Well if you want you can have a flat out discussion with them.” Tommy made a face and Puffy smiled fondly at him. “I didn’t think you’d like that. Otherwise you can set boundaries, in your head or on paper but don’t let them cross it. Remember no mean no regardless of the context. Stick to your boundaries and don’t let them cross them, especially after you’ve told them no. Okay? If you need anything, or anyone to help you enforce these boundaries you know how to contact all of us. Okay?” Tommy nodded.

“Okay. I can do that.” He said, starting to form boundaries in his head. No coming into my room without permission, if the door is locked, best not to bother me, don’t ask about clubs and so on and so forth.

“Onto a better topic, let’s take a break from talking about your family. I saw the Winter showcase, you guys were amazing, how was it for you?” She asked.

“Puffy, it was amazing. Everything went according to plan, nothing was messed up, the worst thing that happened was Tubbo’s mic tape came off around the collar but that was it! No one from the audience could even see that and it wasn’t pulling on his mic so we were able to fix it without an issue. This showcase shall go down in *history* as the greatest winter showcase ever! Gone on without a hitch. Unheard of Captain. *Un* . Heard of.”

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Tommy walked into his English class about eight minutes late, not like he was counting the minutes or anything, he was especially not dreading entering the classroom or anything, he totally didn’t care. But his heart *was* racing as he was definitely *not* terrified to go to his English class. Regardless he had to and he simply walked in as he usually did.

“Late again, Watson?” His teacher, the king dick of all dicks, Dream (Dick) WasTaken, his English teacher. “What bull excuse do you have this time?” All eyes of the class were on him now as they waited for his response. Tommy thought it was stupid of him to stop class like this just because he was late. He was literally almost always late, and he stopped class every time.

“Counselor’s office.” Was all Tommy said, his voice low as if afraid to speak above a mutter. Not that he was of course. He was a big man, one that was *not* afraid of English teachers that were simply too bitchy for his own good. He handed the teacher his pass, the one Puffy gave him more as a formality than anything. That had made that mistake once before, Tommy showed up without a pass and was marked with an unexcused lateness despite Puffy telling him otherwise. She had come all the way down to the English hallway and told Dream to ‘Change it or else’ she’d be ‘taking this down to the Dean’s office and I’ll change it myself.’ or something along those lines. It’s not like Tommy’s respect for Puffy grew a million times that day or anything. Of course not.

Dream snatched the pass, roughly so that if Tommy hadn’t been loosely holding the pass it would’ve given him a paper cut, he learned that lesson the hard way, from Tommy’s hand and scanned over the note, probably making sure it wasn’t forged or anything. For some reason, it wasn’t like Tommy came in at least once a week with a pass from Puffy. He crumpled it up and tossed it at Tommy, it hit him in the head. He flinched slightly but ultimately let the ball of paper hit him.

“Take your seat, we’ve continued with *The Island Of Dr Moreau* .” Dream told him, walking away back towards his desk. Tommy started towards his own desk.

“What page are we on?” He asked, putting his backpack down and taking out his copy of the book, attempting to follow along from where they had last left off but there was really no telling how far they had gotten.

“Figure it out.” Dream told him and picked up his own book and started reading an unfamiliar passage. Tommy scanned the pages from where they last left off, attempting to find where Dream was reading from but he was going far too fast and Tommy wasn’t sure where they were anymore.

With a swift kick under the table Tommy looked up at his friend across from him. Purpled mouthed the word ‘42’ at him and after three tries Tommy finally understood what he meant and turned his book to page 42. Sure enough there was the passage Dream was currently reading and Tommy started to follow along once again. Despite the fact that no one, including Purpled, stood up for Tommy in this class, he did really enjoy Purpled company.

Purpled’s older brother, and current guardian, was really close friends with Dream and one wrong move from Purpled would get him on Dream’s bad side which would result in issues at home. Honestly, Tommy didn’t expect him to, despite Dream being possibly the worst thing that’s ever happened to him, in school anyway. Outside of school he was probably pretty close to his brothers, not as bad but he was definitely close to crossing the line.

With thoughts of boundaries, demon dick teachers and broken family dynamics, Tommy allowed himself to be lost in the words of H.G Wells and *The Island of Dr Moreau* .

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Wilbur approached Technoblade with a grin that made even Techno fear for his own personal safety.

“What do you want? What are you planning to do, or what *did* you do?” Techno asked with a sigh, sliding a book mark between the pages of his book, turning his full attention to his twin.

“I haven’t done anything... yet.” Wilbur protested.

“Key word here, yet.” Techno replied. Wilbur rolled his eyes and mockingly made a face at Techno.

“I have an idea.”

“Which would be?” Techno prompted.

“We need to bond with Tommy.” Wilbur announced as if he just solved world hunger.

“Heh?”

“We need to bond with Tommy.” Wilbur repeated.

“No I heard you the first time but, Wilbur, what are you on about?”

“He doesn’t know us. We don’t know him. If we *bond*, do something together we can get to know each other better and we’ll be able to get back to where we were *before* we left for university.” Wilbur explained. Techno was skeptical.

“I don’t know. I don’t mind spending time with the kid but *bonding*? It sounds weird and forced.” Techno told him.

“Don’t be such a buzzkill Technoblade.” Wilbur whined. “We’re just spending time with our little brother. Better communication, remember?”

“Yeah, Wilbur, that was about staying in contact and talking over the phone. Not whatever weird bonding exercise you have concocted inside your head!” Techno replied.

“Ooh look at me I’m Technoblade and I use big words.” Wilbur mocked in a high pitched tone. “It’s not weird Techno. We’re just hanging out with Tommy, but it’ll just be us and we’ll just... reconnect. Okay?” Techno was quiet for a moment but nodded.

“What did you have in mind?” He asked.

“Well I thought about the movies, but you can’t really reconnect with someone in the movie theater. Maybe the mall but he seemed...” Wilbur trailed off trying to think of the right way to describe it.

“Jumpy?” Techno supplied.

“Yeah. Last time we were there it was like he was on edge the whole time. So I figured that was out. So I’m thinking we head to Niki’s Bakery? That way we can eat and chat with him in an environment that is comfortable. Plus Niki’s an old friend so we’re good to be left alone and stuff, stay as long as you want type thing.” Wilbur told him.

“Niki opened her bakery?” Techno asked.

“Yeah she did so right after we finished our first year at college.” Wilbur explained.

“I thought *she* was in college then? Secondary Education or something?” Techno asked. They had been on the fencing team together while she and Wilbur had been friends since middle school. Met in group therapy or something.

“Yeah she did both. I think she lives in the apartment above it and she opened it and all while in college.” Wilbur told him. “I think the bakery paid for her college actually.”

“Good for her.” Techno muttered.

“Yeah so, what do you think? We invite Tommy out to Niki’s?” Wilbur asked. Techno nodded.

“I think he’d like Niki. I also want to see the bakery.” Techno said.

“You just want free pastries.” Wilbur huffed. “You haven’t been the one to keep in contact with her all these years, if anyone gets free food it’s me. *You* will have to pay for yourself.”

“No one said anything about me paying. This was your idea, you're paying or *I’m* not going.” Techno snorted. Wilbur sighed and slumped against his twin.

“Fine.”

“Works every time.”

“Shut up.”

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Walking home with Ranboo when it wasn’t pitch black dark and freezing was really refreshing. Sure it was still cold, the wind was bitter and it was nearing dusk as they walked but it was better than staying as late as before. Technically they weren’t supposed to have Theater today but none of them cared and since Eret’s classroom was, again technically, the theater they just stayed after to hang out and use the stage. It was good to be in a safe space without the stress of working towards some sort of performance.

So he got home pretty ‘early’. Well early for the Theater program. It was winter so the sun set pretty early anyway.

“I’m home.” Tommy called out, as he closed the door behind him, putting his key back into his backpack and taking off his shoes.

“Hey, Phil’s making dinner. He’s almost done, we’re sitting at the table waiting.” Wilbur told him, clearly inviting him to sit with them. Honestly, Tommy had no excuse not to. He didn’t have anything to work on for Theater and Eret still made them get their homework done before they could actually hang out. Tommy figured there were worse things and put his backpack by the door and joined them in the dining room.

The places had already been set and Tommy honestly couldn’t remember the last time he set the table. Hell the last time he ate at the table was with Phil for his seventeenth birthday, which was almost a year ago now. Other than that he usually ate at the island in the kitchen or in his room. Phil was never home for dinner and if he was they would eat in the kitchen. No need to set the table for two of them.

Even after a week of eating with the family, of eating at the dining room table, he still wasn’t used to it. But regardless he took his seat at the table and scrolled through twitter on his phone, only bothering to reply to something one of the old seniors had posted about their college. Despite Techno and Wilbur being there too, neither of them said anything, which was a bit weird, but not unwelcome.

Phil placed dinner at the center of the table and everyone started to fill their plates as they felt was fitting.

“Wilbur, how was job hunting?” Phil asked, as everyone got their food.

“Sucks.” Wilbur replied. “Can’t even find a place that’s hiring. I figured there would be at least something but I haven’t found anything. Not a help wanted sign, I even asked inside stores and I can’t find anything.”

“Rip.” Techno said. Tommy couldn’t help but smile at the joke, internally snorting at it.

“Keep working at it. I’m sure something will pop up.” Phil said, shaking his head at Techno. “Tommy, how was school?”

“Fine.” He replied. “Most teachers were easy on us today, first day back and all. Got to give Puffy her present.”



“That’s good, how’d she like it?” Phil asked.

“She liked it. She wasn’t expecting the cards from the missed birthdays but that’s just what she gets for keeping it a secret from me. Ranboo basically spoiled the surprise because he gets to see her first.”

“And she’s your teacher?” Techno asked.

“Social worker.” Tommy replied.

“What?”

“She’s the school’s social worker. Therapist if you will.” Tommy replied, shoving a piece of food in mouth.

“And Ranboo sees her?” Phil asked. “Like daily? Not meaning to pry, just curious.”

“He’s a foster kid, innit?” Tommy told them. Ranboo was probably the most open person, especially out of the three of them, about his therapy. If asked, he would tell them basically anything they wanted to know, as much as he could remember. In fact he *liked* to talk about his sessions with Puffy, proud of them, as the more he went to the more he remembered and the closer he got to figuring himself out.

“Most foster kids need therapy.” Tommy replied, they should know that, after all they made him go to a therapist for two years before he and they felt he was okay for him to stop. He probably should have gone back to them during middle school.

But it was part of his deal with Eret. If he was to go to the Academy and he was going to join their program, he’d have to go see Puffy, at least for the first half of the year and then he and

Puffy could decide if it was okay to stop. Puffy ended up giving him a 504 as she was a licensed doctor and was legally Tommy's therapist.

"Ah. Right." Phil replied, not wanting to push any buttons.

"So when he gave it to her it basically gave away the surprise because she would've asked how he knew and he definitely told her because you can't *not* tell Puffy anything." Tommy told him.

"How do you know her?" Wilbur asked, deciding to push where Phil didn't. Techno kicked him under the table but it was too late.

"Part of the scholarship deal. I had to go to her for the first six months and then we went from there. Transition from public to private school tends to be a shock for kids and they had issues before with kids not handling the stress and stuff." Tommy said. This was not a conversation you had at the dinner table and definitely not one you had where you had to tell your family is the reason you had a 504 and needed to see a therapist *daily*. Okay he didn't need to see her daily but he definitely needed to see her weekly and she was definitely one of the highlights of his day.

"Oh, alright. Sounds good. I'm glad she enjoyed her present, tell her we say happy birthday tomorrow if you see her." Phil told him. Tommy smiled, surprising the majority of the table.

"I will." He said, looking back down at his food, still smiling slightly.

"Tommy," Wilbur asked. "Can I ask you something?" His smile dropped and Wilbur had to fight the urge to cringe or stop himself from asking.

"Sure." Tommy replied.

"Do you want to go to Niki's Bakery this weekend with Techno and I?" He asked. Tommy thought for a moment. Niki had a Bakery for a while and she would bring in sweets and stuff

for kiss the cast and even just as a snack for the three of them, or four of them really considering Eret was also given a little snack bag. They had been friends in high school and just happened to reconnect when Niki was hired at the Academy. But Tommy hadn't gone to the Bakery since Sophomore year when the Senior's 'last meal' (as seniors at the academy) was at Niki's Bakery but he hadn't been there since.

Niki's stuff was amazing and he was always upset that he couldn't get into her home ec classes, it never fit into his schedule, although Ranboo got in this year and Tommy was more than happy to sample anything he made for Niki's class. So yeah he wanted to go there, but how badly did he want to go that he was willing to go with his brothers.

"Yeah sure." He replied.

The answer was yes, yes he was. Niki's food was worth the world, not to mention she was incredibly sweet and he missed when she would come by. But the Bakery got pretty big so she spent most of her time after school at the bakery rather than at the theater.

"Okay great. How does 12 sound on Saturday?" Wilbur asked. Tommy nodded.

"Yeah, sounds good." Tommy agreed, eating more to avoid much more talking.

"I think you'll like the place." Wilbur said.

"You've been there?" Phil asked.

"Well, no, not yet." Wilbur replied, sheepishly. Phil only raised an eyebrow.

"Wow Wilbur, caught in 4k." Techno replied.

Tommy actually snorted this time.

## Chapter End Notes

Hey, sorry for the boring and uneventful chapter. I wanted this to go out in time and my plans were a bit everywhere for this chapter and it fits better with the next chapter. Good news though next chapter is full a drama and plans and everything! I hope you enjoyed this so far.

Join the Discord! We're all probably socially awkward and no one really ever speaks but we're all very nice when we do!

[DISCORD](#)

# Some Enchanting Evening (South Pacific; 1949)

## Chapter Summary

**\*\*//Trigger Warning\\\*\***

- Abuse of Power
- Attempted Manipulation
- Mentions of Mental Breakdowns
- Mentions of Panic Attack
- An Almost Panic Attack
- Mentions of Anxiety
- Mentions of Depression
- Implied Injury
- Near Death experience (Not Explicit)

This list may be incomplete! Please be safe when reading!

## Chapter Notes

In which bonding takes place and Niki connects the dots

-

Also just a note for people who may not know

Freshman- First year high school student (9th grade)

Sophomore- Second year high school student (10th Grade)

Junior- Third year high school student (11th grade)

Senior- Fourth year (Last Year) high school student (12th) grade

Also because it was mentioned to me, Home Ec. Is a class where you learn life skills and home skills, ex: Cooking, Baking, Laundry and even budgeting.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy sighed and walked up to Dream's desk. It was the middle of class for fucks sake and they were supposed to be working on an essay and it was literally their midterm, so right now he was only fucking with him at this point, giving him more work to do 'at home'.

“What.” He said leaning on the desk.

“I noticed you chose the first prompt.” Dream said, his voice low so as to not disturb the other students but loud enough so that they could hear him.

“Yeah, and?” Tommy asked with a shrug.

“It’s the harder prompt.” Dream replied as if that was an answer.

“Okay?” Tommy said, waiting for something relevant or worth his time to be said. Dream sighed and rolled his eyes.

“It’s not within your capabilities.” Dream answered plainly. Tommy was visibly taken aback by that statement. First of all he hadn’t gotten below an 85 on *anything* in this class and ever below a 90 in the writing assignments. How Dream decided that was beyond him.

“Excuse me?”

“You’re not going to be able to effectively do this prompt. Change it and choose the easier one, you’re not smart enough for it.”

“The fuck are you talking about?”

“Watch your language or I’ll send you to the office.” Dream said, his grip tightening on his pen.

“I don’t care. Are you seriously calling me stupid?” Tommy asked.

“Yes.” Dream replied with no hesitation. Tommy blinked, clearly not expecting that answer. “Did you want me to lie?”

“No just-”

“You’re not smart Tommy.” Dream interrupted. “You’re not good enough for this class and frankly I don’t think you’re good enough for this school or yourself.” Tommy blanched at that.

“What?” He asked. Their voices had grown quiet again, even the kids sitting next to his desk would have had to strain to hear what they were saying.

“I’m just telling the truth Tommy. Look I’m on your side, *this* place, the academy, this lifestyle isn’t for you. I don’t want you embarrassing yourself when you fail miserably in the real world. Go back to your roots and remember that it isn’t for everyone. You’re not good enough.” Dream told him, his voice was dripping with sincerity. It was hard to fake something like that and Tommy couldn’t even begin to tell where, if any, lies started. He could only blink as his hands were shaking slightly.

“It starts with a prompt and it ends with real life. It’s all downhill for you now, so why don’t you just quit before you embarrass yourself further. Just accept it, you’re not good enough for anything here.” He didn’t know what it was. Maybe it was because it reminded him of his brothers, which ultimately snapped him out of it, but he took a very shaky breath and swallowed the lump in his throat.

“I’m going to the counselor's office.” He announced, still struggling to breathe slightly.

“What? No it’s the middle of class and you still haven’t changed your prompt yet and-”

“I’m going to the counselor’s office.” Tommy repeated a bit more firm this time. Dream’s face dropped and he gave Tommy a withering look.

“You can’t just go to the counselor’s office because I hurt your feelings and you can’t handle the truth of what’s going on.” Dream replied.

“I have a 504 and if you prevent me from going to the counselor’s office I won’t hesitate to start recording.” Tommy threatened. Puffy had spoken to him about boundaries and such and he knew when to put his foot down. This was one of those moments, he stared at Dream, daring him to deny him once again.

“Go.” Was all he said before looking down and going back to grading. Tommy was sure this was going to affect his grade in some way but he didn’t care. Instead he grabbed his backpack and walked out of the classroom as calmly as possible. As soon as the door closed behind him he sprinted down the hallway, as fast as he could down to Puffy’s office. He didn’t knock although he knew he should’ve, because technically it was Tubbo’s time with Puffy, but it wasn’t like he hadn’t interrupted Tommy’s time before. They all had agreed that if it was urgent, like in the middle of a panic attack or mental breakdown urgent, they had every right to go into Puffy’s room and interrupt a session. Tubbo had done it last year when someone had brought up his mother in reference to his father, the dean, being a widower. Of course that had been when Tommy’s sessions were earlier in the day.

He threw open the door, only having the energy to slam it closed again. He pressed his back up against it and slid down until he was sitting on the floor, his head buried in his knees. There was no noise for a moment, but his own, wet, ragged breaths as he tried to stave off a panic attack or something like one.

“Tommy,” Tubbo, surprisingly started. “Are you okay?” He shook his head, unable to speak.

“Can I touch you?” He continued. Tommy nodded and Tubbo was by his side in an instant, sitting next to him on the floor pressed against his best friend. He grabbed one of Tommy’s hands and squeezed in gentle reassurance. Puffy got up from her seat slowly and sat down in front of the two boys.

“Do you want to talk about what happened?” She asked softly. He shook head, not yet ready to speak or even look at either of them. “Okay, that’s okay. Can I touch you?” She asked, making sure that he was okay with her specifically. He nodded again, welcoming any more grounding touches that could help him prevent a panic attack. She dropped her hand onto his head, threading her fingers through his hair.

He calmed down not too long after that.



“Do you want to tell us, me, or just Tubbo what happened?” Puffy asked, the three of them still sitting on the floor. He swallowed and nodded.

“It was Dream... he told me shit that just reminded me of Wilbur and Techno and old foster homes.” Tommy muttered. “Just telling me shit like I wasn’t good enough and I was basically doomed to fail if I continued on like this. I don’t know it really just fucked me up in the head because he seemed so sincere when saying it.”

“What do you mean?” Tubbo asked before Puffy could interject.

“It was like he was genuinely concerned about me failing. He was, like, upset that I wasn’t capable and that he was worried about me. But- ugh-” Tommy shuttered. “There was something so *wrong* about it and I- I fucking hated it! It was like I was *supposed* to believe him y’know?”

“It’s manipulation, Tommy.” Puffy told him. “He’s trying to manipulate you into quitting, into no longer believing in yourself or your capabilities.”

“It fucking gross is what it is.” He replied.

“Gaslight.” Tubbo said. “The most dangerous of the trio.” He shook his head as if he spoke the wisest words in all the world. Tommy snorted, making him feel a little bit better.

“I want you to recognize the signs of manipulation, okay?” Puffy told him. “Insults that seem genuine are definitely part of it. He’s using his status as a teacher to give himself power over you.”

“If he’s a teacher doesn’t he already have power over us?” Tubbo asked. Puffy nodded.

“That’s a good question.” She said. “Yes, but he’s abusing his authority to promote ulterior motives. This mental sort of ‘power’, manipulation he’s trying to have over you is not

something *anyone* , let alone a teacher, should have over you. Do you *both* understand?" The two boys nodded.

"He almost wouldn't let me come here." Tommy muttered after a beat of silence. "I had to mention my 504 before he let me come."

"If he tries to do that again, just leave. Any and all absence can be resolved with one quick trip to Schlatt's office." Puffy told him. Tommy nodded, but understood that he couldn't just leave as Dream wouldn't only mark him absent but also take points off projects and assignments.

"If he doesn't listen to Puffy I'll just start eating his paperwork again. Then he'll have to mark you present or not get any work done." Tubbo told Tommy. Puffy sighed.

"Tubbo, please refrain from eating documents, including, but not limited to, your father's paperwork, *your* homework and Ranboo's homework." Puffy repeated for what must have been at least the 18<sup>th</sup> time.

"Other than that, I'll have a talk with Schlatt about Dream's behavior, *again* , but please remember it wasn't Schlatt that gave Dream tenure but the board. We can discuss options but right now he's the only one teaching 12<sup>th</sup> grade English." Puffy told him.

"Thank you." He muttered and she smiled at him.

"Anything for you, kiddo."

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Tommy was woken up by a loud knocking on his door. He sat up and threw his covers off with a yawn, trudging to the door to figure out who was there.

Wilbur stood in front of him, bright eyed and bushy tailed, ready to go wherever the fuck he was going.

"Sorry I didn't mean to wake you." He said, almost sheepishly. Tommy frowned, confused.

"It's fine." He replied. "What's up?"

"We're going to Niki's Bakery today, at noon? It's 11:30." Wilbur told him. Tommy shook his head.

"Right! Shit, okay yeah I'll be down in a minute. Fuck, sorry I forgot." He said and closed the door without waiting for an answer.

Wilbur blinked at the door shut in his face. He waited for a moment, although he wasn't sure what he was waiting for. The certainly wasn't going to open again. He sighed and made his way downstairs.

"Is he not coming or something?" Techno asked. Wilbur shook his head.

"No, he is. He just overslept." Wilbur assured him.

"Then what's with the face?"

"What? What face?" Wilbur asked, frowning. "I'm not making a face."

"Yeah, you are. You look depressed or something." Techno muttered. Wilbur sighed.

"No, I just-" He let out a breath. "I just hate this distance between us."

"Isn't that what this is for?" Techno asked. "To help close the distance?"

"Yeah but-"

"Then don't worry about it. You don't reform meaningful relationships overnight. It's going to take a bit." Techno muttered. "Just relaxed and be you so that Tommy likes you when we make up or whatever."

"You should probably have a better attitude about this. If you don't he'll probably think you don't like him." Wilbur saidm

"I'm just being me." Techno said with a shrug. "Not my fault if he doesn't like it."

"I think it literally is."

"L"

-

They walked into Niki's Bakery and Tommy bounced up to the counter, surprising both of his brothers but they followed.

"Hi, welcome to- Oh Tommy! How are you?" Niki asked, from behind the counter.

"I'm good, how are you?" He asked.

"Good thank you! It's been ages since you've been here." She teased, Tommy smiled at her.

"Yeah well since Ranboo's been taking your class I've been the one sampling your recipes." Tommy said almost proudly.

"Ah well, he's pretty good at it." Niki told him.

"Well yeah, *now* he is. Man I tell ya' I got food poisoning for three days after Mr. Memory Boob boy baked for me for the first time. I was like 'oh Niki's recipe what could go wrong'. A lot apparently." Tommy huffed

"Try not to talk about food poisoning in front of potential customers Tommy." Niki teased lightly.

"Right, sorry," He muttered. "But seriously how can you mess up *that* badly."

"If they were burned why did you eat them?" She asked giggling.

"They weren't burn, Niki." He said, suddenly very serious. "They had spaghetti in them." She snorted and only half tried to hide it behind her hand.

"I'm sorry." She muttered, not really meaning it.

"Uh, you two know each other?" Wilbur asked. Finally finding his voice.

"Oh, Wilbur, Technoblade. Hi!" Niki greeted. "Oh yeah, Tommy is a student at the school I teach at. His friend is my student this year."

"You *teach* at Esemipi Academy?" Wilbur gaped, even Techno seemed surprised. Niki giggled.

"Yeah, I teach Home Ec. Been teaching there about four years maybe five now." She smiled.

"But you were right out of college then?" Techno asked.

"The Academy is different." She said. "The teacher requirements are a lot different. You have to be the best of the best to teach but if you are, the actual requirements are mostly waived as long as you spend a year student teaching. Actually a bunch of people from school are teaching there now."

"Damn really?" Wilbur asked. Niki nodded.

"Mhm!" She confirmed. "Anyway, how do you guys know Tommy?"

"He's our younger brother." Wilbur told her, putting his hand on Tommy's shoulder. Tommy gave her a look but nodded. Niki's smile dropped.

"Oh." She said, not unkindly. "Your last name is Watson?"

"Yep." Tommy told her. "Unfortunately" He muttered under his breath.

"Is that the last name in your file?" She asked. "I didn't think it was."

"You don't have access to my file." He said.

"No one has access to your file." She deflected.

"Puffy does." Tommy replied stubbornly.

"And that's how *I* have access to your file." She teased. He dramatically gaped at her, both knowing that she really didn't have access to his file. She was probably thinking of the name

he wrote down on interest forms for classes and clubs which was Tommy Innit instead of Tommy Watson. Just a joke from one of the seniors in his freshman year.

"No, it's Watson and it should be on file because that's what Puffy says." He told her. She nodded.

"Well this explains a lot." She said with a gentle smile.

"What does that mean?" Wilbur asked. She shook her head.

"Nothing." She replied. "What can I get for you boys?"

"Chocolate Croissant!" Tommy exclaimed. It has honestly been forever since he has one of her pastries, especially one of her croissants.

"Do you still make the shortcake?" Wilbur asked. Niki nodded.

"Yep, a little bit of an improved recipe but it pretty much tastes the same." She told him.

"I'd like a slice of that. It's been ages since I've eaten something of yours." Wilbur said.

"Uh, Blueberry muffin?" Techno asked. Niki nodded, already expecting him to ask for that.

"Take a seat and I'll bring you the food in a moment." She said.

"You're boring Blade. Blueberry muffin. Basic even." Tommy huffed and walked over to one of the booths, sliding in only halfway.

"Heh?" Techno question but Wilbur only chuckled and say across from Tommy. Leaving Techno to sit on the outside next to his twin.

"So, how's school Tommy?" Wilbur asked. Tommy resisted the urge to wince, remembering how much of an ass Dream was being to him the day before.

"Fine." He replied. "Midterms are in a week or so, we've either already gotten the assignment or we're going to take a test next week."

"Oh yeah? How is sign language going with... what was his name... Callahan?" Wilbur asked. Tommy paused and blinked. He hadn't expected Wilbur to care enough to remember his name. Honestly? It made him feel really good that he bothered to remember the name of his teacher.

"Oh, good actually. We're just having conversations basically. The midterm is to translate a speech as it's being spoken. It's a pretty short one, only like five minutes at most but yeah. The final is to have a whole conversation and then translate a ten minute speech. Blegh." Tommy told them.

"That's pretty advanced." Techno commented, genuinely just stating a fact.

"Yeah, well, it my fucking senior year, y'know? Gotta be advanced." Tommy replied.

"You're liking it, though?" Techno asked. Tommy nodded without hesitation.

"Yeah." He answered. Techno gave him a nod.

"Good." Was all he said. And yet, that one word spread the same feeling that Wilbur gave him just seconds earlier. Huh.

This was going surprisingly well. Considering he was only really here for Niki's baking.



And then.

“Tomathy Inside-of-it?” A familiar voice questioned. Tommy blinked before slowly turning to face the voice. Before him, in all his glory stood Charlie “Slimecicle” Slime and Tommy couldn’t help himself. He scooted out of the booth as fast as he could and practically threw himself at the older guy.

“Charlie!” He exclaimed. “I haven’t seen you in forever man, how have you been?”

“I’m good, I’m good. I was at the winter showcase, you guys were great! Almost as good as my senior year.” Charlie replied.

“Wasn’t that the year the lights went out during your speech and wouldn’t turn back on until you got off the stage?” Tommy asked, remembering his Sophomore year.

“Okay, it went on perfectly after that.” Charlie replied.

“Yeah because Tubbo figured out how to turn on the backup generator.” Tommy huffed. “But you liked it?”

“Hell yeah dude it was awesome!” Charlie praised and Tommy beamed under the attention. “I really liked what you guys did this year.”

“Of course! I didn’t see you afterwards? I mean I was too busy being swarmed by women and my many many wives but I would’ve made time for you man, what’s up?” Charlie laughed at Tommy’s antics.

“Yeah of course, no but I came with Quackity and he had to leave right before the end of the showcase. So I had to leave. But yeah, college is nice. I’ve gotten really into video design so I’ve been taking classes like that. It’s been ages man.”

“You went with our economics teacher?” Tommy laughed.

“What can I say. What you three have with Sam and Puffy I happened to get with Quackity.” Charlie laughed.

“I wouldn’t brag about that, big man.” Tommy replied.

“I wouldn’t either.” Niki said, passing by, dropping off a couple of pastries to Tommy’s table before coming up to the two of them and giving Charlie a quick hug as well. “It’s nice to see you again, Slime.” She said, Charlie smiled at her.

“You too Niki! I’m glad the bakery is doing so well, I’ve definitely missed it.” He told her.

“Well you’re welcome to stay. We’ll catch up later.” She told him and walked back behind the counter to continue working.

“How old are you in town for?” Tommy asked, practically bouncing on his toes.

“I’m here for winter break. I managed to get down here after I dipped out of this year’s holiday production.” Charlie said. “I figured it was time to come home. I’m glad I caught you.”

Wilbur, finally fed up, cleared his throat. Tommy blinked for a moment, almost as if he was confused that Wilbur spoke up.

“Oh. Right.” He said after a moment of tense silence. “Charlie these are my brothers Techno and Wilbur” Tommy pointed to them respectively. Charlie’s face switched a bit, it was subtle and if Wilbur wasn’t really good at reading people he would’ve missed it. His smile was a bit too knowing and just the right amount of strain.

“Guys this is Charlie. Or Slimecicle. He was a Junior when I was a freshman, really helped show me the ropes and stuff.” Tommy introduced, recognizing the tension but hoping it wouldn’t be obvious.

“Nice to meet you.” Charlie said, holding out his hand, towards the table. Techno, who had been at the end of booth, closest to Charlie, grabbed his hand and shook it before abruptly pulling away and looking at his hand.

“What is on my hand.” He said, demanding not asking.

“Slime probably.” Tommy answered, very obviously holding back a smile.

“What?” Techno asked, looking up at a still beaming Charlie and a casual Tommy.

“It happens with him.” Tommy said, as if that explained anything. Charlie nodded, apparently corroborating Tommy’s story. “Ugh, that’s the... really gross stuff too.” Tommy grimaced, looking at the... slime (?) On Techno’s hand. He blanched for a split second before wiping it on Wilbur’s shoulder who, in turn, squawked indignantly. Wilbur grabbed the napkins and started to wipe his sweater down muttering ‘*What the fuck*’ over and over again, much to everyone’s amusement.

“Hey, since I caught you, did you want to come with us to WishWorld? We’re heading there now since it was raining this morning, it’s sure to be line free. Just came here for coffee and pastries.” Charlie asked.

“Depends, who’s we?” Tommy asked.

“Quackity for one and Sapnap since it’s his car. Uh Purpled, he’s your age right? And Fundy’s with us too.” Charlie told him.

“You’re really going to an amusement park with your old economics teacher?” Tommy asked.

"He's my best friend." Charlie replied.

"I think that may be sad." Tommy said.

"It is!" Niki called from the counter.

"Stop eavesdropping!" Charlie yelled back, teasing her.

"Says you." Tommy replied, as Charlie had been notorious for knowing everything about everyone until he was caught eavesdropping once.

"Hey, I did that once." Charlie defended, laughing.

"You only got caught once." Niki said. "You did it all the time."

"Not that you can prove." He said happily. "So you in, Tommy?"

"Nah, first of all your car seems pretty full, anyway I promised I'd go out with my brothers today. Not going to ditch them for WishWorld. We can go over the summer." Tommy said, waving him off. Of course he'd rather go with them, especially if Purpled was with them and he hadn't seen Fundy since last year when he came for the spring showcase. But he was with Techno and Wilbur and their relationship would never heal if he kept ditching them. Besides, staying here meant he didn't have to see his math teacher being all lovey dovey with his fiancé. Not something you *wanted* to see while on a roller coaster.

Unbeknownst to Tommy, both of his brothers were extremely touched. He was willing to give up going to an *amusement* park with his friends, including one he hadn't seen in forever, to hang out with them. Despite the obvious tension and rift between the brothers he'd rather stay with them than ditch them.

"Ah well, I'll be home this summer so we can go then." Charlie laughed.

"Yeah, preferably without any of my teachers." Tommy stuck his tongue out.

"They won't be your teachers this summer. Senior." Charlie teased.

"Oh that is so weird, shut up." Tommy joked. "Go get your coffee and pastries, before any of them come in."

"See you later Thomathy." With that Charlie headed up to the counter to order his stuff and Tommy sat back down.

"That guy was... interesting." Wilbur commented. "I liked him but..." He trailed off not knowing what to say.

"Yeah, he's a good guy, Charlie." Tommy said. "I think you two would get along." He said to Wilbur before picking up his croissant."

"Yeah?" Wilbur asked. Tommy nodded.

Maybe they'd be okay.

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"Back to the old grind, eh Tubzo?" Tommy commented elbowing Tubbo in the side. Wednesday afternoon and they were finally back to Theatre class. Should've been Monday but Eret had noticed one of the lights weren't turning on and asked one of the janitors to replace the light with one of the replacements.

But now they were back and ready to get back to their bullshit.

"Alright, welcome back, not that we really left but now back to work." Eret said. "We obviously have the spring showcase coming up but we can talk more about that later and we have the middle school interest shows to do." Tubbo whooped at that.

"What's up with that Tubbo?" Tommy laughed.

"The middle school shows are the reason Ranboo and I came here! We saw the show and we're hooked." Tubbo explained.

"Only seniors do these shows to show the progress of doing this program for all four years. It's why you guys haven't done one before." Eret told them.

"I don't remember any shows from the Academy coming to my middle school." Tommy said.

"Weren't you depressed in middle school." Tubbo asked and Eret thwacked him in the back of the head. "Ow"

"They're for private schools only." Ranboo explained. "Public schools don't get it. We basically tour the private schools around us to get kids interested."

"Well that seems a bit unfair." Tommy replied, scrunching up his face.

"They pay the academy to come." Eret said. "Since we give out so many scholarships, you and Ranboo included, the school takes as much money as it can get. It's not just our program, it's every one of the special programs so we get a lot of money from this."

"Does that mean *we* get paid?" Tubbo asked, laying on the stage with his head dangling off the edge.

"Yeah." Eret said. "You don't have a choice to do it and it's off of school time so you guys *do* get a small cut of the money."

"Wait seriously?" Ranboo asked.

"Yeah I was just kidding." Tubbo replied

"I'm not." Eret replied, smiling.

"I fucking love this school." Tommy laughed.

"Yeah yeah, but we do have to go over double the amount of routines and scenes. One for the middle school shows and one for the spring showcase." Eret told them. "So let's get going. Get into positions for warm ups."

The three boys got up and into their spots, marked by color coded 'x' in tape on the floor of the stage. In height order of course and spread out a little more than arms length from each other, that way when doing dance warm ups they didn't hit each other. Of course Tommy always found a way to hit Ranboo in the face but that was neither here nor there.

"What's up?" Tommy asked Ranboo, who was looking up at the lights.

"Is that light swaying or is that just me?" Ranboo asked.

"What? Let me see." Tommy asked and moved next to him. Sure enough, the light was swinging, only being held up by its wire. And then it snapped.

Neither boy really thought. But Tommy acted, in a moment, he tackled Ranboo as the light came crashing down onto the stage, right on the Purple 'x' where Ranboo should've been standing.

Next chapter is where worlds collide ;)

See you next week!

[DISCORD](#)



# Send in the Clowns (A Little Night Music; 1973)

## Chapter Summary

**\*\*//Trigger Warning\\\*\***

- Blood and Injury
- Hospitals
- Non-graphic (I believe) Description of injury
- Non-Graphic Description of Stitches
- Non-Graphic mentions and talk of IVs
- Mentions of past potential suicided/implied or referenced past suicidal thoughts
- Mentions of Past Depression
- Mentions of past abuse/neglect

This list may be incomplete! Please be safe when reading my loves <3

## Chapter Notes

In Which Hospital visits may be more useful than you think.

Just a side note

I looked up how long the wound would be and how many stitches it should be and the internet told me it should be about 5-6 stitches per inch so that's all I could do. Please let me know if you have anymore information you want me to update.

Quick edit; This is not the UK or America there isn't free health care in this made up country, but it isn't as expensive as it is in America. A lot of American things are obviously in this but it does not take place in America. For plot word count and the fact that I'm American up this story will have more American aspects to it hope this helps :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo bolted down the hallway as fast as he possibly could. He didn't care about rules or if his father would be pissed at him for running so recklessly through the halls. He had one goal and he was going to achieve it.

But his heart *dropped* as he came to an empty room, the lights off and the door locked. He cursed to himself but decided the next best course of action and took off down the hallway once again. He watched the doors and classroom numbers pass by until he skidded to a stop, slamming into the door frame of Puffy's room, startling the people inside.

"What? Tubbo, are you okay?" Puffy asked, standing up and coming over to him. He shook his head, gasping for breath.

"What's wrong?" Sam asked, having been speaking with Puffy before Tubbo came barreling in.

"Tommy- and Ranboo... where's Ponk?" He huffed. Both adults were very concerned as Tubbo manages to huff out the names of his friends then asked for the school nurse.

"He was called out as an emergency paramedic. What's wrong with Tommy and Ranboo?" Sam asked.

"Come... with me." Tubbo managed before sucking on a large breath of air and started running back down to the theater, the two teachers following close behind him.

Throwing open the doors to the theater they were met with quite a sight. On the stage with the lights on, illuminating them, was Eret, Ranboo and Tommy. Puffy and Sam looked at each other then back at the stage, where Tubbo was already running back up to.

"I could use a little help here!" Eret yelled, having noticed the other adults, but that's it all it too to spur the two into action. They ran down the aisle and up to the stage, Puffy ran up the stairs while Sam simply vaulted himself onto the stage with ease.

Tommy lay on the ground, a broken stage light laying next to him. He was okay but his leg... was sort of cut open. There was a large gash in the side of his leg running from his knee to his ankle and it definitely looked deep. The corner of the light was dripping with blood clearly having caught him when it fell.

“Where’s Ponk?” Eret asked, continuing to apply pressure to Tommy’s leg, who hissed in pain as Eret touched the wound, definitely stifling a much more intense reaction.

“They- Uh- they were called to be an emergency EMT and drive the ambulance.” Sam rushed to stutter out.

“What the hell happened?” Puffy, who had moved to hold Tommy’s hand, asked.

“Of course they did.” Eret muttered. “Alright, Sam, call 911 we need an ambulance.” Sam nodded and took out his phone, jumping off the stage.

“I’ll wait for them out front.” Sam announced and walked down the aisle.

“No!” Tommy exclaimed. “That’s expensive!”

“Trust me the school will take care of it.” Eret told him. “And the light fell, I told them to replace the other one that went out and he must have replaced it with the broken one in the closet instead of the new one we *just* bought. Gods, It would’ve fallen on Ranboo’s head.”

“What?!” Puffy exclaimed.

“It was swinging, it’s right over my place for warm ups and I noticed it so I told Tommy and then the light snapped and Tommy shoved us out of the way but...”

“Wasn’t fast enough.” Tommy muttered. “The corner got me in the leg.” His voice was strained and it was clear he was in a *lot* of pain. His leg was cut open and his teacher was putting a lot of pressure on it, of course he was in pain.

“I’m just glad it didn’t hit anyone on the head and that this thing isn’t rusty. You still might need a tetanus shot when you get there.” Eret told him. Tommy nodded, unable to do much

more than that. He laid with his leg elevated, as Eret pressed something, a spare shirt, as costume perhaps, against his leg. His head was pillowed in Ranboo's lap, as to make sure he didn't have to hold it up or rest his head against the hard stage floor. Tubbo held one of his hands as Puffy held the other.

"Fair enough." Tommy muttered.

"Paramedics should be here soon." Puffy said. "We're not that far from the hospital."

"Yeah, gotta get those drugs." Tommy laughed weakly. "No, really this is *very* painful." He let out another unconvincing laugh accompanied by wince as Eret shifted pressure.

"Just breathe big man." Tubbo replied, laughing just as Tommy had.

"Scream or curse if you want, it's been proven to help with pain." Puffy told him. "I'm giving you full permission to say anything you want."

"Wait seriously?" Tommy asked. Puffy nodded.

"Go for it!" Tubbo exclaimed, just as excited as if he had just been the one granted to scream curse words at the top of his lungs in school. Tommy laughed a bit, before taking a deep breath.

"Fuck!" Screamed and then laughed. "Fuck! Fuck! Piss and Shit! Dick and Fucking Balls! Ass! Fuck you bitch! Die!"

"Having fun?" Puffy asked, amused at his display.

"Very much so. Fuck!"

“Am I hurting you, I can’t tell if I’m pushing on your leg wrong.” Eret asked. Tommy shook his head.

“You’re doing great, king. I take the EMT course and this, *this*, is the right thing to do!” Tommy exclaimed.

“Are you okay?” Ranboo asked, clearly concerned about his wording and whatever the hell he was saying.

“I think... I *think*, it may be the blood loss but hey I’m not certified yet so who fucking knows?” Tommy slurred out.

“Yeah okay, I’m making a tourniquet.” Tubbo exclaimed, hopping up and rushing over to the costume closet to grab a belt and tie it around Tommy’s upper thigh.

“Make sure it’s tight.” Tommy mumbled. Tubbo nodded and pulled the belt as tight as he could. Tommy made a noise of protest. “Maybe not that tight.”

“No, he’s good, we need to cut off the blood flow.” Puffy said. “Don’t loosen it Tubbo.” Tubbo nodded and grabbed Tommy’s hand again.

“I wasn’t planning on it.” He muttered.

“It hurts more now.” Tommy moaned.

“I know, but it’s okay. The paramedics won’t be long now.” Eret told him, adjusting their hold.

And Eret was right. In just a couple more minutes, although it felt like an eternity to all of them. Sam, who was waiting in the lobby and had no idea how Tommy was doing as he

watched for the ambulance. Eret, who was holding the bleeding leg of their student and couldn't help but blame themselves since they're the one who didn't throw out the old light, or even bother to check to make sure the light was secure after the janitor put it up. Puffy who was holding the hand of her most frequent student, one of her favorites, as he was profusely bleeding on the floor of his safe space after possibly saving the life of one of his best friends. Tubbo and Ranboo who had watched the light fall and crash the floor, both of whom assumed that Tommy was okay just as Ranboo was until he cried out in pain and everyone realized there was blood spreading across the floor and Tommy wasn't standing up. And finally, Tommy himself who was in a lot of pain and just wanted it to end but knew it was worth it since the light didn't kill Ranboo.

No one here was stupid, if that light had fallen on Ranboo especially on his head, he wouldn't have survived that. The light was too far up and incredibly heavy for it to not have at the very least given him a serious injury that would take decades to fully recover from, if at all. Puffy knew that there would be a decent amount of sessions following this issue, probably even a couple from Eret who she knew would be blaming herself.

But soon enough, as the seconds ticked by and turned into minutes, the paramedic rushed back into the theater, being led by Sam. They wasted no time in replacing the belt and switching places with Eret, moving all of his friends away from him.

Sam and Puffy ushered the three theater people away from Tommy and the paramedics as they helped him get onto a gurney and made sure he was okay to be moved.

"We're heading back out, could you hold the doors for us. One of you can accompany him on the way to the hospital but only one." One of the EMT's said. Puffy nodded.

"I'll go, I know the most about his medical history." Puffy spoke up. "Ranboo, Tubbo, go run up front and get ready to hold the front doors. Eret you might want to go with them, otherwise Sam get the doors to the theater and I'll stick with Tommy." The boys nodded at her instructions and rushed off to follow them.

She ended up holding Tommy's hand as the paramedics took him outside, being a comforting presence for him when his friends couldn't be. He was still a bit loopy, not as bad as before, clearly the professional tourniquet and whatever they had wrapped around his leg was working for him. The color was just beginning to come back to his cheeks but he was still much paler than usual.

As the paramedics closed the doors to the ambulance Puffy stuck her head out.

“You guys meet us there. Eret or Sam drive yourself and the boys down to the hospital. I'll update you with what I can.” She said. They nodded and the ambulance doors closed and off they drove, lights and sirens on and blaring.

“I'll drive us.” Eret said and started off towards their car, it was the closest and Sam's was an old thing anyway. They nodded and piled into the car with haste and off they followed the ambulance to the hospital, following their friend and student.

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“That's all they could give me.” Puffy breathed out. “I have no clue how many stitches there might be or what else they might do but he's definitely going to be okay. He might need an IV but we're not sure yet.”

“Don't stress about it too much, Puffy.” Sam said, putting a hand on her shoulder.

“I know, I just wish we knew more.” She said.

“You said he was regaining his color, that's good, that means he stopped losing blood.” Eret said. Puffy let out a heavy breath of air and sighed, smoothing her hair back out of her face. She took out her phone and started typing.

“I'm going to go call Phil, Tommy's father and tell him what's going on. Normally he would've already been called but since I'm the only one with access to Tommy's file and our very limited staff at the time of... injury, I'm going to go down to the lobby and do it now.” Puffy told them.

“Why do you have access to Tommy's file and we don't?” Eret asked, ever so slightly offended.

“And since when do they include family information in the classified part of the file?” Sam asked.

“I know if *I* had Phil’s phone number there would be a *lot* of outgoing calls to him.” Eret murmured, knowing everything that happened to Tommy while in his care.

“Tell me about it.” Sam added. “And he’s not even in my class.”

“And that’s why you don’t have access to his file. To be honest I’m not even sure if Schlatt knows the password to get into Tommy’s file.” Puffy said and then glanced at Tubbo.  
“Probably for the best.”

“Trust me, if *he* had it, I definitely would’ve had it.” Tubbo muttered bitterly. “He doesn’t, or at least he doesn’t know he has it.”

“Don’t go looking through your friend’s personal and literally classified information Tubbo.” Puffy sighed as she began walking down to the lobby to make the call.

“No promises!” Tubbo yelled after her. She shook her head and made her way down to the lobby where there was relative peace, and no noisy students or teachers waiting to hear what she or Phil had to say on the matter.

If she was being honest, she was a bit worried he wouldn’t care and just leave Tommy in the care of his teachers. She briefly wondered if she could get custody over Tommy if that happened but dispelled the thought after remembering how Tommy spoke about wanting to try again with his family. As long as they apologized of course.

Steeling herself, Puffy took a deep breath and dialed the number she had wanted to dial so many times before.

It rang for a while and nobody picked up. Puffy huffed but she was nothing if not persistent and dialed it again.



“Hello? Sorry you had to call twice, my phone was away from me and I couldn’t reach it in time. My apologies, Phil Watson speaking.” He said from the other line. Puffy took a breath again.

“Hello Mr. Watson, My name is Cara Puffy and I’m a teacher at your son, Tommy’s, school.” She introduced herself.

"Oh yes! Tommy talks about you a lot. Happy belated birthday, Tommy was very excited to hear about it." Phil told her happily.

"Oh, thank you." She said. "Unfortunately I am calling because of an... incident involving Tommy."

"Oh, alright. Did he do something? I really hope he's not in a lot of trouble." He said more to himself than to her. She let out an uncomfortable chuckle.

"No, he didn't- well not really." She replied. "Mr. Watson-"

"Phil is fine." He interrupted. She blinked and paused.

"Phil," She continued. "I regret to inform you but Tommy's in the hospital." A pause.

"What?!" It was loud and Puffy almost moved her phone away from her ear.

"Yes, it's important to note that he is okay. Nothing fatal but he was injured today and our school nurse, who works part-time as an EMT, was pulled away early for an emergency." She explained.

"We decided the next best course of action was to call paramedics and get him to the hospital. I can explain more when you get here." She reported calmly.

"Yeah. Fuck, excuse my language. Okay sure we'll be right there. Oh God."

"Sir, I would like to remind you he's okay. Furthermore, the school will be paying for any expenses, including but not limited to the ambulance fees and any medical fees." Puffy told him. "I know that's probably not what you wanted to hear but unfortunately I have to say it."

"Yeah okay, sure whatever." She heard a lot of shuffling on the other side of the line. "Boys! Get your shoes on, we're leaving *now!*" He exclaimed. "I'll talk to you more when we get there." He said and then abruptly hung up. Puffy would've been offended but given the circumstances she understood his reaction. She sighed and put her head in her hands as she sat on one of the chairs, waiting for the Watson family to show up.

Before long someone stood in front of her. She looked up, frowning not expecting them to have gotten there so soon. Although she relaxed when she noticed it was only Eret.

"Oh, it's you." She muttered, letting out a breath.

"Only me." They teased. She shook her head with a faint but fond smile.

"We have an update, finally." They told her.

"Oh? What's up, what happened?" She asked.

"A lot of stitches, about 70 give or take." They said.

"Oh god." She muttered, dropping her head again.

“It’s pretty average. Per inch and all, at least that’s what Tommy said.” Eret said to her.

“You’ve been able to go in and see him?” She asked. They nodded.

“Yeah, he’s fine, has an IV of blood, getting him back up, he lost a decent amount back there.” They said, looking away from her.

“Don’t blame yourself. Please?” She tried.

“I’ll probably be seeing you during my break if that’s okay.” They asked, rubbing their eyes under their sunglasses.

“Of course.” She replied, softening.

“I’m going to head out. I spoke to Tommy, I know he’s fine and I’ll come you guys up with my car later.” They said, looking towards the door.

“Okay, where are you going?” She asked them.

“I’m going to see what I can do with clean up back at the theater. Blood tends to seep into wood and those are good panels.” They laughed humorlessly. “I should do what I can before the night crew gets there and freaks out. I don’t want them calling the police and shutting down the school tomorrow or something.” They rubbed their eyes again.

“Are you okay?” She asked.

“Fluorescent lights and photophobia don’t really mix. I don’t like hospitals for many reasons and the lights are very much one of them.” They laughed, squeezing their eyes shut behind the sunglasses. “I’ll be very happy with the dim lights of the theater after this.”

“Okay.” She said. “We’ll be okay here. I’m just waiting for the Watsons to show up. Then I’ll go see Tommy.”

“Watson s plural? As in his brothers too?” Eret asked. Puffy nodded.

“At least it sounded like that on the phone.” She told them.

“Then I really shouldn’t be here.” They laughed a bit then paused for a moment. “Probably should keep an eye on Tubbo though. Without Tommy being able to hold him and I won’t be there to keep him civil you might want to make sure he doesn’t start anything.”

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Phil *loved* having his boys home. Especially because it meant he was finally able to start taking less and shorter shifts at work. He no longer had to pay housing or food and he was already more than  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way done with what little student loans the twins had. He hadn’t wanted either of them to start their real adult life without debt hanging over their heads. Although he knew he’d have to start taking those shifts again once Tommy started college but, at least for now he could spend time with his boys.

Despite the fact that Wilbur was technically supposed to be looking for a job, doing at least one search a day, Phil cut him some slack. It was Wednesday and everyone was tired, even Tommy who usually bounced or sprinted out the door was a bit sluggish this morning. Although it did change once he got a notification and Ranboo showed up to walk to school. Regardless he and the twins were doing a movie marathon today and would continue with whatever movie Tommy wanted when he got back.

Phil wasn’t stupid, he knew *something* was going on between his boys and had been for a long time. He knew there was much more than just tension. But he also knew that pushing the matter would do nothing. Especially if Tommy very obviously didn’t want to talk about it. He’d come around in his own time, just like he always did. Whether it he to him or Wilbur or Techno or some combination of them all. He just had to trust his youngest and allow him the space he wanted.

"Phil?" Wilbur asked, pausing the movie. "Is that your phone?" Phil paused until he heard the distant ringing and he realized that he had left it in his office.

"Shit." He cursed and hopped up, jogging to his phone only to find it stopped ringing. He sighed and checked the notification as he stepped back into the living room.

"Who was it?" Techno asked, turning to face Phil.

"Tommy's school." Phil muttered with a frown. "I don't think I've ever gotten a call from them before. Unless Tommy was out sick or something but even then it wasn't this late." Wilbur shrugged.

"Just wait until they leave a message." He said, but no sooner did those words leave his mouth when the phone rang again. Phil frowned.

"It's the school again." He muttered.

"Someone's in trouble." Wilbur teased.

"I'll say." Techno replied with a snort. Phil knew better though. In the four years he had been going there not once had he ever needed to hear from a teacher. Not a call or an email, granted he was still locked out of his email and didn't feel like making a new one, but nothing ever like this. He answered the phone and walked towards the kitchen to give himself a little bit of privacy.

It wasn't long until the twins were startled by an exclamation from their father. They rushed into the kitchen and he held up a hand, anything they were about to say died on their tongues.

They listened to the half of the conversation they could hear until he practically yelled at them to get their shoes on. Neither one of them knew why they were getting ready to go nor where they were going but whatever it was it was important. They assumed the school since they were the ones calling.

Not to mention how upset Phil was, he even cursed while talking to a teacher. Or an administrator anyway. Either Tommy got into trouble at school or he was in *trouble*. Neither of which were particularly good although they prefer him being In trouble at school, like detention, over him being in trouble like mortal danger type trouble.

"Get the car. We're leaving." Phil said and they both scrambled towards the door, Phil following.

"What's going on?" Wilbur asked.

"Tommy's in the hospital." He said, and started driving.

"What?!" The both exclaimed, Techno hurriedly buckled his seat belt before reaching over and doing the same for Wilbur who seemingly forgot it in favor of talking to Phil.

"What do you mean he's in the hospital? Is he okay?" Wilbur yelled.

"Apparently." Phil replied. "She didn't tell me much, she just said that he was in the hospital. He's okay but their school nurse was called away before it happened and they took him to the hospital."

"Before what happened?" Techno asked.

"I don't know!" Phil yelled. The car was quiet save for the sound of the car accelerating. "I don't mean to yell. I'm sorry, I just-" He let out a breath. "She said she'd tell us more at the hospital, I don't mean to take my frustration out on you, I'm sorry."

"Don't be, we shouldn't have been pushing." Techno said as Wilbur stayed quiet but was in full agreement with his twin.

“No, you have a right to know and me just shoving you in a car and yelling at you is doing nothing but hurting us all. I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine, Dad.” Wilbur said. Phil nodded but didn’t say anything more.

They pulled up to the emergency room without wasting much time although they realized that Puffy never gave them a place or a room number. Instead they aimlessly looked around the lobby, looking for someone, a secretary, someone at the desk, anyone who could help them find Tommy. Sadly it seemed there was something that called whoever was supposed to be at the desk.

Phil felt someone tap on his shoulder and he turned around in a panic to find a startled woman, shorter than him with pure white hair that was dyed rainbow underneath. He blinked at her for a moment, sort of startled himself.

“Uh, Hi, Phil Watson?” She asked. He perked up.

“Puffy?” He asked, she nodded with a slight smile.

“Yes. I was waiting here for you. We actually got a bit of an update so I can share that with you as well.” She said.

“Please, boys over here!” He called the twins over and they both rushed over. Puffy had never met any of these people before, in the four years she knew their son, their brother, she knew everything she possibly could about them. How Wilbur loved his sad songs despite no longer relating to them, he has since moved on to writing happier ones but he could never let go of the original more depressing ones. How Techno was quiet until he was completely comfortable with you, then he was one of the funniest people you’d ever meet and honestly a really good guy, pretty protective over his family and his items as well as his ideologies, he would argue a point until you were either too tired to talk back or he convinced you. How Phil was actually great at hugs and you always felt warm in his presence, even if you were mad at him or he was mad at you he felt like home no matter what. He was a great guy and would help anyone in need as long as it wouldn’t hurt anyone else.

But she also knew how poorly these men treated their youngest. She had seen breakdown after breakdown and she was pretty sure she actually talked Tommy off the ledge before. She knew that without this program, if Eret hadn't chosen him, if he hadn't gone to that audition, he wouldn't be alive today. They saved him from these men and despite the fact that *Tommy* was willing to try again, she wasn't going to let them do it again. She had a whole school's worth of staff at the ready for this kid.

Finally she had faces to names and faces to crimes.

"One of the lights at our theater had broken and when asked to fix it one of the janitors accidentally switched in an old light with a broken connector so it ended up falling down. Both students, Tommy and his friend Ranboo had noticed it dangling and Tommy was able to push the two of them out of the way but unfortunately the corner of the light caught his leg. I just found out he ended up needing about 70 stitches which seems to be pretty average for the size of the wound. He is okay."

"Is he alone?" Wilbur asked, looking down the hallway as if he could see Tommy if he just looked hard enough.

"No, two of his friends with him and one teacher is down there." Puffy told them. "I can take you down there if you want now." They nod eagerly.

"Please." Phil said. She nodded and started down the hallway following the path she had originally taken when they first came here.

Puffy paused at the door, hearing talking on the other side. She knew he'd be bringing down the mood by bringing them in but there was no other option. She couldn't hide him from them now so instead she knocked and opened the door, just enough to peak in herself without the rest of the family.

"Hey." She greeted.

"Hi, Puffy!" Tommy replied, smiling.



“Hey, I’ve brought some guests.” She said and opened the door fully and his family rushed in. Everyone sort of jumped back as the family went to his bedside, even Tommy seemed shocked to see them. Ranboo had pushed Tubbo back and into Sam a bit which would probably be useful later.

“Are you alright?” Phil asked, fussing over him. Tommy blinked a couple of times.

“Yeah I’m okay. Just a flesh wound. No seriously, I’m fine. It hurt for a bit and I lost a lot of blood and the stitches weren’t great but honestly I’m just glad it didn’t fall on Ranboo’s head. It was about to, too.”

“I was just standing there, I didn’t even realize it was actually falling.” Ranboo muttered but when the family looked at him instantly stopped speaking and looked down. But the family was now fully aware of the fact that everyone was looking at them and Tubbo wasn’t exactly giving them a nice look.

“Don’t worry about it boob boy. Just be glad you’re not dead.” Tommy huffed.

“Tommy, you still got hurt.” Wilbur almost cooed.

“Okay? And that is very little to saving a life. I’d understand if this injury is life changing or whatever but the stitches will be out in a week and I should be able to walk on it so it’ll be back to normal in a week or two, like it never even happened.” Tommy replied. Techno started to say something but Tommy didn’t give him a chance. “Not to mention the school is paying for everything since it’s technically their fault despite it literally just being an honest mistake that could’ve happened anywhere. So really it’s just an interesting day.”

“You have an IV filled with blood going into your arm Tommy.” Wilbur deadpanned.

“Interesting, you don’t see that everyday. Besides I’ve been meaning to come to the hospital anyway, I have to speak with an emergency doctor for my class so I get to do that!” Tommy exclaimed, he had to do a small interview for his EMT class. Ponk wanted them to realize

what they were getting themselves into if they decided to work in an emergency room or something.

“Oh.” Phil said, trying to figure out why Tommy had such a good outlook on this. To be honest the only reason he did was that he didn’t want Phil to even think about attempting to sue the school. If Phil did that he would never speak to him or forgive him because not only would he be destroying the scholarships Tommy got for his colleges (they were only valid as long as he attended the academy) but also his life. He carefully built his life back up on top of this school and Phil took it away, *again*, well he wasn’t responsible for his actions following that.

“Look, it’s okay. I’m okay, Ranboo’s okay, it’s fine.” Tommy said. “You gotta have stitches at least once in your life.”

“But 70?” Techno asked.

“It’s pretty normal, about 5 to 6 stitches per inch and if it’s 70 stitches that makes this wound about 13 inches, really it’s barely bigger than a ruler. The only thing I’m pissed about is my pants are now ripped and bloody.” He pouted a bit.

“Clothes are replaceable, you are not.” Phil told him. Tommy blinked at him for a moment and Tubbo went to lunge forward but Sam caught him, he went to say something but Sam used his other hand to cover his mouth.

“Of course I’m not!” Tommy replied, putting on his bravo again. They all seemed to smile fondly at him though which just made Tubbo struggle in Sam’s grip more. They did, however, turn to look at what was causing the commotion. Sam smiled at him but it was tense and there was a feel that it was a lot less because of Tubbo.

“Hi, I’m Sam, I teach computer science and this one is not doing great so I’ll be going into the hallway now. Ranboo, care to come with us and give them some space.” He said and Ranboo nodded eagerly. “Puffy, the door if you please.” Sam was definitely struggling against Tubbo’s attempts to get out of his hold and she nodded opening the door as Sam carried a fighting Tubbo out the door, Ranboo trailing behind and Puffy nodded to them before she closed the door behind her.

Tommy watched all of this with a fond smile. Happy to see his friends act like this, even if it was rude or mean it meant they cared about him and honestly Tommy couldn't ask for much more.

It didn't stop him from snorting when a thump (obviously from Tubbo) hit the door.

## Chapter End Notes

Heyo there may not be a chapter next week due to the fact that I have my APs next week and I really have to focus on those rather than writing fanfiction but who knows maybe I will get it out on time.

Anyway Join the Discord! We're very nice and we have good recommendations!  
[DISCORD](#)

# You'll Never Walk Alone (Carousel;1945)

## Chapter Summary

**\*\*//Trigger Warning\\\*\***

- Mentions of Injuries
- Mentions of past manipulation
- Mentions of past abuse
- Someone mentions they thought a loved one might've died (They didn't)
- Mentions of bad mental health
- Mentions of dead in passing

This list could be incomplete don't hesitate to tell me anything I might've missed and please be safe when reading! Stay safe my loves! <3

## Chapter Notes

In which bonding and revelations happen as well as part of some secrets are spilled.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Are you okay? Do you need something?" Phil asked for the millionth time. Tommy sighed and shook his head.

"I'm *fine* ." Tommy huffed. "It's not like the light even hit me. It grazed my leg, I don't even know why I have to stay home today."

"The doctor said to keep off of it for 48 hours so it was either that or buy crutches for only two days. Besides, it's best to rest and let your body heal." Phil told him. Tommy rolled his eyes.

"That's what the stitches are for." Tommy replied. Phil gave him a leveled look.

“You need to keep off of it.” Phil said. Tommy groaned but knew it was for the best. If he ever wanted to go back on stage, do dance routines, or even participate in the middle school shows, he’d have to stay off his leg and listen to what the doctor said.

Really the only reason why he was listening to what the doctor said was that when Ponk heard what happened they came rushing in and did their own examination of Tommy’s injury, much to the confusion and concern of his family. Well before someone, Puffy actually, explained just who Ponk was and why it was definitely helpful for Tommy.

“I know but I don’t need to be put on bed rest until further notice.” Tommy complained. Phil sat down at the foot of his bed.

“I know.” Phil told him, a bit more serious than before. “But we were all worried for you. When your school called I had no idea what to expect from it and when I heard you were in the hospital my heart dropped.” Tommy didn’t know how to respond.

He wasn’t stupid, he knew his father, he knew *Phil*, cared about him. Despite what Wilbur and Techno said when they were younger he knew it was just something they said when they were upset. Sure it took literal years of therapy but he knew.

Perhaps some of what they said held truth, or else they wouldn’t have said it, that’s what hurt him the most, but otherwise he was just mad that they didn’t even remember what they did. They didn’t remember how much pain and suffering they had put him through and then didn’t even have the balls to remember it.

It was the fact that he never got an apology, they never got reprimanded for what they did and Phil didn’t even bother to ask what happened. The only person who knew was Tommy and it killed him inside. He struggled for so long only to be pulled out of the dark by chance.

All he wanted was an apology.

A simple “I’m sorry” and nothing else.

Regardless he knew Phil didn't know but it still surprised him about how much he cared even if he knew Phil cared.

"Oh." Was all he could say.

"I know you don't understand but hearing your child is in the hospital is terrifying. For about a minute I had no clue if you were okay or not and I thought I might've lost you." Tommy wasn't sure how to reply. He- well he knew that Phil cared but he hadn't thought about that. How that call would've felt. If he had been on the receiving end on that call he would've nearly had a heart attack as well.

"I'm sorry." He replied as it was the only thing he could think to say.

"Don't be sorry." Phil told him. "What you did was amazing. You saved your friend's life and managed to make sure the both of you got out of that alive. I just-" Phil let out a breath. "If you could just bear with our coddling for these next few days."

"Days?" Tommy asked, teasingly.

"Yes days." Phil replied, matching his tone and shook his head fondly. "You're out of school today and tomorrow and after that it's the weekend." Tommy groaned.

"Phlllllllll." He whined. "Can I *please* get out of bed by Saturday?"

"We'll start to ease you back onto your feet by then." Phil told him. Tommy stopped for a moment.

"Fine." He sighed. Phil chuckled and stood up.

"I'll leave you be for now. I'm sure Wilbur and Techno will be in to bother you throughout the day. I have to go into the office but I'll be home before dinner and I'll be home

tomorrow.” Phil told him. Which explained why Phil was up so early and able to catch Tommy attempting to sneak out to school while hopping on one foot.

“Okay.” Tommy replied, grabbing his phone.

“Call me if you need anything, including if your brothers are getting too much or if you just want me home, okay?” Phil asked. Tommy nodded. “Try to get some rest, your body is healing.”

Phil left, closing the door behind him and Tommy sighed. It was early in the morning, far too early to be awake when he didn’t have to go to school but he had already been up for like 30 minutes and already got his heart pumping when he was hopping around the kitchen attempting to get ready so he was definitely not going back to sleep.

Instead, he opted to download any and every shitty game he saw in those stupid ads. He had literally nothing better to do, Ranboo and Tubbo had said they were coming after school to drop off school work but he couldn’t do anything until they came with the stuff.

He sighed and resigned himself to a very boring couple of days.

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“Hey, how are you doing?” Wilbur asked, peaking in after Tommy told him it was okay to come in. Tommy shrugged.

“Fine. Bored.” He answered.

“How long have you been up?”

“Early.” Tommy answered, not looking up from the ‘shitty’ game that totally didn’t have most of his attention.

“Why?” Wilbur asked.

“Tried to go to school. Phil caught me when he was going to work and made me stay.” Tommy replied and the prompt lost the level he was on and decided Wilbur was more interesting than the games.

“You really like that place, huh?” Wilbur asked, smiling. Tommy blinked at him.

“Well yeah. They’re great. I mean that place has literally everything. It’s like my favorite place in the world. The people there are amazing, except for like one or two teachers and a couple of kids who are dicks but I mean a lot of kids my age are dicks so who cares.” Tommy said. “It’s a rich kid school, sure but it’s mostly just kids trying their best like everyone else. The teachers are awesome and relatable; most of them aren’t much older than you or Techno.”

“Really? That doesn’t seem right.” Wilbur muttered.

“Private school.” Tommy reminded him. “Different rules. Besides these people have knowledge needed, not years spent teaching the same thing but experience being a classroom and how to work around the fact that we’re stuck there for seven hours a day. It’s literally paradise.”

“Save for a few dicks.” Wilbur joked.

“I said paradise not utopia.” Tommy replied dryly. Wilbur snorted.

“Fair enough.” Tommy gave him a shrug.

“I just wanted to make sure you were okay.” Wilbur said.

“Where’s Tech?” Tommy asked. Wilbur huffed.



“Sleeping.” He said.

“Figures.” Tommy muttered. “It’s boring here.” Wilbur was quiet for a moment.

“I have an idea. Give me a minute?” He asked. Tommy gave him a suspicious look.

“Okay.” He agreed reluctantly. Wilbur nodded.

“I’ll be right back.” He said.

Tommy huffed as he was left alone yet again. Although he was entertained when he heard a loud bang coming from Techno’s room and could guess what was going on in there. He snorted and shook his head, waiting for whatever Wilbur had planned. He only marginally hoped Techno wasn’t going to hurt Wilbur.

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Ten minutes later and Tommy was sat on the floor with blankets surrounding all three of them and a monopoly board in front of them. Uno cards, and other board games and card games were set up all around them, ready to play when they got board of monopoly.

“You’ve made a grave mistake here boys. I’ve learned all the ins and outs of this game.” Tommy said, smirking. He was eager to show off all the cheats and exploits Quackity had taught him last year, not to mention everything Purpled had told him. He had been waiting for this for over a year. Purpled and Tommy were an unstoppable team of monopoly players and dominated the entire junior class.

“You can’t be banker.” Wilbur scoffed.

“Not after that declaration anyway.” Techno said and took over the role himself. Tommy only shrugged. Luckily this had nothing to do with being a banker and had everything to do with reading the instructions word-by-word and finding every possible loophole.

This was going to be fun.

-

Monopoly was abandoned within fifteen minutes and Wilbur was about to cry and Techno was concerned how Tommy had already managed to clean out the entire bank along with both of them. None of this seemed like it was possible but he hadn't broken any rules and the world was spinning.

They had played poker and a couple of other gambling games and despite Techno's superior poker face and normal monotone voice both Wilbur and Tommy were destroying him and competing with each other. And ended with a couple of ripped cards and Techno decided enough was enough and changed the game to Uno.

Which was going on for about three hours now. Two games went on fine with the normal amount of teaming and betrayal. Until they got here, it's been two hours and they're still in the middle of a game. They've since used three different packs of cards and shuffled the deck at least twenty times. Wilbur currently had 35 cards, Techno had 9 and Tommy had 15 and yet it was still anyone's game. Techno had gone from 63 cards to 9 in a very short amount of time and knowing Wilbur all he needed was one random card and all of the sudden he'd had uno and would be ready to win the game. The distrust between all of them had grown and playing any card but a normal number might lead to you having to sleep with one eye open.

Three full rounds later and Techno was down 6 cards leaving him with a grand total of 3 cards. Wilbur, on the other hand, had been skipped twice only to find that within his 36 cards he still didn't have anything.

"A *red* ! A fucking red! Is that too much to ask for?!" Wilbur yelled as he picked up another green card. "Fucking green! Are you kidding me!"

"Unlucky innit." Tommy said, sadly. Techno nodded.

"Truly a tragedy." Techno agreed, putting down a red two. Tommy nodded as well, placing a red four down afterwards.

"Fuck me." Wilbur muttered and picked another card from the pile.

“Of course, Yellow. Fucking of course! It’s yellow!” Wilbur exclaimed. “I’m done! I can’t do this anymore.”

“Don’t be a sore loser Wilbur.” Techno replied.

“I agree, don’t quit you could still win. It’s only... 38 cards. You can come back from this.” Tommy said. “Right Tech?”

“Yep, totally.” He said, putting down another red card. “Uno.”

“Fuck.” Tommy muttered. “You gotta have one of those +2 cards somewhere in that monstrosity. Don’t make me regret doing this.” And Tommy put down a green card of the same number.

“I do!” Wilbur exclaimed and put down the green +2 he had. Techno stared at the pile and nodded before placing his last card. A yellow +2.

“Damn it!” Tommy exclaimed. “How did you have a +2?!” Techno shrugged.

“You *had* to be cheating.” Wilbur glared at him, throwing his cards into the pile.

“I think you’re all just bad.” Techno said, standing up.

“You can’t be *bad* at Uno, it’s a game of luck!” Wilbur said, also standing up.

“I beg to differ.” Techno replied. “It’s getting late, we should probably make lunch or something.” He said with a yawn. Wilbur checked the watch on his wrist.

“Shit you’re right.” Wilbur said, stretching out his back, sitting on the floor for hours at a time was not exactly comfortable. “I’m going to go make lunch. Help me out, Techno?”

“Yeah, yeah.” He muttered.

“Are you okay, Tommy?” Wilbur asked. “Need help getting back into your bed.”

“I’m fine.” Tommy replied, using his bed to help himself up and climbed himself back into the bed. Wilbur nodded and followed Techno out of his room, closing the door behind him, much to Tommy’s application, and downstairs to the kitchen.

As Wilbur was finishing putting together the lunch Phil had asked him to, the doorbell rang and there was an impatient knocking on the door. Wilbur frowned but looked at Techno who shrugged. Wilbur sighed and stood up from the island, going to the door and opening it.

He was met with people he had met the day before. Puffy, if he remembered correctly, the therapist lady that Tommy was awfully fond of and his two friends. The short one who was definitely angry at all times or at least around them. And the taller one who looked more nervous than upset but neither of them seemed comfortable that Wilbur answered the door, judging by the way their faces fell when it was him.

“Uh, Hi?” He said.

“Hi.” Puffy said, not-so-subtly covering the short one, Tubbo’s, mouth. “They’re just here to see Tommy and drop off his work if that’s okay.” Puffy asked. Wilbur blinked and then nodded.

“Yeah sure, no problem. I’m sure Tommy would like that. Come in.” He said and stepped aside to let them inside. “Techno, I’m sure you remember Tommy’s friends.” Techno had since stood up and nodded towards them.

“Hullo.” He called and walked into the joint kitchen filling his cup up with water from the fridge.

“So yeah, you guys can go head up to Tommy he’s-”

“Bye!” Tubbo yelled and grabbed Ranboo’s arm, tugging him up the few stairs and entered the first door on their right, which was Tommy. Tubbo kicked the door in, which provoked a startled scream from Tommy, and dragged both himself and Ranboo in and shut the door behind them.

Wilbur and Techno both just blinked.

“Sorry about Tubbo.” Puffy said. “He’s a bit much but he’s a sweet kid. He’s just worried about Tommy honestly.” She smiled at them.

But it was strange. Every time anyone from Tommy’s life looked at them it was with this polite hidden resentment for them. Even Niki who had known them since middle school as soon as they found out who they were to *Tommy* they become subdued in some way or overly polite as a way to hide their real feelings. But the tightness in their smiles, the look in their eyes all gave away the fact that there was something there that they didn’t know.

Puffy seemed genuine and she looked like a nice person. In fact her smile was probably the most genuine out of everyone they had met or met up with. But there was a tightness to her smile, her eyes were shut just a bit too tight and she just could seem to meet their eyes for more than a few seconds at a time. She shifted here and there in a way that made her seem like she wasn’t comfortable being around them and yet there was something about her. Like she wanted to be around them despite all of this, a look of curiosity in her eyes whenever she looked at them.

It was weird and honestly it made Wilbur far more anxious than he cared to admit.

“Oh, no worries.” Wilbur replied.

“Tommy’s the same way honestly.” Techno added.

“Yeah, I know.” Puffy said fondly, smiling at the statement.

“Tommy really likes the school and the environment you guys created for him.” Wilbur almost blurted. Puffy looked at him, confused by the statement.

“I- um...” He trailed off.

“Thank you?” Puffy tried, giving him an amused look.

“No, I think I was trying to thank you?” Wilbur said. “Look, we’ve obviously grown apart from Tommy. We upset him when we left for college and we were really shit at communicating and in the end our relationship suffered. So thank you for being there and helping him when we couldn’t be.” Puffy seemed surprised.

“I would also like to thank you. I’m not really good with people or emotions but Tommy was always the one doing the talking and now that he’s not it really feels like a part is missing. We’re attempting to reconnect and the one thing that seems to help with that is talking about you and the school.” Techno cut in. Wilbur nodded.

“Yeah, it’s the only way to open a conversation and it leads to other things so... just thank you for doing so much for him and then being the thing that is helping us get closer? At least I hope so.” Wilbur said. “This was awkward I know and I know we’re complete strangers but...”

“Thank you.” Techno finished for him and Wilbur nodded in agreement.

Puffy was honestly stunned. She had no clue what to expect but now she could definitely tell why Tommy was so conflicted with his brothers. They were trying and they seemingly had no idea about *how* hard the argument and them leaving for college with no contact really hit

him. Not that Tommy would ever admit how hard it was for him to them. Especially not because it took three months for Tommy to even mention the topic to her.

She softened a bit and gave them a smile.

“It's obvious you care about him but I really think you should let him know this. Or at least part of this. Communication is key and you already said you're shit with it so why not start to get better. It's a conscious effort kids. If you think you messed up or you hurt someone then it's best that the reconciliation starts with you and not him.”

“Oh, thank you.” Wilbur replied, nodding, hoping to remember that later. She gave them a nod.

“I'll let you get back to doing your late lunch. Just tell the boys I'm waiting in the car.” She told them.

“You could stay if you wanted to. We can make extra lunches?” Techno asked, sort of hoping to get anything more out of her.

“No, that's alright. I've already eaten and if I'm waiting in the car the boys are more likely to get out of your hair quicker.” She said. “And if there's one thing you want, it's to *not* be in charge of those boys. I honestly have no idea how their teachers do it.” She teased.

“Okay, we'll tell them you're in the car.” She nodded and walked out.

Wilbur let out a breath when the door closed behind her.

“Well then.” He said.

“I'll go tell them what's going on.” Techno said, knowing his brother was in not condition to be handling three emotionally complex boys.

----

When the doorbell rang again the next day Wilbur sighed. He really didn't feel like dealing with Ranboo and Tubbo again. Not that they were bad kids or that he didn't like how happy they made Tommy, it was just... they made him happier than Wilbur or Techno could and he didn't know why or what they were doing wrong.

As much as he wanted Tommy to be happy and hear his laughter again it was hard to hear it because of someone else. Regardless he knew it was the best for Tommy and that standing in the way of that would only harm them all in the long run and perhaps this was just another step into healing.

Although he couldn't figure out *how*, Wilbur was willing to do whatever it takes to get Tommy back to who he was. So resigned himself to shoving headphones into his ear, listening to his own unfinished and poorly recorded songs for the foreseeable future.

He stood up, his joint cracking and walked over to the door, opening it to see someone he didn't recognize. He looked vaguely familiar but not in a way that he knew the kid. Wilbur blinked at the blonde boy standing at the door. He was completely sure that it was going to be Tubbo and Ranboo again, after all they seemed very eager to see Tommy yesterday and it was getting pretty late now. Well, later than it was yesterday when it seemed like they didn't even wait until school got out before they were at the door.

"Uh... hi." The kid said, snapping Wilbur out of it.

"Sorry, hi. Do you need something?"

"I'm here to give Tommy the work he missed. I'm in the classes that Tubbo and Ranboo aren't." He held up a folder that was pretty packed with papers.

"That seems like a lot." Wilbur muttered. The kid shrugged.

"Eh." He replied. "It's not too much. A couple of packets that he missed because he missed class but not really too much."



“Your school scares me.” Wilbur replied. “Come in, I’m Wilbur, Tommy’s brother.”

“I figured.” He replied. “Purpled.” Wilbur blinked at the name. “I didn’t pick it.”

“Didn’t think so.” Wilbur replied. And that left the two of them in silence for a moment, neither really knew what to say to another.

“I’m going to bring this to Tommy.” He said and made his way upstairs, not with the same confidence that Tubbo and Ranboo had in which they had simply rushed past the family as if they knew the place better than they did, despite the fact that Phil had never met them before.

Purpled made his way to Tommy’s room or what he really hoped was Tommy’s room because he hadn’t been in the house in junior year when they were doing a project together for their EMT class. Sure he had been in the house semi-often at least a couple of times but the doors had no distinguishing features and he was really hoping he wasn’t walking into *Technoblade*’s room. He had heard enough stories to know that he didn’t want to do that.

And he definitely didn’t want to go back and ask Wilbur which door it was because not only was that embarrassing, especially after whatever the hell was that conversation but because it wasn’t exactly a secret how bad Tommy’s home life is. Or was? That, Purpled was still unsure of.

So he knocked.

“Come in!” Tommy yelled from inside and Purpled let out a sigh of relief.

“Hey.” He said, walking in.

“Oh hey!” Tommy said, brightening. “What are you doing here?”

“School work.” Purpled said and dropped the folder onto his chest.

“Oof.” Tommy said. “For what? The rest of the year?” Purpled huffed out a laugh.

“You wish. It’s the classwork you missed with all of the homework and this weekend’s assignments.” Purpled told him.

“To think this is only two classes worth of stuff.” Tommy sighed dramatically. Purpled rolled his eyes.

“And I bet you’re already done with the stuff Tubbo and Ranboo dropped off for you yesterday.” Purpled said. Tommy was quiet for a moment.

“I’ve been left to my own devices *all day*. You think I won’t do my school work when I have a chance?!” Tommy exclaimed.

“It was easy wasn’t it?”

“So fucking easy I was done within the hour.” Tommy replied, slumping over a bit.

“Thought so.” Purpled told him.

“Oh shut up. You would’ve done the same thing.” Tommy hissed playfully. Purpled simply shook his head fondly.

The two fell into a comfortable silence for a moment.

“Are you okay?” Purpled asked.

“Yeah it really wasn’t that bad-”

“Meant with what happened in English on Friday. I know it takes much more than a light to take you out.”

“Oh. Well obviously. But yeah, I’m okay it’s just... it brought back shit y’know? I mean it happened at the worst time possible but honestly it wasn’t too bad. I got to spend the period with Tubbo and Puffy so it was all good.” Tommy told him.

“Was he really not going to let you go?” Purpled asked. Tommy shrugged.

“I would’ve left anyway. He’s an asshole, don’t worry about it.”

“Thank god for your 504.” Purpled joked. Tommy snorted.

“Seriously though, I didn’t think I’d have to mention that. Especially not at this point in time. I have one for a reason and preventing me from doing the things put in place there is literally against the law.”

“I think it’d be cool if you sued him.”

“He let me go.”

“Still.”

“I would’ve liked to sue him too but he let me go and in the moment getting *out* was more important than suing my teacher.” Tommy told him. Purpled nodded.

“That’s fair.” He said.

“I know you’ve denied this in the past, but with us going off to college next year and all would you ever consider going to Puffy?” Tommy asked. “She’s not only helpful but I enjoy her company.”

“I don’t know.” Purpled said. Tommy nodded, not wanting to push but he also knew that Purpled had his own complicated past and with his brother having full custody over him, without Purpled seeming too enthusiastic about it, and mix all that in with that fact that he could identify a lot of the sign of a panic attack, Tommy was concerned about him.

“But I’ll think about it.” Purpled said, Tommy smiled and nodded.

“Cool.” He said.

-

*“Thank god for your 504”*

The words echoed in Wilbur’s head. He had his teaching degree, he wasn’t a social worker or anything but he did know what a 504 was and he had no clue as to why Tommy would have let alone how he got one or why he could possibly need one.

Look it wasn’t his idea to eavesdrop, Techno was eavesdropping first and Wilbur figured it wouldn’t be bad if Techno was already doing it. But he wasn’t expecting to hear that something had happened the week before, the day before their outing to Niki’s bakery.

“Why does he have a 504?” Wilbur asked his brother when they got to their room.

“I know just as much as you do.” Techno answered.

“We need to ask Phil then.” Wilbur told him.

“And tell him what? That was eavesdropping on Tommy’s conversation with his friend after Phil told us to give him space, to mention that Tommy’s therapist lady also told us to take steps to *earning* Tommy’s trust and not lose it by eavesdropping on him.” Techno replied.

“Yes.” Wilbur said. “We need to tell him.” Techno let out a breath.

“Yeah okay.” He muttered. “Do you think Phil knows?”

“I don’t know.” Wilbur said. Techno nodded.

-

“Phil?” Wilbur asked quietly as he knocked on the door to Phil’s office. It was late and Phil had gotten a call a while ago asking him to do something for work.

“What’d you do?” He asked, not looking up from his computer screen.

“I- hey!” Wilbur exclaimed. “That’s not fair. I just came in here to ask you something and Techno’s here too.” Phil turned to face them and gave them a look.

“So you *didn’t* do anything?” Phil asked.

“Well no. We did.” Techno replied, Phil nodded.

“There it is.” He sighed, leaning his elbows on his knees. “Out with it, what happened?”

“We eavesdropped on Tommy.” Wilbur said.

“Boys!” Phil exclaimed. Wilbur held up his hands.

“But we need to ask you a question now. It’s important, please?” Wilbur asked. Phil rubbed his temples.

“Go on.” He said.

“Why does Tommy have a 504?” Wilbur asked. Phil looked up.

“What?”

“He was talking it over with his friend and we overheard it. He has a 504 and apparently one of the teachers wasn’t respecting it until he brought it up and his friend wanted to make sure he was okay.” Techno explained.

“I- No he’d need a doctor for that.” Phil said. The twins gave him unsure shrugs. Phil turned back to his computer and opened his email. Rapidly typing.

“What are you doing?” Wilbur asked.

“Checking to see if this is true.” Phil muttered. Tense silence followed. “Oh god.”

## Chapter End Notes

MY APs ARE DONE AND I GET TO WATCH MOVIES IN CLASS!

I also have a math quiz tomorrow and I have no clue what I'm going lmao I don't care I got into college and I have like a month left of school so who cares lmao.

Join our discord you get a lot recommendations and people are super nice!

[DISCORD](#)

# Someone To Watch Over Me (Oh! Kay; 1926)

## Chapter Summary

In Which Phil becomes a father for the first time in years.

And this chapter is certainly very short and I'm so sorry about that, it just felt awkward to continue it from here.

## Chapter Notes

/\*\*Trigger Warnings\*\*\\

- Mentions of Depression
- Vague mentions of potential Self-harm and violence
- Mentions of past child neglect

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Puffy was preparing her office for her students when her phone rang. She frowned, not expecting any calls, especially not any this early in the morning. First period had barely started. Although she wasn't one to ignore her job and she picked up the phone.

“Hello, you’ve reached the social worker of Esempi Academy. Cara Puffy speaking.” She said, sitting down at her desk, ready to check attendance in case someone was being called out or supposed to be in school but wasn't. Sure this wasn't technically her job but she could do it if needed.

“Hello, this is Phil Watson, Tommy’s father.” Puffy blinked and quickly checked to see if Tommy was in his class. She certainly wasn't expecting this on Tommy’s supposed first day back.

“Oh hello! Is there an issue with Tommy? I can see that he’s in school today.” She said, seeing that he was in chemistry right now. Or at least he was marked present.



“Sort of. So Tommy happened to mention something the other day that concerned us so I checked my email and I found something rather surprising. I was really just wondering if you could give me more information.” He asked. Well Puffy had been dreading this honestly.

“Of course.” She replied. “However, I should remind you that I can’t and won’t give out any information Tommy has told me because I am not at all concerned that he will hurt himself or others. It’s the law and a personal moral thing.” She told him, hoping he wouldn’t protest.

“No, no, of course not.” Phil said, surprising Puffy a bit. “Although I am glad that he’s not in any danger.”

“Of course.” She replied. “So what would you like to know?”

“A while ago.” Phil started. “Possibly years ago I’m not sure. But I got an email from you, I think, that Tommy has a 504, for anxiety, a panic disorder and potential depression.”

“Yes, that’s correct.” Puffy told him. “Legally speaking I am Tommy’s therapist and a doctor so I can give him a 504 if needed and I did. This has since been updated, so it’s for generalized anxiety disorder and a panic disorder. In his freshman year he had frequent panic attacks and would end up in my office. Being in class when that happened was counterproductive so for everyone’s sake we put together a 504. If needed, he can get out of class and come to my office, in addition to daily sessions with me. Once a day he comes into my office, like any other class, and we chat. Normally there’s nothing to talk about but sometimes there is and in that case I am here for him.” Puffy said. She knew that Tommy would hate it but she also knew that Phil was his legal guardian and if he asked she had to tell him.

“Oh.” Phil muttered. “Do you- uhm, do you know what brought this on?”

“Yes.” She replied, giving no more of an answer.

“Ah, I assume you can’t discuss that with me.” Phil replied.

“No I cannot.” She answered softly at Phil’s tone.

“I- I just never- I mean when he asked about it as a kid we got him a therapist and he was the one to decide when he wanted to stop. If he would’ve asked, I would’ve done something.” Phil muttered.

“I think he knows that.” Puffy told him. “Now anyway. But there was something that happened that prevented him from seeing that. I can’t say much but I understand that you, like everyone else, are not a mind reader and nothing will get better without communication.”

“I- yeah. Alright, thank you. When was- uh- when was the last time he needed his 504? If you can tell me that is.” Phil asked.

“Friday.” She answered, knowing she had to. “Last Friday he was in I mean, not when he was out, obviously. There was an incident with a teacher.”

“Oh. Might I ask which one?”

“No, that you will have to discuss with Tommy. Which I highly recommend you do. I think a lot of issues could be solved with communication, not right away of course but with time and healthy conversation I’m sure everything will be okay.” Puffy said.

“Right, right. Thank you.” Phil replied.

“A piece of advice though, I will *always* be on Tommy’s side. Based and what I know I believe that anything he does is justified. I want you to remember something, you are not the victim in this situation.”

That left Phil in a stunned silence. Neither one of them said anything for a long moment, just letting the statement fully sink in.

“Thank you for your concern.” Puffy said, finally. “I think it’s in everyone’s best interest to talk it out. Now I really must be going now, I have a student coming in and I shouldn’t keep them waiting. Goodbye.”

And Phil was left with a dial tone that was deafening.

----

*The Night Before*

*“What? What is it?” Wilbur asked. Phil waved him off as he read through the email a bit more.*

*“He does have a 504.” Phil answered.*

*“What? Why?” Techno asked. Phil took a breath and closed the tab. He spun his chair so he was facing his boys.*

*“That’s for him to tell you.”*

*“What?”*

*“This is obviously a very private matter to him. Especially if he didn’t tell us. I probably only know because I am his father and legal guardian which means they have to tell me.” Phil told them. “I’ll call the school tomorrow to see if I can have any additional information but it’s not up to me to tell you.”*

*“Phil-”*

*“No.” Phil interrupted firmly but not yelling or even raising his voice. “What Tommy wants us to know is up to him. As long as he is not in any danger, which I don’t believe he is, I will not push.”*

*He was met with silence from the twins.*

*“You are not to speak to him about this. Do you understand?”*

*“But-”*

*“You were eavesdropping on his private conversation and neither one of you seemed to have a problem with that. You invaded his privacy and I’m not going to do that as well. You will not push him. This is a very hard year for him, it’s his last year in high school, last year at home and suddenly you guys are back and pushing him completely out of his comfort zone. There does seem to be something going on but it is not your place to invade his privacy.”*

*They didn’t answer. They sat in silence for a long while. The silence was heavy and uncomfortable and no one was willing to say anything.*

*“Okay.” Techno muttered.*

*“What?” Wilbur asked.*

*“He’s right.” Techno replied. “I miss Tommy just as much as you do but I pushed him like this and doing what we did was wrong.”*

*“I guess.” Wilbur replied.*

*"I understand your concern and I'm sure it's appreciated but what you're doing is wrong. This is no way to help him." Phil told them. They nodded.*

*"Am I clear?"*

*"Yes."*

*"Yeah."*

*"Alright. Good. Now go to bed."*

*"Yeah that's fair." Wilbur muttered.*

----

Phil knocked on Tommy's door. There was a slight pause. Before a muffled, 'come in' from Tommy. He took a breath, steeling himself for the conversation that was about to take place. He felt a little bad, just dropping this onto him without any warning.

He opened the door and smiled at Tommy who gave him a wave. He was lying on his bed, scrolling or playing on his phone.

"What's up, Dadza?" He asked, sitting up. Phil took another breath.

"Can I sit?" He asked. Tommy frowned but nodded.

"Yeah go ahead." He said cautiously.

"Okay, I'm going to be honest with you. I believe we're about to have a very serious conversation and if you don't want to right now, let me know and I'll leave." Phil told him. Tommy shifted and straightened up.

“No, I can do it now.” He replied.

“Okay.” Phil said. “You can tell me to stop at any time, alright?”

“Okay.”

“I found an email from a while back. I don’t know if I missed it the first time but I did and it told me you have a 504 at school.” Tommy went stiff but didn’t say anything so Phil continued. “So I ended up calling to ask about it.”

“Oh.” Tommy muttered.

“Yeah. Now first things first I want you to know that I am not mad, in case you thought I might be. I just wanted to tell you a couple of things and ask you a few questions if you don’t mind. Do you mind?” Phil asked, Tommy hesitated, shrugged and then shook his head.

“Okay well to start off I want to apologize.” Tommy blinked, shocked and unsure how to react. “I know I haven’t been around much lately, and I’m sorry about that because I’ve honestly missed you all this time but I was attempting to help you and your brothers pay for college. I was in debt after college and I couldn’t have that for you boys but in the process it seems I may have hurt you.”

“This does not excuse my actions. It doesn’t excuse anything I may have unintentionally done to you but it does explain it. I am ready to take full responsibility for my actions and Tommy I’m so sorry.”

Tommy blinked a couple of times and looked down, willing himself not to cry. It was clear he was tearing up but he couldn’t help it.

There it was. Everything he really wanted. An apology, not only that but an explanation that wasn't an excuse. Phil was trying to help them and what he did was an accident. He knew there had to be a logical explanation and here it was. Phil was trying to help.

He failed, in a way, of course. And what he did wasn't okay but honestly Tommy had long since forgiven him. And all he ever wanted was an apology. He wanted someone to tell him they were sorry and mean it. And now he had it here in front of him and he didn't know what to do.

"Okay." Tommy said, his voice breaking and he stopped, sniffing.

"Is there somewhere where it went wrong? If you don't mind me asking." Phil asked him. Tommy could only manage a nod, not trusting himself to speak.

"Alright. I won't push you if you don't want me to, but do you want me to push?" Phil asked. And Tommy stopped for a moment.

Did he want Phil to push? He had spent most of his time hoping Phil didn't push, hoping that no one pushed but when someone did, like Puffy or Eret it always led to better things. It led to so much and gave him everything he had now. And, gods, did he want to tell Phil. He wanted Phil to know what happened, especially after he apologized and he really meant it. He wanted Phil to know but he couldn't form the words. He couldn't make his mouth move nor could he say anything.

So, instead, he nodded and made a pinching gesture with his fingers.

"A little bit?" Phil asked, Tommy nodded.

"Alright. Does it have something to do with Techno and Wilbur?" Phil asked. Tommy nodded. Phil nodded.

“I thought so.” He muttered more to himself than to Tommy. “Did *I* have anything to do with it?” Tommy nodded again and made a so-so motion with his hand.

“Alright. Do you want to tell me about it?” Tommy nodded and then shook his head.

“Maybe...” He paused, hating the way his voice broke. “Maybe Tomorrow.” He managed to get out. Now he really didn’t mean tomorrow. He meant in the future, maybe soon maybe when it was less fresh, when it hurt a lot less.

“Alright, that’s okay. No pressure.” Phil told him. “I want to let you know that I am here for you, no matter what I might’ve done. Whatever you might need, I need you to know that you can come to me, judgment free. You are one of the most important things in my life and I would do *anything* for you. Okay?”

Tommy didn’t hesitate this time. Instead he launched himself forward and pulled Phil into a hug. Phil wrapped his arms around his son without missing a beat.

And Tommy cried. He cried in the arms of a father that abandoned him by accident. The one who came back when he realized his mistake. The one who cared and the one who apologized.

Tommy cried in the arms of *his* father.

## Chapter End Notes

Again I'm so sorry for the short chapter it's about half of what I usually write and I'm so sorry about that I just couldn't figure out how to continue without making the chapter unnecessary or awkward.

Join the discord we're lots of fun if not inactive.

[Discord](#)



# Sit Down, You're Rocking The Boat (Guys and Dolls;1950)

## Chapter Summary

**\*\*//TRIGGER WARNINGS\\\*\***

- Mentions of Past Neglect
- Mentions of Past Injury
- Mentions of Past Trauma

This list is potentially incomplete and there may be some mistakes, feel free to correct me or tell me to add something, Stay safe my loves <3

## Chapter Notes

In Which the Twins in common sense

Heyo sorry about this being a day late but I may a discord announcement about this but things happen so here is the chapter just a day late :D

Also here's the music of what I was thinking of what Tommy was playing in this chapter, check it out if you want.

[Orginal Song](#)

[Only Piano Cover](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"And then my mom walks in." Ranboo said.

"You don't have a mum." Tommy replied.

"Neither do you." Ranboo said, confused. Tommy shrugged.

"Alright." Eret interrupted. "I'm going to stop this before it gets to the unwanted territory, which it alright has but any further and we may need to call Puffy." The two boys on stage shrugged.

"I'm going to ask that when we do improv at the middle school we *don't* do this?" Eret tried.

"I thought it was very funny." Tubbo said from the audience.

"Tubbo please." Eret sighed, pitching the bridge of their nose. "You're not helping."

"I'm not trying to." Tubbo replied. Eret sighed again.

"Alright I think I'm going to call it here. Go home guys."

"What! It's so early!" Tommy whined.

"Yeah but we still need to get that light fixed, for real this time and you shouldn't be on your feet for longer than necessary." Eret replied. "We have plenty of time to prepare for the middle school and even more time for the spring showcase. I have faith you'll be okay with a couple of rehearsals cut short."

The trio groaned but Tommy and Ranboo got off the stage, collecting their bags. Tubbo stood up from his seat and stretched.

"Bye guys! I'll see you tomorrow!" Tubbo said. "I'm gonna head to my dad's office." Eret gave him a wave as they got up on stage.

"I gotta fix a couple of things backstage anyway so we'll see each other tomorrow." Eret said and walked away from view.

"And then there were two." Ranboo muttered, Tommy snorted.

"Let's go." He said and hiked his bag further up his shoulders.

Outside wasn't nearly as cold as Tommy thought it would be, although it was getting warmer now. He briefly thought about taking off his sweatshirt but decided against it when a strong gust of wind made him shudder.

"How was your weekend?" Ranboo asked.

"Well, Phil apologized." Tommy said. Ranboo stopped in his tracks.

"He what?" Ranboo asked. Tommy stopped as well and turned around to face him. He gave him a smile and shrug.

"Yeah, he apologized and like... I- I told Puffy all of this earlier today but yeah he said he was sorry." Tommy said.

"Tell me what you told Puffy."

-

*Tommy slammed open the door, his eyes wide and staring directly at Puffy. She raised an eyebrow at him, not sure if this was a good thing or a bad thing.*

*"You would not believe what just happened." Tommy told her and shut the door behind him. He sat down in front of her.*

*"Go on." She prompted, clicking her pen.*

*"Phil, he apologized." Tommy told her. Puffy brightened.*

*"Oh?" She asked.*

*"Yeah yeah, and the best part is, he actually knew what he was apologizing for. Like he hit all the marks and he- he meant it. He knew what he did wrong and realized his mistake, he explained why he did what he did, his thought processing and what he did wrong and he was sorry. Puffy, he apologized, knew what he was apologizing for and meant it." Tommy stressed. He was close to tears but she knew him well enough to know they were happy tears.*

*"Oh Tommy, that's great! I'm so happy for you!"*

*"I know! I know!" He said. "I- All I've ever wanted was an apology, like a real one and not one that was like 'oh im sorry but you did things wrong too' or like 'im sorry i guess'. But Phil's wasn't like that, he apologized and he- Puffy he fucking knew . He's trying to make it better and... I really just don't need him to?"*

*"What do you mean?" She asked.*

*"I mean... I don't need all of that. I just needed an apology and I got that. Like it knows it's only fair and it's the least he should do but... I know he's sorry because he took the time to reflect and figure out what he did wrong. That's enough for me."*

*"So you're saying..." Puffy prompted.*

*"I forgive him." Tommy finished. "I forgive him and that's that, like- I'm not mad anymore, not in the slightest. I forgive him."*

*"I'm proud of you, Tommy." Puffy told him. "It takes a lot to forgive someone who has wronged you as much as Phil has, adults struggle with this all of the time and you're doing without expecting him to fix anything is very brave. I'm so proud of you." She beamed. He ducked his head, avoiding her gaze.*

*"Thanks." He muttered.*

*“Seriously, Tommy this is a big step and I’m glad you got part of the closure you’ve always wanted.” Puffy told him.*

*“Yeah...” Tommy let himself trail off.*

*“1 out of 3.” She said, Tommy snorted.*

*“Yeah. I don’t think I’m going to get those other two.”*

*“And what does that mean for the future of you and them?” Puffy asked. Tommy sighed and thought for a moment.*

*“They’re trying.” He said. “I know they’re trying to reconnect with me and sometimes if I let myself I can forget what happened and I pretend we’re the same but... It comes back. In the little things and something triggers it and I don’t know. I think we can reconcile in some ways but I don’t think we’ll ever be where they want. Not unless they can get their heads out of their asses and apologize to me.”*

*“I understand. You’re completely in the right. You don’t have to forgive them or even spend time with them if you don’t want to. If Phil meant his apology he’ll let you keep your distance.”*

*“Yeah I know he will but... I don’t want to. Maybe- maybe if I do hang out with them and you know spend time with them... I don’t know, maybe they’ll remember and apologize...” Tommy sighed.*

*“It’s a possibility.” Puffy told him. “The mere-exposure effect is real.” Tommy huffed but nodded.*

*“That’s fair, with the old psychology terms.” Tommy replied.*

*"I am a psychologist." She said. "I know psychology terms."*

*"Yeah. I guess you would."*

-

"Wow." Ranboo muttered. "I'm happy for you, I'm glad at least one of your family members got their shit together." Tommy gapsed dramatically

"Did you just swear? Oh Ranboo I can't believe it. You've sworn and now you're tainted. I can't believe it! Ranboo *the* Beloved has sworn!" Tommy drawled. Ranboo lightly whacked him on the shoulder.

"I'm only telling the truth and all." Ranboo told him. "I'm just glad that he apologized." Tommy laughed a bit.

"Me too."

----

No one was home when Tommy got home. He realized it on his walk home from the academy, and got a text from Phil saying he was going to be home regular time but the twins were out helping Wilbur look for a job. They would be back around the same time.

So Tommy was left alone in his house once more, although the house felt more empty than it used to. It was strange, he spent his days hoping for it to be empty, or at least for the twins to be gone. For Wilbur and Techno to be out of his daily routine and now that they were... it seemed emptier and Tommy didn't like what that implied.

He didn't like it at all honestly. He was happy to be alone, sure, but he didn't want it to feel this empty. He sighed and tossed his backpack into his room and shut the door. He wasn't feeling the keyboard in his room, he wanted to feel real keys. So he went into the living room and sat down at the piano that was there.

Running his fingers across the keys before settling and pressing down. The piano wasn't completely in tune, he hadn't played it in awhile and had no reason to tune it. It wasn't awful

though, perfectly playable and sounded a little better than the keyboard.

They had a piano at the academy but it was hard to move and was rarely moved from its spot at the very back of the stage, often covered by a backdrop of some sort. He didn't get to play it outside of rehearsals and even then Eret tended to have him practice on keyboard since it would be what he was playing for the shows. He didn't mind, he liked the keyboard but nothing quite matched up to using an actual piano.

At first he wasn't really playing anything, simply just pressing keys as he felt fit before slowly falling into familiar songs. Tommy ended up choosing one of the songs he was supposed to be playing for the middle school showcase. Honestly it was just Eret showing off. Now Tommy was good at piano before he got to the academy but he had gotten significantly better when he had constant playing and teaching. He was pushing himself as much as possible and he was honestly really good.

It *was* due to the hard work and the academy that he was this good but still felt like bragging when he was playing this complex of a piece.

This was a song he had been attempting to play for a long time now, at least since eighth grade and now he finally had a chance to play it. Well part of it. He only had to play half of it at the middle school interest meeting but he was supposed to play the full piece. He had been able to get about the whole song down but not in succession, he had played every bit but not all at once.

So, he put in his headphones, listening to the song as he attempted to keep up with the tempo.

He let himself fall into muscle memory as he stared at the keys knowing what he was playing and anytime he messed up he would count until he knew he could jump back into the song. It was more difficult this way but in the long run it would help him more.

"Fuck." He muttered having messed up a few too many times for his own liking. He restarted the song and tried again.

Now if you were to ask anyone in the Watson family who the most musical or at least musically talented member of the family was, they'd point you in the direction of Wilbur. Despite the fact that ever since they were little Phil had them all pick up at least one instrument of their choice, Wilbur seemed to be the only one who kept up with it. Sure Techno still used his violin, especially when he was stressed out and Tommy had moved the keyboard up to his room because he still enjoyed playing, but Wilbur was the musical one.

Wilbur was the one with a mini music career, the one with a literal degree in music and teaching.

So you can imagine the surprise when Wilbur and Techno came home after a fruitless job search for the former that ended at Niki's bakery, to the sound of intense piano music coming from the living room.

"Is that Tommy?" Wilbur asked. Techno shrugged and they looked into the Livingroom to see their younger brother sitting at the piano playing a rather complex sounding piece. Occasionally messing up only to mutter a quick curse before counting and restarting at a different point of the song. Whenever he wasn't playing they could hear loud music coming out of his headphones that they could only assume was the song he was playing.

And then, finally, Tommy got to, in his own personal opinion, the hardest part of the song. He focused on the keys, pressing down on the right ones, letting his fingers glide over the others as fast as possible without breaking his form. Every time the song seemed as though it was going to end it didn't and kept going with one false finish after the other and then a final flourish of notes until the end.

Tommy caught his breath, while it wasn't technically the most physically exhausting it was still rough and the tempo was rather fast, not the mention the stress of attempting not to butcher the second half like he did the first.

"Wow Wilbur and we thought *you* were good at playing." Techno teased his twin. Tommy startled, yanking his headphones out and turning the two of them, not quite believing his own eyes.

"Tommy, that was seriously amazing. How long have you been able to play like that?" Wilbur asked, genuinely excited that Tommy had an interest in music as well.



“Uh- I’m not sure, middle school?” He tried, remembering his solo in his school’s performance. “I mean I’ve obviously improved since then but... yeah middle school is when I started advancing I guess?”

“That was really good. I don’t think Wilbur could’ve done that.” Techno replied. Wilbur whacked his shoulder in reply.

“Yeah.” Tommy said. “I kinda stopped for like half a year but you don’t really forget how to play piano, y’know?” He shrugged.

“I completely understand.” Wilbur replied. “Who knew you were so musical! I love it!” Tommy shifted, and closed the fallboard over the keys.

“In the country’s top school and is musically talented. You’re going to outdo us.” Techno nodded to him. Tommy gave a small smile.

“I guess.” He replied. “The Academy isn’t that big of a deal or anything, I mean It’s improved my skills, as I’m sure you could tell.” He gestured to the piano.

“Is that why you were in the theater?” Wilbur asked. Tommy frowned and almost flinched at the mention of the theater.

“What do you mean?” He asked, cautiously.

“You know, when the light fell? Is that why you were in the theater?” Wilbur asked.

“Aren’t the instruments generally kept in the band room? I can’t imagine Esempi Academy doesn’t have a band room.” Techno cut in.

“No you’re right, generally they are but sometimes there’s a piano in the auditorium for the drama club. You guys have a drama club right?” Wilbur asked. Tommy gave a so-so motion with his hand.

Technically they didn’t, there really weren’t too many extracurricular activities available to students that weren’t a class or sports. The theater program was *not* a drama club as you had to be in a program that surrounded it. Literally the majority of Tommy’s classes were centered around the theater. His teachers were expected to make exceptions and extend deadlines if Eret had asked them too. They had really started to make sure schools had the arts programs instead of just academics. The theater program was sort of the drama club but it would be a very intense drama club and one that you got graded for.

“Yeah but isn’t there a piano in like every band room? Have you ever been in one that hasn’t had one?” Techno countered.

“No, I haven’t, but that doesn’t mean they weren’t using the one in the auditorium.” Wilbur replied with a shrug.

“But if there’s a drama club, wouldn’t lessons interrupt that?” Techno asked. Tommy had no idea why they were arguing about this but he really didn’t like that Techno was winning. Wilbur’s side gave him a way out but right now he really couldn’t.

“Yeah, you’re right.” Wilbur agreed. “So then, why were you in the auditorium, Tommy?” Wilbur asked.

“I-” Tommy cut himself off, trying to think of some kind of excuse, it would make no sense for the piano to be on stage when the ‘drama club’ was there so even if he used that excuse that it was because of the piano’s placement it would already contradict what he said before.

So instead of answering, he stood up and shuffled off as fast as he could to his room, shutting the door behind him.

That probably could’ve gone better.

----

Phil came home to a rather quiet house. That wasn't out of the ordinary really, but usually it was something, whether it was the TV that someone was watching or had been left on by someone, or it was the conversation of the twins who really couldn't keep their mouths shut for long.

Or rather *Wilbur* couldn't keep his mouth shut and ended up pissing off Techno who wouldn't stop until he won the argument.

But it was quiet.

"Hello, boys I'm home!" He called, Wilbur looked up from his place on the couch, pausing whatever video he had been watching on his phone.

"Hey." He answered.

"Where are your brothers?" Phil asked.

"Techno's in the bathroom and Tommy disappeared to his room a couple of hours ago." Wilbur explained.

"Okay." Phil said, taking off his coat. "I'm going to start making dinner, it shouldn't take long."

"Okay, let me know if you need help." Wilbur replied, unpausing his video and turning back around.

As Phil was waiting for the food to finish cooking the twins stepped up neither one of them said anything at first and Phil simply raised an eyebrow at them.

“Is Tommy okay?” Wilbur finally blurted.

“I believe so, why?” Phil asked, standing up a bit straighter.

“Well we come home to him playing this *really* complex piano piece and he was like really good and so we came in and heard him and when he was done we were talking and he like froze up and we have no clue why or what we said and he hasn’t come out of his room since and we’re worried and I don’t know what happened-”

“Wil, you’re rambling.” Phil interrupted. “What happened? What did you say to him?” It wasn’t accusatory but merely a question.

“We basically asked him why he was in the auditorium the day the light fell.” Techno explained with a shrug. “He started to answer then just got up and walked away.”

“So you asked him about a *recent* traumatic injury he got and don’t understand why he just sort of walked away from you?” Phil asked, unamused.

“When you put it that way...” Wilbur trailed off.

“You’ve got to start using your heads, I’m starting to think you didn’t graduate college after all. Boys, think before you do something and then don’t come to me complaining when the answer is in front of you. I understand it easy to label Tommy as the ‘antagonist’ in these situations but just think for a moment. Common sense boys.” Phil sighed and the stove beeped.

“Go to the table and I’ll go check on Tommy.” Phil replied. The twins nodded sheepishly and went to the dining room table.

Phil knocked on Tommy’s door.

“Hey, it’s Phil.” He called. There was a moment of silence.

“Come in.” He replied. Phil came in and shut the door behind him.

“Hey are you okay?” Phil asked, leaning against his door, not wanting to invade his space because it seemed like that was what he needed. “Techno and Wil told me what happened.” Tommy shrugged.

“I’m fine.” He answered.

“Do you want to come down and join us for dinner or do you want to eat up here?” Phil asked.

“Can I eat up here?” Tommy asked, after hesitating for a second.

“Sure thing. I’ll bring food up in a minute.”

“Thank you.” Tommy replied.

“No problem, let me know if you need anything. Or just want to talk.” Tommy nodded and Phil left his room.

Tommy honestly could not be more glad that he apologized. Their relationship was entirely less stressed and Phil actually seemed to understand him now.

Best decision to date.

Well, besides the academy of course.

## Chapter End Notes

Anyway shout out to my discord for literally brightening the hell of out my day after feeling super self conscious about the last chapter and also having a really shitty night and they really just brought me out of it and made me smile so much. So thank you to those people I'm sure you know who you are! <3

Go ahead and join the [DISCORD](#)

(Also the next few chapters is where things really pick up, hint hint people find things out soonish)

# Oh What A Beautiful Morning (Oklahoma!; 1943)

## Chapter Summary

**\*\*//TRIGGER WARNINGS\\\*\***

- Breaking of Traffic Laws
- Joking mentions of death and dying
- Mentions of potential and past injuries

## Chapter Notes

In Which Wilbur realizes some things about himself and his brother.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Phil!” Tommy called, barreling down the stairs, backpack practically falling off his shoulder.

“In the kitchen!” Phil called in response. Tommy rushed into the kitchen, sliding across the floor, barely managing to catch himself on the island, almost, but not, knocking over Wilbur’s cup of orange juice, startling everyone. Techno gripped his cup, as if Tommy was going to knock it over.

“I need you to drive me, Tubbo and Ranboo to the middle school, uh- uh, Snowchester Intermediate, tomorrow.” Tommy said, out of breath. “Please.”

Phil gave him an exasperated but fond smile.

“I would love to.” Phil started

“Great!”

“But-”

“Shit.” Tommy deflated.

“I have a really important meeting at work. Unfortunately it’s literally career deciding mate. I can’t miss it. I’m sorry.” Tommy dropped his head onto the counter with a sigh.

“Okay, yeah that’s fair.” He muttered. “I uh- okay, um that’s uh, something like 12 miles? A 20 minute drive or so...” He sighed again. “That’s like a four hour walk. Okay so if Tubbo can be dropped off here for 5, which is when Schlatt has to get to the academy anyway so that can happen. We’ll be able to get there for 9:30. Okay yeah, we have to change when we get there anyway so we’ll be okay. Got it.” He stood up and started to walk away.

“Did you just do that math in your head?” Techno asked, stopping Tommy.

“What?”

“The 20 minute drive to the middle school to a four hour walk?” He clarified.

“Oh well... I mean yeah.” He blinked.

“No wonder you got into the academy.” He huffed with a small laugh.

“Thank you?” Tommy muttered.

“Tommy, you’re not suggesting that you’re going to walk to the middle school for four hours?” Phil asked.



“Well no, we’re going to run for like... I’m not sure a third of it? But we got nothing else. Ranboo can’t get a ride he never can. Tubbo’s dad, Schlatt, has to be at the academy early cause he’s the dean.” Tommy explained.

“One of your brothers will drive you then.” Phil said.

“Huh?” Tommy asked.

“Yeah I can do it. Just need directions and stuff.” Wilbur said. “But I thought your friend Ranboo wasn’t allowed to get rides from strangers?”

“Well yeah but first of all Tubbo will be in the car which is good because the home knows Tubbo second of all they’d trust Phil because, i mean look at him. He’s a functioning adult! Not someone who looks like they never left their emo phase in high school!” Tommy protested.

“You said it yourself, Tubbo will be in the car and if they know Tubbo they’ll be okay with it.” Phil answered.

“I’m not emo.” Wilbur replied.

“You look like you got rejected from Hot Topic!” Tommy countered.

“I’m not driving you.”

“We’ll walk! That was the plan!” Tommy shot back.

“Wait from here to the middle school, you’d have to walk on Logstead.” Techno said, looking at his phone. Tommy cringed. The worst street in the whole country, people went 20 over the speed limit and it was a surprise when it went two days without some sort of accident.

“It’s the only way to get there on time.” Tommy replied.

“Yeah I’m not letting you walk there.” Wilbur said, shaking his head.

“We don’t have another choice.” Tommy huffed.

“Wilbur will drive you.” Phil cut in. “You’re not walking on Logstead.” Tommy crossed his arms but relented.

“Fine.”

“Does this mean you’re not going into school tomorrow?” Phil asked.

“No, we’re excused. We’re ‘recruiting’ kids from the middle school. It’s a senior thing apparently.” Tommy explained.

“Have fun and be safe.” Phil told him. Tommy nodded.

“Why do you need to recruit kids for the Academy? Don’t they have thousands of applicants a year?” Techno asked.

“Well, yeah, but most of those are from out of county and we’re a small school. The Academy actually doesn’t care about everything beyond what they have to. It’s just another private school to them. But kids are afraid to apply because they think they won’t get in. Now don’t get me wrong it’s fucking *hard* to get in unless you have something about you that stands out.” Tommy explained.

“Take Ranboo for example. He’s a foster kid who got into all the private schools since primary school for free. *That* sticks out.” Tommy said.

“What stuck out about you?” Wilbur asked. Techno kicked him under the table and he went to apologize not realizing how bad it sounded. But Tommy only shrugged.

“Who knows? It’s not like they tell you.” And truth be told he doesn’t know what Eret saw in him that day. All he knows is that Eret saw something and nurtured it until Tommy got to where he was today.

“Oh.” Wilbur answered and Techno kicked him again.

“I gotta go now. See ya.” Tommy said, rushing out the door and running to the sidewalk where Ranboo was waiting for him.

-

“I got a ride. But it’s from Wilbur.” He told him.

“Really? Gross.”

“I know.” Tommy sighed.

“Tubbo’s going to kill him.”

“I know.” Tommy sighed louder.

-

“Lets go!” Tommy yelled at Wilbur.

“I’m putting my shoes on!”

“I don’t care, we need to go *now* !” Tommy told him.

“Tommy, it's illegal to drive without shoes on.”

“Murder is also illegal but I'm about to make an exception! We need to be at Ranboo's already!” Tommy told him.

“I wish I hadn't agreed to this.” Wilbur muttered standing up after pulling his shoes on. “It's only 9 o'clock Tommy. We have plenty of time.”

“No, it takes seven minutes to get to Tubbo's which makes our ride to the school three minutes long *and* that's cutting it far too close for my liking!” Tommy exclaimed. “And you didn't agree to shit, Phil made you.” And with that he was out the door waiting by the car. Wilbur shook his head.

“Pray for me.” He told Techno.

“No.” Techno replied, going into the kitchen and grabbing himself some food.

“No respect from this family.” Wilbur muttered and jogged outside, and to the car.

“Come on already!” Tommy urged.

“I'm here. Get in and buckle up. If you're lucky I'll ignore some rules of the road.” Wilbur muttered and Tommy was in his seat faster than Wilbur had ever seen him move.

They pulled out of the driveway and around the corner to see Ranboo sitting on his front porch. He brightened when the car stopped in front of the house. Tommy rolled down his window.

“Get in!” He yelled and Ranboo jumped up and into the car, shrugging his backpack off and buckling himself up.

“We’re not going to get there in time.” Ranboo said.

“I know, we’re running late.” Tommy said, glaring at Wilbur next to him.

“Then hold on.” Wilbur muttered cryptically. Tommy only looked straight ahead while Ranboo grabbed the handle on the ceiling of the car. Then Wilbur hit the gas and down the street they went.

They made it to Tubbo’s house in under five minutes, getting them right back on track, but just barely. Tubbo hopped into the car and buckled up as well, not saying anything. Tommy had promised to give Tubbo the good chocolate Phil always bought if he didn’t kill Wilbur for the car ride. Tubbo’s solution, just don’t talk.

“Okay okay, come on lets go! No one follows the speed limit on Logsted anyway, just keep going!” Tommy exclaimed.

“I know, I got it. I promise. You’re not going to be late.” Wilbur looked him in the eyes. Tommy’s entire body paused for a second. He blinked a couple of times, seemingly resetting.

“Yeah, okay.” He muttered, and slumped down in his seat. Tubbo opened his mouth to say something and Ranboo simply shook his head.

-

Tommy shut the car door behind him, hiking his backpack further up his shoulder and leaning into the car through the window.

“We need you to be here 2 pm. Okay?” Tommy asked.

“You’re going to be doing this for almost 5 hours?” Wilbur asked, incredulously.

“It doesn’t start until 12. We need to prepare and set everything up. Just go home and hang with Technoblade until 1:30 and then come back, okay?” Tommy repeated. Wilbur shook his head but shrugged.

“Yeah, okay that’s fine.” Tommy deflated and dropped his head onto the window frame.

“Thank you.” He breathed and then he ran to catch up with Tubbo and Ranboo who had already made it to the front doors of the school.

“God, this seems like a handful.” Wilbur muttered and then he drove away, hoping he didn’t just assist Tommy in ditching school.

-

“Alright, we’re going to do a quick run through of what we have planned.” Eret said. “It shouldn’t take long just testing the equipment here. It’s a lot less than what we’re used to, it’s also not as good quality.”

“You can say that again.” Tubbo muttered, fixing his mic yet again.

“Okay, but we have like nothing planned. What are we going to go through?” Tommy asked.

“Yeah we only have a couple of vague concepts and pieces prepared.” Ranboo added. Eret smirked at them and pulled down their sunglasses to look them in the eyes.

“That’s the idea.” They said, “This is a mostly improv show, I call out things and you have to do them, whether it’s from past shows or things we practiced over the year. Everything in fair game including stuff from your first year here. The audience will also occasionally get to decide what is done. Good luck boys.” And they turned around to go to the booth.

“Right now we’ll just go over basics, the things I *did* have you prepare.” They said over the sound system. “Starting positions and we’ll go.”

“Are they serious?” Ranboo asked. Tubbo nodded.

“I think they are.”

“We’re screwed.” Tommy said.

“No wonder we’re getting paid for this. It’s going to be the death of us.” Tubbo muttered.

“What if we don’t remember what to do?” Ranboo asked.

“We die.” Tommy answered solemnly. Tubbo nodded and patted Ranboo on the back.

“It was nice knowing you, big man.” He said.

“My walks to school won’t be the same without you.” Tommy added.

“Why did you both decide *I* was the one going to fail?” Ranboo explained.

“What did we do on Wednesday?” Tommy asked.

“I see your point.” Ranboo said after a moment of silence.

“Yeah, it rained by the way, we waited at school for an hour so Puffy could drive us home.” Tommy told him.

“I knew that too.”

“Sucks to suck. Have fun in death, we'll be there soon.” Tubbo said.

“Imagine, failing in front of middle schoolers.” Ranboo shuttered. “We’re going to be eaten alive.”

“Listen, you two are going to be eaten alive. I went to a public middle school. Just be glad we’re not at *my* old school. Then we’d be in trouble.” Tommy huffed.

“I don’t know private school kids can be butrual.” Tubbo countered.

“Eret you went to public school, which kids are worse, public school kids or private school kids?” Tommy yelled at them.

“To teach? Private school kids. To be peers with? Public school!” Eret said. “To fail in front of, public school.”

“What! No way!” Ranboo yelled.

“Sorry, but it’s true. Private school kids are brutal but Public school kids are a different breed. They’ll take you down without you even realizing it until it’s too late to come back from.” Eret answered.

“Public school is a reality check.” Tommy nodded sagely.

“Starting positions boys, we don’t have all day!”

----

Tommy, Tubbo and Ranboo stood on stage, in front of what was apparently the whole school. Although Tommy found that hard to believe, he knew it was a private school but how could all three grades fit into the auditorium. It was tiny compared to the one at the academy. He



could tell that both Tubbo and Ranboo were a little bit more nervous than he was. After all this was *their* old school.

Their old teachers were here, watching them and at least one grade were people they went to school with once. Sure it was when they were in fifth grade while the kids were in first but still.

These were their people, *their* old school. Tommy knew he would have hated doing this with his old school. His old teachers would look at him like they had in middle school. It would've been nice to slap the pity from their eyes with how well he was doing now but he'd be terrified of messing up in front of them and he knew Tubbo and Ranboo felt like that right now.

"These three are the only members of our theater program, the only people in four years to make the cut into probably the world's most prodigious theater program for high schoolers. These three have worked harder than their peers and most people do in the world and are here to show you what they've learned." Eret's voice cut in through the sound system.

"Here is Tommy Watson, Tubbo Underscore and Ranboo Beloved. And yes those are their real names, we don't stage names yet." Tubbo flipped Eret off who only laughed in reply much to the surprise of the entire auditorium.

"Well that did part of what I was going to do. First things first, we're going to get rid of your stigma around these boys about how 'serious' and scary this program is. I want you to gage their reaction to the following sentence and the actual performance itself will probably get you to erase that stigma." Eret said. Tommy looked to his friends, now he was scared, what was Eret going to make them do?

There was a long pause, building up anxiety in the boys on stage and anticipation in the audience of what was going to happen.

"Last one off the stage has to do Super Star." Eret said. It flipped a switch in the boys. Tubbo bolted and slid gracefully off the stage hopping down without an issue. Tommy on the other hand knew if he ran he'd lose to Ranboo who was faster at running, so instead he just straight up dove off the stage, barely managing to tuck himself into a roll and avoid hitting anyway in the front row, leaving Ranboo who was half on, half off the stage.

“Tommy, you good?” Eret asked. Tommy stood up and gave them a thumbs up.

“Stage combat training paid off.” Tommy announced and walked off anything that might’ve hurt.

“Good, don’t want you getting injured again. Especially since you were literally just cleared for physical activity two weeks ago.”

“I knew what I was doing.” He replied.

Ranboo was on stage now, looking dead inside, definitely not wanting to do Superstar. It was a dance routine to a song that literally everyone hated but Eret used, mainly as a punishment but also as a way to help the program do quick set changes and work with props. It was crew training but it always sucked to be the person who was actually performing the dance.

It was single handedly the most embarrassing routine Tommy ever had the displeasure of learning. He’d take being benched from theater for a couple of weeks over doing Superstar in front of a bunch of middle schoolers. Public school kids might have been worse but that doesn’t mean private school kids couldn’t be cruel.

The music started up and the look on Ranboo’s face said it all. Although Tubbo looked delighted.

Tommy really pitied Ranboo in that moment.

----

Wilbur showed up at 1 pm. to the middle school. He hadn't actually gone home but instead went to the shopping center about ten minutes down the road. But he couldn’t go home now, if he did he’d just have to turn right around and come back and even then he'd be late to pick them up.

But he was bored sitting in the parking lot for an hour. He only made it about 15 minutes before he decided ‘fuck it’ he was going inside and finding out what was so special that convinced the middle school kids to apply to the hardest school to get into in the country.

He walked up to the front door and buzzed in. The door opened and he stepped inside.

“What’s your purpose?” The man at the front desk asked.

“I’m here to pick up my brother and his friends from the... uh- whatever it is they’re doing. They’re the Esempli Academy kids.” Wilbur told him.

“ID please.” The man said. Wilbur nodded and pulled out his wallet and his driver’s license from inside that, handing it over to the security guy. He nodded, probably realizing his and Tommy’s last names matched.

“Go ahead in.” The guy said. “They’re in the auditorium.”

“Thank you.” Wilbur said and walked into the school. It looked... normal. It didn’t look much different from his high school. It looked pretty similar, sure it looked a bit nicer, more clean and bigger but beyond that it was pretty normal.

If you told Wilbur this was a public school, probably before school started, he would’ve believed you. It was strange.

It hit him then, how Tommy felt about his school. While this wasn’t his school, it was the middle school, but private schools it was normal. It didn’t look different, it didn’t feel different, it felt like school.

This is probably why he didn’t think it was that big of a deal that he went to Esempli Academy. It just felt like school to him.

Honestly, Wilbur felt a little disappointed in himself. Sure he was proud of Tommy for getting into such a good school but he probably shouldn't have made such a big deal about it, especially since it was such old news to him and Phil. Did he even congratulate him on that? Did he even express how proud he was of his little brother achieving so much on his own.

No. He didn't. He should've.

His first thought shouldn't have been that he was joking but to congratulate him on doing what he did.

-

He came up to the auditorium and heard loud music playing from it, he frowned. What kind of private school had music playing to try and convince kids to apply to it. He peaked in through the cracks between the doors, hoping to see something, his hands rested on the handle ready to open it.

“What are you doing?”

## Chapter End Notes

Bloop Bloop join my discord ;P

They're really nice and fun.

[DISCORD](#)

# Somewhere (West Side Story; 1957)

## Chapter Summary

\*\*//TRIGGER WARNING\\\*\*

- References to past depression
- References to past feelings of wanting to die
- Allusions to past abuse or maltreatment
- Mentions of neglect
- Possible abandonment

## Chapter Notes

In which Tommy has a not-so-normal day and is torn about his own birthday

Also hi hello what the fuck was in the last chapter?? Where did y'all come from???  
Almost 200 more kudos in a week! Thank you all so much, I love and appreciate every one of you <3

Also to the person who said "stfu" in their bookmark this one's for you! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur jumped and turned around to face his brother.

"I- uh well I was curious and got bored of waiting." Wilbur admitted.

"Uh-huh." Tommy said incredulously. He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"Could you *please* , go back to the car. You're not allowed in here and it could get us all in massive trouble." Tommy asked him. Wilbur wanted to protest but sighed instead and nodded.

"Yeah, okay." He said. "I'll go. I'm sorry I was just curious about what you guys were doing." Tommy blinked and paused for a second then nodded.

"Thank you." He said and watched as Wilbur walked back towards the front doors. As soon as he was out of sight Tommy all but collapsed into the door of the auditorium behind him and let out a large breath.

"Gods that was close." He muttered to himself.

Wilbur had apologized though. Of course it wasn't the apology that Tommy had wanted, not even remotely but he apologized. It was a strange feeling and Wilbur had apologized before but this felt... different. Tommy shook his head, shaking those thoughts away as he didn't want to think about them anymore.

He needed to get back anyway. But he couldn't help but imagine what would've happened if he hadn't gone to the bathroom while Tubbo and Ranboo did their comedy set. It was actually pretty funny which is why Tommy was eager to get back but he couldn't be more glad that he caught Wilbur.

He wasn't even sure what he would say. Sure Tommy did theater in the past, mainly due to Wilbur having loved his own drama club (despite the immense stress it caused him his sophomore year). But this was different. *This* wasn't drama club, this was practically professional theater and this is what got him his full ride scholarship to his college, not that anyone besides the theater program knew, not even Puffy. It was a surprise for the end of the year, he, Tubbo and Ranboo managed to get full scholarships to one of the biggest performing arts schools in the country. Which also happened to be Eret's Alma mater *and* a couple other people from their underclassmen years were currently going there.

But how would he explain any of this to his family? 'oh so remember how you all neglected me and made me want to fucking die? Yeah because of that I got into the theater program and now I'm going to school for theater.' Not likely.

As much as Tommy wanted an apology, he'd rather never had to confront this issue ever again because confronting it meant reliving it.

And that's not something he was sure he could do. Relive one of the most traumatic nights of his life that ultimately led to a massive spiral that just gave him more trauma? No thank you.

He'd rather ignore his brothers until they left him alone or he went to college, whichever came first.

Although he would be lying if he said he didn't consider trying to tell Phil again. Maybe he'd come to the spring showcase and with enough begging he could convince Phil not to tell Techno and Wilbur, right?

...right?

----

The middle school showcase ended with the three of them sitting on the stage while the middle schoolers were able to come up and ask questions and they were happy to answer. Some were about the course load, others were about the theater program and some were about Tommy, since he had been in public school before and was scouted into going to the academy. Some kids even asked about the audition process and what they should do for *their* audition, making all three of them really hopeful for the future of the theater program.

They ended up with 20 people signed up to audition in a couple of months. One of them *had* to be talented enough to get in. Which was great considering they hadn't had someone talented enough to get in in three or four years. Which left the three seniors as the only three members of the program.

The three boys walked out of the middle school, Wilbur was there waiting in the car, his own music blasting enough to shake the car a bit. Tommy bit back an amused smile because despite everything he really did like to see Wilbur confident in his own music.

Tommy remembered a time when Wilbur would only show Techno his music, because they were twins and how slowly he opened up to Phil and Tommy and even posted his music on Youtube.

“Hey, your birthday’s coming up, right Tommy?” Ranboo asked, trying to be subtle.

“Yep. Two weeks away and I’ll be 18 like you two.” Tommy said, smiling.

“Too bad you have to wait *months* to be as adult as us.” Tubbo sighed.

“Shut up! I’m the biggest man ever and you two can’t even compare! Doesn’t matter if you’re 18 or not, that just means you’re old and your bones are brittle and breaking while I’m over here young and spry!” Tommy taunted

“Yeah sure, say the person who was benched from any physical activity just last week.” Tubbo huffed.

“Because I *saved* Ranboo’s life. Do you know how spry and dex-ter-ous you have to be to save someone’s life like I did! You can’t be an old man like the two of you!” Tommy crossed his arms.

“Thank you for that.” Ranboo said.

“I can’t tell if you mean that or you’re being sarcastic.” Tommy said.

“Yes.” Ranboo replied.

“Lovely.” Tommy knocked on the window of Wilbur’s car, startling him. Tubbo outwardly laughed at the face Wilbur made and Ranboo snorted, pressing his lips together to prevent a laugh.

“Unlock the door!” Tommy yelled, hoping Wilbur would hear him. He shut off the music, or at least turned it down very low and unlocked the door. Tommy slid into the passenger seat as Tubbo and Ranboo took their seats in the back.



“Any time limit this time or can I abide by the rules of the road now?” Wilbur asked.

“You can if you’re a pussy!” Tubbo called from the back.

“Yeah, are you a pussy Wilbur?” Tommy taunted.

“Following the law isn’t being a coward?” Ranboo tried.

“I don’t know, seems pretty coward to me.” Tommy replied.

“Yeah, what are you afraid of? Getting caught?” Tubbo added.

“Getting a ticket, which I’d have to pay, with money I don’t have from the job I don’t have.” Wilbur countered, leveling a look at his brother. Tommy looked him straight in the eye.

“L.” He said. Wilbur threw his head back against the headrest and groaned.

“I’m not getting pulled over today.” He muttered, starting the car and pulling out of the parking spot he was in.

“Coward.” Tommy muttered, slumped in his seat, arms crossed. Wilbur brake checked him.

“Whoops.” Was all he said, when Tommy looked at him wide-eyed.

----

Back at school, back to the old day in and day out. Classes, theater home. Dream was still a dick, Puffy was a highlight in his day and tests and quizzes still sucked. However the spring showcase was approaching rapidly and so was Tommy’s birthday. It was a big one, the old 18. He knew his family was going to want to do something, something besides the same dinner in the dining room with a home-made cake.

For Techno and Wilbur's 18th birthday they got to travel to their country's biggest playhouse and see Wilbur's favorite show, they listened to the soundtrack on repeat the way there and back. And then went to this huge three day expo for Techno. Honestly Tommy doesn't remember it, he got a fever on the second day and he remembers passing out on the event floor and then waking up at home about a week later. He did hope that he didn't ruin Techno's time, though he never seemed to bring it up so Tommy assumed he still had a good time.

But that meant they'd want to do something for Tommy's birthday, but he really didn't want anything big. He *wanted* to have his friends over, without adult supervision, Eret excluded because they didn't count as adult supervision when they were just as chaotic as the three boys.

But even if he did get that, his family would still want to do something with him, something big. So now he had to think about that. Or how to *avoid* that.

So he went to the only person who he knew would have an answer for him.

"I don't think I can help you here, Tommy." Puffy said with a kind smile. She had failed him.

"Puffy!" He whined. She laughed.

"I'm sorry but this is something you need to do. Either tell them you don't want to do anything or to do something small, or think of something big you want to do with them." Puffy told him. "If you want help thinking of something you'd like to do I can help you make a list and you can decide then but this isn't a decision I can make for you." Tommy sighed.

"Yeah I know." Tommy muttered.

"Do you want to make a list then?" Puffy asked. Tommy shook his head.

“No, I’d rather not.” He muttered. “I’m just going to tell them that I don’t really want to do anything. Maybe I can get some fancy computer or something out of this instead.”

“That sounds good. Don’t be afraid to speak up for yourself, okay? If they try to make you do something you don’t want to do, put your foot down.” Tommy nodded at her words.

“Right, got it!” He said, smiling.

----

Purpled tugged on Tommy’s shirt before he was able to head down the hallway to the theater. He turned around, surprised that someone, let alone Purpled. Especially because they were literally *just* in class together.

“Hey uh, so I just got a text from Punz that they’re gone. Like they just straight up left and my house is kinda far. Can I chill with you at the theater until they get back here?” He asked, not really looking Tommy in the eyes.

“Yeah sure. The theater is open for anyone anyway. You live like 30 minutes from here, right? It’ll only be 30 minutes anyway.” Tommy said, smiling.

“Well no. They’re not coming back for a couple of hours, which is why I wanted to stick with you because I know you guys don’t leave until late anyway and that way I won’t be kicked out of the cafeteria after four.” Purpled told him with a shrug. “It’s not a big deal or anything, it’s not like it’s cold outside, I’d just prefer to be inside.” It was clear he didn’t want to be here at all but he’d feel a lot more comfortable if he was with the rest of them than outside.

“It’s fine, Purpled.” Tommy cut in. “Don’t worry about it man, besides Eret would probably love to have someone else’s opinion.” Purpled, smiled and nodded.

“Yeah okay, lead the way.” He said.

“Before I do, do you want to talk to Puffy first?” Tommy asked. “I know she’s free right now and she usually stays until we leave too so you can also go later, you don’t have to go at all

but... well I know it's helpful to talk to her."

"Um... Yeah, okay sure." Purpled agreed. "I could talk to her, I mean what else would I do." He covered with a half laugh.

"She's really nice." Tommy told him as he started walking towards Puffy's office. "Her room is super comfortable and she's like the greatest woman ever. You can talk to her about anything, problems, tests, schools, games, sports, good things, bad things, *women*. She's bisexual you know, she likes women too." Purpled snorted but nodded.

"Okay."

"She's also like a badass. Puffy can make Schlatt do *anything* and I know that because she made him switch my classes around in sophomore year. She can sail and she's good at fencing too."

"Really?" Purpled asking, perking up. Like Techno and Niki, Purpled was on the fencing team, which wasn't going on right now, but Puffy apparently did fencing at her own fancy private school. She was like Tommy, she had gone to public school for elementary and middle school but her high school was a private school. It wasn't the academy like Eret but it was a well known one apparently.

"Yeah and she was like the champion of her school. You know my brother was the champion of his school too, if you ever wanted to talk to him, see if he wanted to spar or whatever it's called with him I'm sure he'd love to get back to fencing. I think you'd give him a fighting chance." Tommy told him.

"Yeah, who's your brother?" Purpled asked.

"Technoblade." Tommy replied. Purpled stopped.

"Your- You are Tommy Watson as in *the* Watsons?" Purpled asked.

“Um, sure?” Tommy tried. “I don’t know?”

“Technoblade Watson, the fencing champion of the country?” Purpled asked.

“Yep, that’s him.” Tommy answered. “So he’s famous in the fencing world?”

“Yeah! He’s like... gods I don’t know. He was so cool!” Purpled exclaimed.

“Yeah well he’s also a dick.” Tommy muttered. “Hate to burst your bubble but he’s kind of the reason that I have to go to Puffy *daily* and why I have panic attacks in Dream’s class.” Purpled winced.

“Really?” He asked. Tommy nodded.

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be, it’s not like you knew.”

“Did I talk to him when I dropped off your stuff?” Purpled asked.

“I don’t know. What color hair?” Tommy asked.

“Brown?” Purpled said.

“No, you met Wilbur. Techno’s twin and the *other* reason I go to Puffy.” Tommy huffed.

“Damn, Double trouble.” Purpled said. Tommy laughed and punched his shoulder.

“Shut up, man.” He said.

----

“You’re late!” Eret called as Tommy walked into the Theater, Tubbo and Ranboo were already on stage. “Were you at Puffy’s?”

“Kinda!” Tommy called, pushing his backpack off his shoulder and rushing up to the stage. “Punz kinda abandoned Purpled here so he asked if he could come here so then I asked if he wanted to go Puffy and he agreed so I took him to Puffy’s and now I’m here.”

“Poor kid.” Eret muttered. “Punz is kind of a dick isn’t he?”

“Yeah he sucks as a teacher. He definitely plays favorites. At least Purpled is one of his favorites.” Tubbo said.

“Yeah, it doesn't seem like it right now.” Tommy muttered. “Anyway he might join us later so don’t be surprised.”

“Got it.” Ranboo gave him a thumbs up.

“Okay so. We’re obviously coming up on our Spring showcase. We have about 2 months before the show and while we have the general idea of what we’re doing we still have the matter of your songs. You all have to either take a song you already know and completely remaster it or start from scratch and make a song for you. You’ll perform it with appropriate choreography.” Eret told them.

“Are you serious?” Tubbo asked. “That’s so much!” He groaned and flopped backwards.

“I am, I’m going to help you and you can take a song that already exists, change the lyrics and go that route or keep the lyrics and do the music or make a lyric free song and dance to it

or sing or perform whatever just make it your own.” Eret said. “Got it?”

“Yes.” They all said, less than enthusiastic.

“Good.” Eret said. “You have access to any kind of program you want, just tell me and the school will buy it for you whatever you need. Got it?”

“Will do!”

“Alright now, we’re going to practice, let’s go over our scenes, get your binders out, if you’re off book don’t say line. Okay?” Eret said. “If you’re going to say line just grab your book and don’t look at it until you need it.”

And with that, they were off.

## Chapter End Notes

Hey I have a Tik Tok and a YouTube where I’m planning on posting a lot of things for this fic as well as things for my other fics! Here’s my Linktree to help you find out all things about Annex! Me!

[LinkTree](#)

If you post fanart or anything like that please feel free to tag me! I just found out from my discord that someone had and they had no clue I had a Tik Tok so here is all my stuff so you can tag me as you please! :D

Also Join my discord! We’re a lot of fun and we’re getting more and more active by the day!

[DISCORD](#)

# On The Street Where You Live (My Fair Lady; 1956)

## Chapter Summary

**\*\*//Trigger Warnings\\\*\***

- Mentions of custody displacement
- Mentions of child neglect
- Custody discussion
- Mentions of the foster system
- Over frustration
- Mentions of self-harm (?)

**\*\*Warning;** This list may be incomplete please feel free to correct me or tell me to add anything**\*\***

## Chapter Notes

In which people think about things and perhaps things won't be so bad for very much longer.

This is almost definitely a filler chapter however adding what happens in the next chapter in this one would've been really bad pacing and I tried to make sure there was still some plot in this. :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Purpled ended up coming back into the theater with Puffy in tow. A little while later Sam and Ponk ended up coming in too, followed by Quackity just a little bit behind. Really it was just the teachers that tended to stay after and happened to be there, usually they didn't tend to come in but occasionally one or two would come in.

No one mentioned it though.

They ran through scenes and Eret helped block them and even taught a bit of choreography, just something to practice over the weekend and blocking to help them figure out how they were going to do body language throughout the scenes.



Honestly, it was times like these where the theater program just felt like a normal drama club and it was nice. With teachers from the school just walking in and watching, a student just coming to enjoy the presence of others. As much as Tommy loved the theater program he had to admit that he missed drama club.

They hopped off the stage, or in Ranboo and Eret's case, walked off the stage and headed into the audience. Sam caught up with Eret, talking to them off to the side. Tommy went up the Purpled while Ranboo and Tubbo occupied Ponk and Quackity as Puffy simply overlooked everyone's interaction. They didn't have any classes with them so it was good to interact with old teachers when they could.

"How'd it go?" Tommy asked. Purpled shrugged.

"I'm going to be taken home by Ponk and they're going to stay until Punz gets home. They're apparently going to talk and I might have to stay with Q or Ponk for a bit." Purpled told him.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Purpled shrugged in reply.

"It's fine. I'm left alone too often. I mean I'm 18 so it's not illegal or anything but it *was* and I mean there were days where I didn't see him for like a week." Purpled said. "They just want to make sure I'm being taken care of until I go to college. Then I get access to the inheritance my parents left me and I should be fine."

"You don't get it at 18?" Tommy asked. Purpled shook his head.

"No, they said I had to wait until I went to college." He replied.

"I see." Tommy answered. "I was left alone too, not as much but it sucked" Purpled snorted.

“Yeah it does.” He replied.

----

Tommy walked into his house a bit later than usual. Everyone had been talking and catching up a bit. Tommy hadn't seen Quackity since he took his class last year and Tubbo and Ranboo both hadn't seen Ponk since their freshman year First Aid class, so it really was nice to catch up.

“I'm home.” He called having learnt it was best to call out and tell people he was home instead of knocking on his door or him accidentally scaring them when he happened to walk by them.

“We're in the kitchen! Dinner's almost ready!” Wilbur called.

“Coming!” Tommy called back. He took off his shoes, ran upstairs to drop his backpack in his room before heading to the dining room. He took his seat at the other end of the table, sitting with his brothers as Phil came in with food from the kitchen

“How was school?” Techno asked, putting his book down in favor of food.

“Fine.” Tommy answered. “My friend might be taken out of his brother's custody.”

“What?” Phil asked, almost dropping his plate. Tommy shrugged, pushing his own food around with his fork.

“His brother works at the school and he left him there so he asked to hang out with my club until he could get a ride home. He knows a bit too much and I asked if he wanted to go see Puffy. I have been for about a year now, and he agreed. Came back a couple of hours later with a couple of teachers in tow and he might not be staying with him anymore. He's 18 now so it's a bit iffy what will happen but... things have been happening for a while now.” Tommy explained, before shoving some food in his mouth so he didn't have to talk anymore.

“Oh that's awful.” Wilbur commented. “That's rough.”

“That’s the world.” Tommy muttered through a mouth full of food.

“It sucks.” Phil stated, sitting down finally. Tommy only nodded.

They sat and spoke on idle topics for a while. Nothing particularly interesting, mainly just small talk about the day and things happening around them. Dinner was what it was, conversation to fill a silence that no one really wanted to sit in.

“So,” Phil started. “Tommy. Your 18th is coming up.” Tommy sort of stopped. Well he supposed it was only about a week away now and they had yet to mention it, so it made sense they’d bring it.

“We have a couple of ideas of things to do, if you don’t have any yourself.” Wilbur said, smiling at him. Even Techno was giving him a happy look.

“Um... Well, I kinda have an idea.” He muttered, putting down his fork and not meeting any of their eyes.

“Go ahead.” Phil encouraged. “Whatever you want... within reason.”

“I... I don’t really want to *do* anything.” Tommy said.

“What? But it’s your 18th! You can-”

“Wilbur.” Phil interrupted. “You’re right it is his 18th and he can do what he wants. Is that what you want?” Tommy nodded.

“Yeah. I mean I don’t want to do nothing but I don’t want it to be a huge deal. I don’t really want to go anywhere or do anything, I’d rather just... hang out with my friends for the

afternoon and then you guys later at night. I mean I guess I'd rather spend the money for my 18th on something I can continuously enjoy rather than a one time thing." Tommy explained, still not looking at anyone, instead choosing to look at the food on Phil's plate.

"If that's what you want, is there anywhere you want to go, in particular, with your friends?" Phil asked.

"I'm not sure, I think we'll just head into town and find something to do there." Tommy said, brightening and looking at Phil.

"There should be an arcade down there. I think it just opened a couple of weeks ago if you want to go there. Do you guys need a ride?" Phil asked. Tommy shook his head.

"Eret can drive us. I just, yeah thank you. I didn't really want to make a big deal out of this."

"Whatever you want Tommy, it's your day. If you want something relaxed and low-key that's what you'll get." Phil assured him. Tommy simply smiled and ducked his head opting to eat his food instead of looking up at anyone else.

Wilbur and Techno gave Phil a look of disbelief and Phil only gave them a stern look back. He mouthed. 'We'll talk about this later.' They both looked at each other before looking down at their own food.

-

"Are we seriously not going to do anything for Tommy's birthday?" Wilbur asked.

"Of course not." Phil answered. The twins breathed a sigh of relief. "We're going to spend the evening with him, we'll make his favorite food and give him a cake."

"Phil, you can't be serious. It's his 18th. We can't do nothing for him. We traveled across the country for Wilbur's and we spent the weekend in the next city over for mine." Techno said.

“I am completely serious. Those things are things you two wanted to do for your 18th. Tommy wants to stay home and chill with his friends, he even wants to spend the evening with us. You have both been complaining nonstop about him not wanting to spend time with you or be around you and now that he does, he wants to spend the entire last half of his birthday with you guys and you’re still complaining.” Phil replied. “I’m not sure what you boys want from him.”

“That’s not what we’re saying, Phil.” Wilbur replied. “We just want him to be happy and actually want his birthday to be special.”

“Then spend it with him.” Phil interrupted silencing them both. “You haven’t seen him in seven years. That seven birthdays you missed, seven birthdays spent sitting at the dining room table with just me. If he wants to go out and have some fun with his friends then so be it. If he wants to spend time with us, so be it. If he wants to spend the whole day in his room playing the piano or scrolling on his phone so. Be. It.” Phil said.

“It’s his day and it’s what *he* wants. Not what you want for him. Do you understand?” Phil asked. They were quiet for a moment before nodding.

“Yeah.” Wilbur muttered.

“We understand.” Techno replied.

“Good.” Phil said and walked out of the kitchen.

“Do you really think that’s all he wants?” Wilbur asked as they heard Phil’s door close.

“He seemed really happy when Phil agreed to it.” Techno muttered. “I think that maybe we should leave it alone.” Wilbur sighed.

“You’re probably right. I just- ugh, I just wanted this to be special for him, you know? I didn’t want him to have just a normal day for his 18th. We did so much for ours and I just

wanted him to have the same.” Wilbur said.

“I know.” Techno replied. “I did too, especially because I really loved that expo that we went to. I’m so glad I got that opportunity and I didn’t want him to miss his.”

“We should drop it though. Phil was right, it is his birthday and not ours.”

“Yeah.” Techno muttered.

-

"Dude I can't do this anymore." Punz said as they closed their car door leading up to an empty house.

" *What do you mean?* " Came the voice from the phone.

"What I *mean* is that I'm about to lose custody of my brother because of you." Punz yelled into the phone.

"He's 18? They can't take him from you."

"You bet your ass they can. They can also charge me for child neglect. I've tried so damn hard to make sure we didn't end up in the system and that he had a good life and as it turns out I've been actively neglecting him because of you." Punz yelled.

Static from the other line.

"I have to fix this before it's too late. So you can fuck off and get your stupid little petty ass out of my life before I lose the only family I have left." And with that they hung up the phone and walked into their house. They threw their phone and luckily it hit the couch instead of hitting the floor and breaking.

Punz sighed and smoothed their hair back, attempting to start thinking of how to explain this to Purpled.

How do you explain to your younger brother that his English teacher had been the reason they were neglecting him and actually didn't know they were neglecting him in the first place.

Oh where to start?

-

Tommy slammed his hands on the keyboard far too mad to be thankful that his headphones were connected so no one else heard the cacophony of piano noises he had just made. Speaking of headphones, he ripped them off his head and tossed them onto his bed rather violently.

This project was going to be the death of him. He just couldn't come up with the right chords or notes or anything to make a song. Sure he still had time, it was the beginning of April and the showcase wasn't until the 14th of June. But this was killing him.

No matter what he did, no matter what he played the music just wasn't right and he hated it. Tommy thought he might be able to bang the whole song out before his birthday and he couldn't even get a vague melody of the song. He had absolutely nothing. Tommy didn't even have an idea of what he wanted to do.

He supposed that's where he should've started, what kind of song he wanted or at least if it was going to be in a major key or minor key. But he thought that sitting in front of the piano would've helped that.

It only frustrated him more and now he was sat as far away from the keyboard as possible, his head resting on his knees. He wasn't even sure if he could play anything else right now without freaking out and screaming or something. That's how frustrating this was, just looking at the piano made him want to break his fingers.

He definitely wasn't in the right headspace to be doing this but now he was at a crossroads with himself. He wanted to at least get something, literally anything with this song done but he also wanted to go deaf every time he heard himself play.

It wasn't that what he was coming up with was bad, but rather it wasn't coming out how he wanted, not even close to what little he had in his head. The fact that he couldn't get it on paper, or even just play something close to it but couldn't do anything and it was *killing* him.

Puffy had taught him well, as did the therapist he had before her. Counting his breathing as he lightly ran his hand across the floor, attempting to ground himself. This was ridiculous, he shouldn't be freaking out like this and that only really frustrated him more. Luckily the breathing was seemingly working and he was starting to calm down but he knew that it wasn't going to last unless he did something.

In a last ditch attempt to distract himself from the piano sitting not twenty feet away from him, he checked his phone and it hit him. As soon as he saw the time, 2:23 am, he had an idea. He stood up, grabbed his notebook of blank sheet music and quietly stepped out of his room.

His room was the furthest room on the right and Wilbur's happened to be around the corner, the only room not in the same hallway as the rest of them. Techno's was the only door on the left and Phil's was the first on the right. Tommy crept out into the hallway and turned the corner and attempted to see if there was a light on in Wilbur's room. Light on meant he was awake, light off meant he was asleep, or at least *trying* to sleep.

The light was on, Tommy could see the light coming through the crack of the door, he was obviously awake. Wilbur rarely went to bed before 4 am, somethings never change, really. Yet Tommy couldn't bring himself to knock on the door, he stood for who knows how long just standing with his hand ready to knock and he didn't move. He barely breathed as he stood in the dark hallway. Hand always ready to knock but never knocking.

He took a breath, steeling himself to knock and he didn't. He didn't knock because he's a coward. He wanted the door to open but he didn't want to open up. And he'd have to if this door opened. He sighed and dropped his hand and rested his forehead very lightly against the door.

Familiar chords, ones that Tommy had become so very used to, ones that he hadn't heard in years, wafted through the air. He felt his breath hitch as his hands itched to play along, coming up with complimenting chords on the spot. Piano would go well with this song, he



thought distantly as the lyrics passed through him. Tommy slid down the door frame until he was sitting on the floor. He pulled his knees up to his chest, resting his forehead on them, his back up against the doorframe. Tommy took a shaky breath, listening to the familiar and long forgotten songs that Wilbur had been so proud of when they were younger. Occasionally the chords would change to something unfamiliar, something unheard before, not that he minded. Tommy would have to admit, no matter what Wilbur had done to him he would always admire his music.

He felt tears well up in eyes and he really didn't try to stop them. He didn't sob or let out any noise, just let the tears fall, occasionally sniffing. The notes, the chords, the music lulled him into a sense of security, a home, a place he had missed. It made him fall asleep rather fast.

----

Wilbur woke up far too early for someone who went to bed at 5 am and Wilbur 'woke up' at 8 am. A whopping 3 hours of sleep. Wonderful. He realized that he wasn't going back to bed and instead he decided to make coffee, even if he *was* sleep deprived doesn't mean he had to feel like it. His back and shoulders cracked as he stood up and stretched. He sighed at the noises and realized he was probably becoming as tired as Tommy used to tease him.

He opened his bedroom door and just barely avoided tripping over Tommy himself. He was sitting on the floor, leaning up against the wall next to his door. His head rested on his knees and honestly Wilbur's back hurt just looking at him curled up like that. How long had he been there?

He'd have one hell of a crick in his neck when he woke up and Wilbur decided it was probably best to not make it worse. He sighed yet again and bent down to gently pick his little brother up, carefully trying not to wake him up. He was lucky that Tommy wasn't a light sleeper. He was never a heavy sleeper which made Wilbur a bit hesitant to pick him up but he seemed deep enough in sleep that he couldn't wake.

And to Wilbur's delight he didn't wake up. However a notebook fell when he picked Tommy up and landed on Wilbur's foot. While it didn't really hurt it wasn't a pleasant feeling and he muttered a quiet curse and kicked it to the side while he carried Tommy back to his room.

Fortunately for him, the door was left slightly ajar so he was able to simply push it open instead of attempting to open it while holding Tommy. Tommy's room had very little personality, it never really did in the first place. There were a couple of pictures here and there, mostly from middle school but Wilbur did recognize one where Tommy was with

Tubbo and Ranboo. There were a bunch of other people in the picture as well. One he remembered being the Slime kid from Niki's bakery but other than that he only recognized Tommy and his friends. 'Freshmen year' was written on the white part of the photo and Tommy just looked so happy in the picture. There were dark circles under his eyes and overall he really didn't look all that good but he was so happy. Wilbur smiled at it softly before the burning in his arms became prominent to him and he should put Tommy down before he dropped him.

Wilbur shuffled over to Tommy's bed and laid him down gently, not bothering to pull to covers up as he wasn't sure if Tommy wanted them, besides it was pretty warm in here and would only continue to get warmer when Wilbur closed the door. Satisfied with what he did, Wilbur walked out of Tommy's room and went to go find the notebook he kicked aside earlier. It was, obviously, right where he left it and picked it up to return to Tommy.

But it wasn't just a notebook. No Wilbur recognized these notebooks after all he had like fifty of them. They were to write down notes and chords to songs that you were writing. Wilbur had filled up so many of these and threw out so many pages of these. He knew them very well and he knew that Tommy knew that he knew them very well. Did that make any sense? Probably not but Wilbur knew what he was trying to say.

Tommy came to Wilbur for help. He knew that Wilbur had also struggled with these notebooks. Whatever Tommy was writing, a song for school or for himself, Wilbur would've been happy to help him, if he had actually come into his room instead of falling asleep next to his door.

Wilbur returned the notebook, placing it on Tommy's night stand with a note.

## Chapter End Notes

To everyone who wanted the Watson's to forget Tommy's birthday, I'm sorry. Idk if anyone remembers this but Tommy mentioned only sitting at the dinning room table for birthdays and the last time he sat there was for his 17th so Phil was definitely still celebrating his birthday with him even while Techno and Wilbur were at college lmaooo /nm

Anyway I hope you all enjoyed

Hey I have a Tik Tok and a YouTube where I'm planning on posting a lot of things for this fic as well as things for my other fics! Here's my Linktree to help you find out all things about Annex! Me! Plus I have big plans for animatics on my Tik Tok for the next few chapters shhhh.

[LinkTree](#)

If you post fanart or anything like that please feel free to tag me! I just found out from my discord that someone had and they had no clue I had a Tik Tok so here is all my stuff so you can tag me as you please! :D

Also Join my discord! We're a lot of fun and we're getting more and more active by the day! You'll also get access to things I plan on posting on my Tik Tok a day or two early and get to help me with decision regarding the fics I post! :D

[DISCORD](#)

# My Favorite Things (The Sound of Music; 1959)

## Chapter Summary

**\*\*//Trigger Warnings\\\*\***

-Fire

-Overwhelmed

-Overstimulation(?)

**\*\*Warning this list may be incomplete, please let me know if anything should be added.  
Stay safe my loves!\*\***

## Chapter Notes

In which Tommy has a birthday

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy woke up on his birthday to the smell of smoke. He frowned without opening his eyes and wondered if it was worth it to get up. After all, the fire alarm wasn't going off and there were hushed whispers...

Whispers?

Tommy opened his eyes to see his family standing there with pancakes and an ungodly amount of candles that were definitely more than 18. He blinked for a second before-

"Happy Birthday!" They exclaimed in unison. He blinked and smiled a little bit.

"Thanks." He said, his voice still rough from sleep. "I think that's a fire hazard."

"We sort of lost count and just added as many as we could." Wilbur said, sheepishly.

“You lost count of 18?” Tommy asked. Techno shrugged.

“We almost started a fire downstairs. It was a bit more pressing than the number of candles.” He said, waving his hand.

“Yeah, definitely.” Tommy replied, sitting up. “Thanks.”

“Try to blow them out, mate. There might be too many to blow out but you might as well try.” Phil told him. He snorted and nodded before taking a deep breath and blowing as hard as he could. He did manage to get the majority of the candles out but a couple stayed lit and then those relit a couple of the other ones. He huffed out a bit of a laugh at it.

“Alright, I’m going to take this downstairs and you can have a piece for breakfast before your friends come and get you, okay?” Phil asked. Tommy smiled and nodded.

“Got it! I’ll go get dressed.” He said and started to get out of bed. Phil ushered the twins out of his room, with the small cake in his hand.

“Happy birthday!” He called and the door closed behind him.

Tommy smiled at the door and then moved over to his closet to change into better clothes. He was beyond excited to actually be able to spend the day with his friends, he thought for sure that his family would demand he spend the day with them and do something extravagant. He was dreading telling them he didn’t want it, but Phil had been so understanding even if his brothers weren’t.

And that was how things were, wasn’t it? It was always *Phil* who knew what was right and wrong while Techno and Wilbur continuously messed up and pushed his boundaries over and over again. He would forever be mad about what they said to him oh so long ago, but the fact that they were just making things worse now was awful. He knew he’d be upset if one of them had done it to him but he also knew people needed boundaries and he wouldn’t push them.

He pulled his sneakers on and laced them up before grabbing his phone from his charger and ran downstairs. There were only a couple of stairs and he jumped down them, as he did a million times and skidded into the kitchen. There was a plate of cake sitting at the island, Techno and Wilbur were also sat at the island cake in front of them but neither of them had eaten it yet. He assumed Phil was making them wait.

“Back at last!” Phil said with a smile. “Come on and eat something before you leave!” Tommy nodded and slid into the seat on the other side of the table from where Techno and Wilbur were. Phil was doing a pretty good job with his boundaries and keeping him away from Techno and Wilbur without actually keeping him away from them.

Tommy ate the slice of cake and was genuinely surprised at the taste of the cake. It was the best thing he tasted in forever, and he had Niki’s baking. Her pastries and cakes were good but gods was this so good.

“Like it?” Phil asked. Tommy nodded.

“Mhm mhm!” He agreed with his mouth full of cake.

“Good I’m glad. It’s the cake I save for 18th birthdays and weddings.” Phil told him, taking the seat in between Tommy and the twins.

“Where did you get this?” Tommy asked when he finished chewing.

“Don’t bother, he won’t tell us.” Techno sighed. “We’ve waited years to taste this again.”

“I debated marrying a girl I was seeing in college just for this cake.” Wilbur replied. “She was *not* on board with that plan.”

“Even after you explained how good it is?” Techno asked, sarcastically. “Just should have married her without telling her it was for cake.”

“I felt like I at least owed her an explanation of why.” Wilbur huffed.

“You should have committed marriage fraud.” Tommy replied with a mouth full of cake.

“I don’t think that’s a thing.” Wilbur replied.

“It is but it’s not the way you’re thinking. It’s about marriage to avoid the immigration laws and if caught will lead to deportation.” Techno said, not looking up from his piece of cake.

“We get cake and Wilbur gets deported? Sounds like a win-win.” Tommy said, before shoving another bite of cake into his mouth. Wilbur choked on his cake.

“Hey!” He exclaimed after Phil pounded on his back, making sure he didn’t actually choke. Tommy shrugged.

“It’s my birthday, you can’t be mad at me.” He said with a shrug.

“Can’t argue with that logic, mate.” Phil said.

“He wanted to deport me.” Wilbur huffed, pouting slightly.

“It’s his birthday.” Techno said. Tommy nodded seriously.

“It is.”

“Can I be mad tomorrow?” Wilbur asked.

“No.” Tommy replied.

“Why not?” Wilbur said.

“Because he said that you couldn’t today.” Phil said.

“And today is-” Techno started.

“His birthday today.” Wilbur huffed. It was quiet for a second.

“It *is* my birthday.” Tommy said.

A car pulled up to the house, two doors opened and closed, alerting the family that someone was here. And then rapid knocking on the front door.

“They’re here!” Tommy exclaimed, practically tossing his plate into the sink and rushing towards the door.

“Text me when you’re on your way home! We’ll have dinner and more cake!” Phil yelled after him.

“I will!” He yelled and went to the door to greet Tubbo and Ranboo.

-

Eret’s driving was a million times better than Wilbur’s. By that it means they went just above the speed limit, a speed that got them there quickly without fully speeding and they didn’t break check. But Tommy supposes he deserved that when Wilbur did that.



“Alright.” Erets said as they put the car in park. “We’re going to go to the arcade for as long as your points last, okay? We’ll eat lunch here but afterwards we do have to get you guys home, okay?”

“Unfortunately.” Tubbo huffed. “I’m both happy and pissed your dad isn’t a complete asshole.”

“You and me both. It was a lot easier to hang out with you guys when no one was home ever and you guys could stay over.” Tommy said. “But I’ll admit, I’ll never regret having Phil know, at least a little bit.”

“You shouldn’t.” Eret said. “You’re healing your relationship with your family. That’s a good thing.”

“Thanks.” Tommy muttered, a bit embarrassed.

“Alright, are we ready! I haven’t been to this place since sophomore year!” Ranboo exclaimed, trying to lighten the mood a bit.

-

Walking into the arcade was... surprising. He was expecting to see the place full of people playing on the machines and loudly having fun. He was *not* expecting to see his middle school friends and Purpled holding up a banner for him.

“Happy 18!” They yelled at him. He could only blink.

“I- what?!” He exclaimed.

“Happy birthday Tommy!” Tubbo said, slinging his arm over Tommy’s shoulder, pulling him down a bit.

“We got into contact with your friends from middle school. We knew how much they meant to you and how little you got to see them recently.” Eret told him, putting their hand on his other shoulder.

“You’re old like us.” Deo said, approaching him with a smile.

“Well, most of us.” Bitzel said, looking at Luke who shrugged. Tommy was the second youngest, only second to Luke who was currently the only one who was seventeen.

“Hey Tommy.” Wisp said, giving an awkward smile from his spot next to Purpled. Tommy smiled back.

“Ayup, Wisp.” He replied.

“Let’s go play some games! We have the place to ourselves!” Tubbo exclaimed.

“We have what?!” Tommy exclaimed, finally noticing the only other people in the arcade were the employees.

“We sort of rented the place out.” Ranboo said sheepishly.

“What?” Tommy gaped.

“We all chipped in a bit. Your dad chipped in the most, him and Tubbo were the main two.” Eret told him.

“Tubbo?!” Tommy exclaimed.

“My dad’s rich and he likes when I’m out of the house and I was out of the house throughout the majority of high school because of you so... He chipped the most. Just under my name.” Tubbo said with a shrug.

“Well, Phil also gave me a shit ton of money to spend on game cards. So who wants to get the best prize here!” Tommy yelled and then a gaggle of teenage boys was running through the arcade with far too much money and far too little *actual* adult supervision. Eret was the only one watching over the boys.

-

The day at the arcade ended with Tommy having a couple of low-quality plushies that were definitely not worth the amount he spent on game cards. And a shit ton of lower level prizes like bouncy balls, candy and an obscene amount of plastic spider rings that were given to each person and one to every employee. Which was amusing for everyone because each boy approached the employee and proposed to them in a unique way and most agreed with equal dramatics as they might’ve been loud but they were all polite as fuck.

Eret drove him home first, dropping him off at home. Tommy had sent a quick text to Phil saying that he was heading home now. It wasn’t too late, only about 7:45 pm but they had spent a lot of time at the arcade and deciding which prizes they should take. Tommy had pockets full of spider rings and no regrets for what they did.

“Have fun with your family Toms. We’ll see you on Monday.” Eret said.

“Yeah! And bring your spider rings to school on Monday! I have an *amazing* idea for what we should do with them!” Tubbo exclaimed.

“Is it against the rule book?” Eret asked.

“Not yet.” Tubbo said.

“I know nothing about it.” Eret told him, facing forward.

“Lips sealed!” Tubbo replied, saluting him.

“We all had a blast today, Tommy! I hope you did too!” Ranboo said.

“I did!” He said, kind of disappointed that he had to go back to his family. After going three years meeting up with his middle school friends on a semi-monthly basis and then almost a full year without meeting up with them, it was nice to see them again. It was also nice to hang out with two different friend groups, the academy friends with his middle school friends and both groups clicked so well. He couldn’t help but buzz with excitement.

But-

It was over now. And he had to go back to his family and he really didn’t want to. He wanted to spend more time with his friends and despite knowing there was more ‘fun’ waiting for him back at home, he just found himself dreading it.

“Hey.” Eret started. “It’s going to be okay. Have fun with your family tonight, okay? Eat that cake you were talking about and watch a movie you’ve wanted to forever. Make fun of your brothers and hang out with your dad. Okay?” Tommy nodded.

“I’ll try.” He said.

“Good.” Eret told him.

“See you Monday!” Tubbo yelled, half sticking out the window as they were driving away, before Ranboo or Eret grabbed him and pulled him back into the car. Tommy watched as the tail lights faded away and he took a breath, steeling himself and walked inside.

----

Tommy doesn’t know what the most uncomfortable thing he ever felt was, but *this* had to be a contender. Surrounded by his family, by his brothers, singing the stupid happy birthday song. They were all out of tune, which normally wouldn’t bother him but it was almost obnoxiously so. The fire was just a bit too close to his face and they were so loud and right

next to his ear too. Wilbur had brought his guitar out and was using that but it was just adding to the cacophony of horrible noise that Tommy didn't enjoy.

He wanted his friends.

He wanted the theater program.

He wanted Puffy.

He wanted Sam, and Eret and Charlie and Fundy and Jack and Deo and Wisp and Bitzel and Luke and Purpled and Tubbo and Ranboo.

He wanted *anything* but this.

Anything but the people who ruined his life surrounding him with *fire* .

He wanted to be gone.

He wanted so much but he was sat here. He was surrounded by his family and noises he didn;t like. He was here.

Tommy wanted to cry, so badly but knew he couldn't. It'd make no sense and would make the household tense for days on end.

Gods did he just want this to end.

----

Tommy closed his door and flopped face first onto his bed, shoving his face into his pillow and literally screamed. He was tired and the movie didn't help. Sure it was his favorite movie but he just wanted away from them after the disaster of singing 'happy birthday'.

He spent an hour just staring at his ceiling, just calming himself down for a while. He had headphones in and switched between music and a podcast that he'd been listening to for awhile now.

He glanced at his keyboard.

The same one that made him crack last time.

And Tommy, left alone after the disaster of a night, sat down at the piano, he pressed a few keys. Then a few more and a couple of more until there was a kind of melody.

"They're singing happy birthday." He sang quietly. "You just wish you-" He paused and played the notes a couple of times over "You just wish you could lay down and... cry."

His fingers moved on their own, knowing what sounded best next without having to think about it. The piano was an extension of himself and knew just how to use it. "Not just another birthday."

He smiled, he got his start.

----

Phil stared at his computer screen, at the email in front of him. The glowing screen was the only light in his office. He hadn't even meant to be up and checking his work email at this late at night.

But he got a notification and all the subject line said was 'Urgent' and Phil thought it would be stupid for him not to check it.

"Huh." He muttered. "I guess if it's all expenses paid, what's the harm?"

Heya Hiya Heya!

Guess what? No chapter next week :(

Sorry guys, join my discord to know why ;) [DISCORD](#)

No but seriously, sorry not chapter next week I won't have time.

Hey I have a Tik Tok and a YouTube where I'm planning on posting a lot of things for this fic as well as things for my other fics! Here's my Linktree to help you find out all things about Annex! Me! Plus I have big plans for animatics on my Tik Tok for the next few chapters shhhh.

[LinkTree](#)

If you post fanart or anything like that please feel free to tag me!

# I Dreamed A Dream (Les Misérables; 1985)

## Chapter Summary

In which the dominos are set up

(This chapter is a bit jumpy so my apologizes for that)

## Chapter Notes

\*\*//Trigger Warnings\\\*\*

-None that I can think of

Please let me know if you think of any I should put here!

Rip Technoblade, You were amazing and we'll never forget you <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy tossed his backpack into the wings of the stage, it landed with a loud *slam* , gathering everyone's attention in the theater.

“Any particular reason for the projectile or are we just throwing things today?” Eret asked, looking back down at their tablet.

“Can I throw-”

“No.” Ranboo and Eret said in unison, cutting Tubbo off.

“Come on, you don't even know what I was going to say.” Tubbo huffed.



“I do.” Ranboo replied.

“Do not.” Tubbo crossed his arms, pouting slightly.

“Hello? I did that for attention, not for Tubbo!” Tommy yelled, waving his arms.

“What’s up?” Ranboo asked, walking away from Tubbo and closer to the stage.

“I have, officially, finished my song for the showcase.” Tommy said proudly.

“Seriously?” Eret asked. Tommy nodded. “Great job.” He beamed under the praise and hopped down so he was now sitting on the edge of the stage.

“So are you ready to show everyone?” Tubbo asked, pulling himself onto the stage to sit next to Tommy.

“Well, sort of. I still need to work on choreography but I...” He trailed off. “Well what I mean is, I don’t want it to be... I don’t want it to be just me.” Tommy muttered.

“What do you mean?” Eret asked, walking up to the trio.

“I mean I want... I want you guys to be a part of it. Like I wrote the song and I’ll obviously be the main part of it all but like... I kinda want you guys to be a part of this. Like your parts with represent what you guys mean to me and what you’ve done for me and... you know it could be completely stupid and it doesn’t have to happen or anything I just thought-”

“You’re rambling.” Tubbo interrupted. “And your also a fucking idiot if you think that we won’t do it with you.”

“What?”

“Come on, did you really think we’d let you do it alone, especially if you had us in mind when you were writing it.” Ranboo added.

“So, you’ll do it?” He asked.

“We will. We’ll fit it into rehearsal as best we can. I’m sure we can do it. What are the parts like?” Eret asked.

“Okay so like, Tubbo and Ranboo are mostly support and like similar to ensemble vibes because they were- are- my support system and also they have a shit ton of other things to memorize and I don’t want my thing taking up too much space when they’re trying to get their own things down. But Eret, you’re like, almost a duet, not quite especially because the choreography you do is minimal but like you lead in some cases because, honestly? You’ve done more for me than I can express.” Tommy admitted, somewhat embarrassed by his own statement. Eret, on the other hand, softened.

“We’ll do it. We’ll just include it in the schedule. Which reminds me. The rehearsal schedule comes out next week and it starts the week after. Be ready because we’re cracking down. It’s your senior year and you are the entire show. Are you ready?” Eret asked with a mischievous smirk.

“Fuck yeah!” Tubbo exclaimed, pumping his fist in the air.

“I’m ready!” Tommy said, smiling.

“Eh, I’ll do it but, not sure if I’m ‘ready.’” Ranboo said, and this time, Eret didn’t yell at Tubbo for punching Ranboo in the shoulder.

----

Phil was waiting for him in the kitchen when Tommy woke up and was heading to get breakfast before school. Phil tended to be up at this hour but usually wasn't just waiting for Tommy, rather making breakfast for the four of them or even getting ready for work but rarely was he just sitting and waiting.

"Um, hey." Tommy said, staring at him as he grabbed his breakfast from the refrigerator, staring at his father.

"Hi, mate." Phil said. "Sit down, I have something I want to discuss with you." Tommy sat down across from him.

"Whatever it is, I swear I didn't do it." Tommy said, suspiciously. Phil chuckled at him and shook his head.

"No, it's nothing like that. I just want to chat with you about the upcoming couple of weeks." Phil told him.

"Okay?" Tommy replied, unsure about where Phil was going with this.

"My job offered me a business trip, all expenses paid *and* I get to bring you boys with me." Phil told him. Tommy blinked. "It would happen next week and I just wanted to know if you were interested in coming. I understand you have midterms coming up and if I remember correctly your club starts to get really busy after spring midterms, right?"

"Uh, yeah it does." Tommy said.

"So if you don't want to come that's fine, you're an adult and I trust you to be alone for a couple of days. Techo and Wilbur both agreed to come, so if you don't you'll be home alone for about four days, but maybe three if we travel fast. Do you want to come? If not, are you comfortable staying alone for a couple of days?"

“Yes!” Tommy answered and bit too eagerly and Phil playfully raised an eyebrow at him. “I- Uh, I mean yeah, wait. Okay. No I can’t come, I have midterms to study for and I don’t think I can miss any and It’s really important that I stay for the club now more than ever.” Tommy said. “But, yes, I’m okay staying home alone for a couple of days.”

“Uh huh.” Phil agreed incredulously.

“It’s- well. Okay It’s not that I don’t *like* having *you* around more... it’s just... well...” Tommy let himself trail off.

“It’s a lot to handle all at once?” Phil filled in for him. Tommy blinked at him.

“Uh, yeah.” He startled out a laugh. “Exactly.” Phil chuckled and shook his head.

“It’s okay, mate. You went from being alone a lot to having a full house of people. In which you were rather uncomfortable.” Phil told him, having picked up on the ‘you’ instead of ‘you guys’.

“Ha... yeah.” Tommy agreed, somewhat awkwardly. “I just- I think it would be nice to be alone for a bit. I can also always crash with Tubbo or even Eret if things get really bad.”

“Or, you can call us and we’ll come home. We’re a couple of hours away, not half a world. If you need me, just call and we’ll come home. Doesn’t matter the reason, if you *need* me I’ll be there.” Phil told him, placing his hand on Tommy’s shoulder. Tommy couldn’t help but smile at that.

“Yeah. Okay.” He said and sniffed. “I want to stay home. I have too much work right now to be able to come.”

“That’s fine. I’ll let your brothers know. We’re leaving next week, Saturday, and we’ll be back about Wednesday. That sound good?” Phil asked.

“Perfect.” Tommy replied. Phil chuckled again and ruffled Tommy’s hair as he stood up.

“Hurry up and eat, I’ll drive you and Ranboo to school today. Okay?” Phil asked. Tommy liked that about Phil. He was making an effort, obviously but he always asked if what he was doing was okay. He was pushing comfort zones, but always made sure that Tommy was okay with it. It made Tommy get out of his comfort zone but always always *always* made sure that Tommy wasn’t being pushed too far. It was a good way to heal, to adjust and to get more comfortable with each other.

“Yeah sure.” Tommy said. “I’m sure he’ll appreciate not having to walk.”

“I’m glad. Tell me when you guys are ready and we can head over.” Phil said. Tommy nodded.

----

“I simply have the *best* news in the world!” Tommy announced as he entered Puffy’s room. Tubbo and Ranboo were in there, Ranboo was skipping Home economics because Niki was out for the week and the sub tried to make Ranboo wash his hands without going to the nurse to make sure he didn’t have a reaction. So he decided it was best to skip and Puffy was happy to provide him with an excused abstinence until Niki got back.

“Oh?” Puffy asked. “Aren’t you supposed to be in English?”

“I walked out because Dream was yelling about something or other and making everyone really uncomfortable and then tried to turn on me and I wasn’t going to have that today. Not today, the day where I share the best news of the world!” Tommy exclaimed.

“You’re brothers going back to college?” Tubbo tried.

“Okay no, that- close though.” Tommy said.

“What?” Ranboo asked.

“Phil has an all paid business trip and he said he *could* take all of us but he knew I was busy and said I could stay home alone. I’m 18 now and it’s all good. He says he trusts me. So, for about four days I’m all alone!” He exclaimed.

“Does that mean-”

“Theater gang meet up? Sleep over? Literally anything, at my house like old times?” Tommy supplied for Ranboo. “Yes!”

“Are you serious? We can come over again?” Tubbo asked.

“Yep! And it’ll be like it used to be. No Phil, no Wilbur, no Technoblade, nothing! We’ll have the place to ourselves!” Tommy said, proudly.

“We can work on your thing for the showcase!” Ranboo exclaimed. “We’ll have plenty of room to practice in your living room!”

“Let’s go. Sleepover at the Watson’s house. I’m moving everything in Techno and Wilbur’s rooms one inch to the left and their beds one the right.” Tubbo said.

“That is oddly specific and slightly concerning. I would advise against doing that but I cannot stop you if you chose to do it. Although, might I say-”

“No.” Tubbo interrupted Puffy.

“I was just going-”

“Puffy please. Don’t ruin this for me. It’s harmless and It give me the feeling of revenge.” Tubbo pleaded to her.

“They’re smart. They’ll probably figure it out and then blame Tommy, or he has to say he invited people over when Phil wasn’t home.” Puffy hummed.

“Fuck.” Tubbo muttered.

“Please don’t get me in trouble. I already *dread* having to hear Wilbur moan about me not coming along. Not to mention the fact that Techno is going to whine to me about Wilbur whining to him.” Tommy said, all but collapsing into one of the bean bag chairs.

“When are we supposed to go to your house?” Ranboo asked, tossing Tommy a chocolate bar. Puffy kept her room stocked full of snacks and stuff and Ranboo knew that Tommy had a light lunch as he was late to lunch and attempted to shove an entire sandwich in his mouth before having to run to Dream’s room. Which didn’t last long evidently.

“Saturday. You can stay from Saturday to Sunday and Eret can drive us to my house after rehearsal and stuff until Wednesday.” Tommy said, ripping the packaging off the candy bar and tossing it in the garbage next to him.

“Okay cool. I’ll let my dad know.” Tubbo said. “I’ll bring games and stuff.”

“I got snacks.” Ranboo said. “The ladies at the home miss when I would come over everyday because they like having extra snacks around.”

“I’ll set up the living room how we used to have it. I’m moving *everything* around.” Tommy laughed.

“Make sure to let Eret know your guys’ plans. Let’s not have a repeat of what happened your second year here.” Puffy hummed. The boys shuttered at the memory but shook it off.

“We’ll tell them after school. Especially because I *cannot* wait to get you all back at home. Eret’s home was cool and all but it’s not the same.” Tommy said.

“Nope. Not at all.” Tubbo agreed.

----

Wilbur did, in fact, bitch and moan to Tommy about him not coming on the trip. He complained that he thought this was a family trip and that they could use the time to spend together. Phil reminded him that it was a business trip first and foremost and that he expected the two of them to be on, at the very least, reasonable behavior.

Wilbur then bitched and moaned about *that* for another ten minutes before Tommy finally snapped at him and left the room, locking himself in his own room instead. He was *supposed* to be studying for his midterms but found himself with his headphones plugged into his keyboard, going over his song for what must have been the millionth time.

Honestly, now that it was written and he actually knew the song, he couldn’t stop playing it. He wanted to have it with him everywhere but it wasn’t technically done. By that he means he had never heard the song in its entirety with the right people singing it. Sure Ranboo and Tubbo had been practicing and Eret had the sheet music and was learning themselves, but it was difficult to know what he wanted it to sound like, what it *should* sound like and yet not having it yet. Eret didn’t even know the lyrics they had to sing yet! They had barely learned the melody. They all had time sure, it was just a bit frustrating to have the song in his head but not the means to have it done.

But everything would be okay by tomorrow. They were leaving tomorrow and as soon as they left, Tubbo, Ranboo and Eret would be taking their place.

This time tomorrow he’d have waved goodbye to his family and his friends would be here. Laughing, playing stupid games, practicing for their last performance together as high



schoolers and all around just having the best of times.

Just like they used to.

And he couldn't wait.

----

So far the trip had been a complete and utter disaster. The car ride was a long one in general. It took about 4 and half to 5 hours depending on traffic and if the roads were okay. But they were only two hours from home when they spent an hour in dead stop bumper to bumper traffic.

Phil and Wilbur were attempting to keep spirits up but after forty five minutes and the snail Wilbur was watching out the window had moved further than they had both Phil and Wilbur seemingly gave up. The radio was playing some random station, not a single song could be recognized, not even by Wilbur. No one bothered to change it.

It didn't help that they weather up here was fucking freezing and the car had it's windows stuck cracked open. Sure it wasn't a lot but the cold air seeping in was certainly not pleasant.

To make matters worse, they were running low on gas and had to turn off the car to save gas, it wasn't like they were going anywhere. It was exhausting and there was no way around all of this traffic. And no one had any clue where it came from.

But finally, after *seven* hours in the car everyone was ready to sleep in a bed, *any bed* . Not even a bed, Techno would take a bathtub at this point. Anything that would let him sleep in it, he didn't even care. Wilbur was seconds away from passing out and was leaning heavily on his twin, who was exhausted as well but not to that extent and their father whose leg was cramping up and was now walking with a slight limp as they made their way to the hotel cabin thingy.

“Hi, Phil Watson. I’m here for the... thing. Pardon me, we've had the worst ride you can imagine.” He said to the lady at the front desk.

“I heard about the traffic, I’m very sorry.” She said politely and tapped away at her computer. “I’m also very sorry but there doesn’t seem to be a reservation under your name.”

“What.”

“I- There’s nothing here I’m sorry.” She said.

“My company booked this for me, can you- I don’t know, check with that?” Phil asked. Wilbur and Techno gave each other concerning looks, neither one of them liked where this was going.

“I don’t see anything sir. I’m sorry.” She told him. Phil looked like he wanted to say something but he simply sighed and shook his head.

“Then could we please get a room or two for the night?” He asked. She looked very nervous and sorry as she shook her head.

“We’re completely booked.” She said quietly. Phil closed his eyes and took a deep breath. The twins winced at their father’s reaction. He opened his eyes after about a minute of silence and gave the woman a tight smile.

“Thank you. We’ll be leaving now.” He said and started back towards the car.

“Phil-” Techno started, brave enough to talk to him.

“We’re going home.” He said.

“But-”

“Sleep in the back seat. I’m taking us home. Now.” He replied with finality that neither one of them was willing to argue with him. They only gave each other a quick glance and then rushed after their father and back into their car.

----

“Welcome back to the best home of all time!” Tommy announced to his friends as they came into his house for the sleepover. It might be the last sleep over for awhile but it was sure as hell going to be the best one. Tommy would make sure of that.

## Chapter End Notes

Join the discord! We're a blast! [DISCORD](#)

Hey I have a Tik Tok where I've posted a comic! Check it out! [Tik Tok](#)  
Check out all my other social medias!  
[LinkTree](#)

If you post fanart or anything like that please feel free to tag me!

# Losing My Mind (Follies; 1971)

## Chapter Summary

/\*\*Trigger Warnings\*\*\\

- Panic Attacks
- Mentions of 'betrayal'
- Allusions to past bullying
- Mentions of life changing injuries
- Mentions of abuse of power
- Brief mention of kidnaping (Doesn't happen, is an exaggeration)
- Running away
- Allusions to past suicidal thoughts/actions
- Allusions depression
- Allusions to suicidal ideology

**\*\*This list is potentially incomplete, please feel free to mention anything I might've missed, Be safe my loves\*\***

## Chapter Notes

I hope this lives up to your expectations!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The night was young.

By that, it means it wasn't quite 3 am. Tommy was having the night of his life, he hadn't had a night like this in ages. He *finally* was able to get the timing down with his song, switching between piano and turning on the track was difficult but it was something just seemed right for the song at hand. Although it was hard because he had to play right until he pressed the button on the keyboard and he only had two hands, both of which were needed for playing. There was a second of time where he could press the button but it was a very small window of time and he finally got it down for the first time during one of their run throughs. It had ended in a fit of laughter and collapsing on the floor.

They had played games, gone over songs, 'watched' at least three movies and there was a fourth playing on the tv at the moment. It was chaos but it was Tommy's favorite kind of

chaos. They were high on sugar, life and just being in each other's presence without being in a school or public. It was just them and themselves.

It was paradise.

As the laughter died down and they fell into silence, just attempting to catch their breath from the last run through, Tommy rolled onto his stomach and looked at his friends.

"Again." He said. He was tired, the sugar and caffeine in his system was running out but he wasn't ready to stop yet. One more time, one more run through with the song. With his friends, the people that had done so much for him. One more run through, one more time since this was the last time they would truly be alone. Without judgment from anyone but themselves.

Just them.

The smiles he was met with told him that he wasn't alone in his feelings. This was it. One more time and they'd call it.

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*' The lights are on. '* Was Techno first thought when they pulled up to the house. It wasn't like it was just Tommy's room or even just the living room, but like every light in the damn house was on. The only lights not on were the bedrooms, but everything else was.

"What the fuck?" Phil muttered, voicing what they all thought. "Grab your stuff, I'll deal with whatever this is in the morning." They didn't waste time either, grabbing their bags and heading towards the house.

*' There's music coming from inside '* Was Techno's second thought as they approached the house. It was loud, the kind of music that made you chest thump when you heard it. It wasn't loud enough to disturb neighbors but it was enough that it was shaking the windows just a bit. Phil's frown deepened but he unlocked the door to an unexpected sight.

There was more than one voice coming from inside. There was a lot of movement and singing. Probably dancing but it wasn't a song any of them had ever heard of.

But it was Tommy singing it. He wasn't alone in his singing but he was the main vocalist, that much was clear. He wasn't just singing, he was performing. It was like something Wilbur would hear when he was at school, not coming from a high school and his friends just messing around. This was real, good and almost professionally done. The music, the singing, everything. This was certainly not Tommy's first time performing. Sure he did drama before but this was nothing like that. This was not child's play.

This was a serious performer.

They walked into the house, standing in the doorway of the mud room, just watching what was happening in front of them.

It didn't take long for the music to stop, the dancing and singing along with it and once the music died, it wasn't long before they were noticed.

---

Tommy was proud of himself, of his friends, of that performance. They were practically ready for the showcase. Well that part of the showcase, obviously not the entire thing. But it was good. It was complete and they all knew what to do, it was just like he imagined.

And then he looked at Ranboo. His eyes were wide, his mouth slightly agape and all the color had drained from his face. He was staring straight ahead. Tommy frowned and turned to look too.

Low and behold, there stood his family at the front door. Staring at them, at him. It didn't take long for Tubbo and Eret to notice as well.

"What is this?" Phil asked, the first to speak.

"I- uhm, a sleepover?" Tommy tried.

“And you didn’t think to ask?” Phil was rubbing the bridge of his nose.

“Well-“

“You didn’t even let me know? And who the fuck is this? Did you invite an *adult* to sleepover?” Phil exclaimed.

“I should probably introduce myself.” Eret said. “Hello, Mr. Watson I’m-“

“Eret?” Wilbur asked.

“Wait, you know them?” Tommy turned to Wilbur.

“Yeah, what the fuck are you doing here, you stupid traitor?” Wilbur demanded.

“Wilbur what the fuck!?” Tommy yelled.

“Whoa don’t go throwing names around!” Tubbo cut in. “Who do you think you are?”

“I *think* I am a person who actually lives in this house and should have a say whether or not someone who betrayed me should be allowed in it!” Wilbur said, crossing his arms.

“Hello Wilbur, it’s certainly been awhile.” Eret said.

“How the fuck do you two know each other?” Phil asked, still pinching the bridge of his nose.

“Uh, which one of us?” Wilbur asked.

“I don’t care.” Phil answered.

“We knew each other in early high school. We were part of the drama club, which I basically ran by myself. I was struggling a lot with the pressure as a sophomore, as well as trying to get good grades and define myself as a person as I was going through a gender identity crisis. So when I was scouted by someone from the Academy, I took the chance to go there and improve my mental health before I did something I’d probably regret. My ‘traitorous’ act was leaving the drama club without telling them.” Eret explained. “I am now a teacher at the Academy and I scouted Tommy when he was in eighth grade, I gave him his scholarship and have been his mentor throughout these four years.”

“And you didn’t tell me?” Tommy asked, hurt.

“I didn’t know. To be honest I had forgotten my old drama club as best I could. I was, I also never knew his last name, and yours was a bit confusing if I’m going to be honest. You sort of go by two last names at the Academy.” Tommy only smiled slightly at that, taking their answer.

“How the fuck are you a teacher?” Wilbur cut in. “What do you teach? Lying 101?”

“Theater.” Tubbo replied.

“Your part of the theater program?” Techno asked Tommy.

“Yeah, I went to the audition to skip class and got in by accident.” He muttered, finally admitting it out loud.



“And you didn’t tell me?” Wilbur asked, sounding a bit hurt, mimic how Tommy sounded earlier.

“No, why would I?” Tommy huffed.

“What? Why *wouldn’t* you?” Wilbur exclaimed. “I went to school for music and you’re in a theater program! You were even going to ask me for help like a month ago! You fell asleep in front of my door.”

“I- that means nothing! Besides it’s not like you called to ask or anything! You never called after the sixth grade!” Tommy yelled.

“Like you would’ve answered or spoke to me!” Wilbur countered.

“At least I would’ve had a good reason to not talk to you! Instead of just being a selfish prick!” Tommy said.

“Tommy!” Phil chastised.

“You’re Technoblade Watson, aren’t you?” Eret cut in, somewhat randomly, pulling down their sunglasses and looking at Techno.

“Uh, yeah?” He replied.

“Oh that does make so much more sense. Niki was right.” Eret muttered.

“What makes so much more sense?” Tommy asked.

“Tommy-“ Phil started.

“Shut up.” Tommy said, not even looking at him, but staring at Eret. “What makes sense, I heard Niki say something like that too.”

“I- well it’s really not my place.” Eret said. “I was mostly thinking aloud.”

“Tell me.” Tommy said, his voice shaking. “Please.”

“I know why Dream doesn’t like you.” Eret said. Tommy slowly turned to look at Techno.

“Dream’s last match was with me.” Techno almost whispered.

“Dream? You mean that dick that shattered his own knee cap trying to do an illegal move to beat you?” Wilbur asked. Techno nodded.

“You mean to tell me, that the man who tried to make my life miserable this entire year was *also* because of you?” Tommy questioned.

“What do you mean also?” Techno asked. Tommy stared at him, just looking at him.

“I can’t do this, I can’t fucking do this!” He yelled and shoved past his family, shoulder checking Wilbur out of his way as he moved past and out of the door. Tubbo and Ranboo didn’t waste a second before following him, Tubbo shoved Wilbur as well, much harder than Tommy did and *much* harder than was necessary considering he wasn’t even in the way anymore.

A car door closing told them they had gotten into a car and Eret knew it was theirs as they often forgot to lock it. The adult followed them out, trying to see what was going on.

Tommy sat in the front seat of the car, Ranboo stood with the passenger side door opened, talking to him lowly, while Tubbo sat in the driver's seat. He was clearly having a panic attack. The three moved forward to help, to say something, anything, to help their child but Eret stopped them.

"I think it's best if you don't." Eret said.

"What- Are you kidding, that's our brother! He's family and he's having a panic attack!" Wilbur yelled.

"And who brought that on?" They asked. The three were silent. "Who was he having a nice time with before you got home? Who *knows* why he's having a panic attack in the first place? Who knows why your mere presence right now could only harm him more? And who pulled him out of that dark place when you *weren't there*?" Eret asked.

None of them said anything, although Wilbur looked at him with pleading eyes.

"Then I suggest you go inside. I can deal with Tommy and he can decide what he wants to do."

They didn't go inside as Eret walked to their car. They sat on the steps leading up to the house as they watched but kept their distance. They didn't go inside as Tubbo crawled into the back seat and Ranboo pulled the seat belt around a dozing Tommy before heading into the back seat as well. They sat, watching as Eret pulled out of their driveway, taking all three kids with them.

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"Can't we call the police or something?!" Wilbur exclaimed. "This is kidnapping!"

"He's 18 and even if we did tell the police they'd ask him if he went willingly and he'd say yes and then have the grounds to get a restraining order on us!" Techno countered. "Is that

what you want?"

"Are you fucking stupid?! Of course that's not what I want!" Wilbur yelled back.

"Boys!" Phil yelled, silencing them both. "This is *not* the time to be arguing with each other."

"Well, what should we do then?" Wilbur asked.

"We wait."

"Wait?" Techno exclaimed.

"Yes." Phil answered. "We're going to wait until we have word from Tommy. We're *not* going to do anything until he reaches out to us." It wasn't really a lie, but Phil had already texted Tommy, just to make sure he was okay. Phil wasn't going to bed or even leave until he texted him back, he just wasn't going to do it.

"I- we can't wait! Tommy is out there with- with *Eret* of all people and who knows where he is!" Wilbur said.

"He's practically out with strangers." Techno agreed.

"What's Tommy's favorite color?" Phil asked.

"What?"

"What's Tommy's favorite color?" Phil repeated.

“Um... Blue?” Wilbur tried.

“It’s red. What’s his favorite food?”

“I- I don’t know.”

“Me neither.” Techno said, shaking his head.

“What about his favorite subject in school? Who’s his best friend, Tubbo or Ranboo? Name his middle school friends. Name the arcade he went to for his birthday. Name a friend of his that you have yet to meet. What’s his social media? How about his favorite movie? Favorite video game? How about any video games he plays, or any movies he likes? What about his favorite TV shows? Do you know *anything* about your brother? Can you really claim that he’s any safer with you, aren’t you strangers to him?” Phil countered.

“Well it’s not like you can answer those either!” Techno yelled.

“You’re right. I don’t know his favorite school subject. I couldn’t tell you if he likes Tubbo or Ranboo more or if there’s someone else. I *can* name his middle school friends, Deo, Wisp, Luke and Bitzel. The arcade he went to for his birthday is called *Level Zero* . I haven’t met Purpled, nor I have met Fundy, both I’ve heard him talk about before. I don’t know his social media, I trust that he’s being responsible on the internet. He claims he doesn’t have a favorite movie but it’s *Up* , he also really enjoys the Marvel Cinematic Universe. He doesn’t watch TV shows much so I can’t say he has a favorite. I may not know everything about my son but I know more than you do.” Phil told them.

They were silent, unable to come up with a reply. They weren’t sure which was worse, having Phil know just as little as them or him showing them up about how little they really knew about Tommy.

“Now, either go to your rooms and wait or whatever, or sit here and be quiet while *I* wait.” Phil said.

Techno didn't say anything but he stood up and he walked to his room. Wilbur, on the other hand, opted to stay, sitting on the couch staring blankly out of the window, perhaps waiting for Tommy to come home.

----

Around an hour later Phil got a text from Tommy.

*'I'm okay'*

Was all it said and that was enough for Phil. He said nothing, not to himself or Wilbur as he made his way to his room, ready for some sleep that was very much needed. A couple of minutes later he heard Wilbur go into his room as well.

----

On monday, it had been at least a day since they saw Tommy and more than 24 hours since Phil heard from him and decided he would go and see his son. He pulled in front of the academy about a half hour before kids were supposed to show up, and waited.

When Tommy *did* see him he paused for a second. But he turned to his friends, all of whom seemed concerned and they went ahead while Tommy approached Phil.

"Hi." He said, not looking Phil in the eye.

"Hey, mate." Phil muttered. "Are you okay?"

"I've been better." Tommy replied.

"I can imagine."

"But I've also been worse." Tommy said with a shrug.

“I see.” Phil paused. “I just wanted to let you know that when, or as much as I hate to admit it, *if* you come home, there will always be a place for you.”

“I’m not running away, I plan to come home I just... I want to talk to Puffy about it first.” Tommy said. “I feel like I should ask about these kind of things with her.”

“That’s fair.” Phil told him. “Although I would like to talk to you about inviting an adult over for a sleepover.”

“You don’t understand Phil, Eret isn’t just any adult, first of all their Wilbur and Techno’s age, it’s not like they’re your age.”

“Still, I would’ve liked it if you asked permission.” Phil said and Tommy sighed.

“I know, that much I’ll agree to. I should’ve asked you if I could have friends over this weekend. I just never used to because you were never home so it wasn’t an issue.”

“I understand that, and I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine Phil, but you’ve gotta understand these people they were my literal life line, Phil.” Tommy said. Phil frowned.

“Your life line?” He asked. Tommy sighed.

“Phil, I wasn’t in a good place in 8th grade. I really wasn’t. I wasn’t turning in work, I didn’t even try, waking up in the morning was all I could do and even that was hard. I- I wouldn’t be here with them, especially Eret.”

Phil was quiet.

“I was asked if I was okay. Eret asked me if I was okay and actually cared about the answer. They *did* something for me. I wasn’t anything to them at the time, I was a potential student and they told me even if I didn’t go to the academy I could always call them and ask for help. They tutored me, they gave me advice, they took me into one of the best places I’ve ever been. The theater, *their* classroom became a huge safe space for me. They got me to go to Puffy and introduced me to Tubbo and Ranboo. I was able to share with them because they had their own issues to work through. The community of teachers that actually cared about what happened to you and what you did was amazing and refreshing compared to my middle school teachers who never even gave a fuck! Phil, these people *saved* me.”

Phil still said nothing, staring at his son with an expression Tommy could not place.

“I don’t think I knew it at the time, but I wasn’t going to make it if things continued like they were in eighth grade. I knew I’d flunk out of school and I *thought* I wasn’t going to make it out of eighth grade in an academic sense but... I was spiraling and I didn’t know it. I didn’t know how to ask for help and I didn’t think anyone would help me out. *You* were part of the problem, sure it wasn’t entirely your fault but I didn’t know that then. I felt like I was alone and I was drowning without even knowing it. Pressure was only building up and I don’t want to think about what might’ve happened if Eret hadn’t reached out. If *I* hadn’t gone to that audition.”

“The thing about these people is that they were there for me when I thought no one else would be. Sure I had friends and sure they did their best but I needed an adult. I needed someone that could get things that I needed. Eret was the first adult I truly felt like I could trust in a long time. They had a very similar story, you heard them the other night! What happened to them in high school, the feeling of helplessness but so much pressure to do something, *anything*, fucking sucks. It’s suffocating and they knew exactly how I felt. They showed me that you can pull yourself out of that feeling by putting yourself in a new situation. With a support system, with others who know how you feel.” Tommy rambled.

“They *saved* me when I thought I didn’t need saving. You can’t stop drowning when you don’t even know you’re in the water.”

They were both silent for a moment. Letting Tommy’s words sink in, letting years of frustration and anger and depression out. Phil had no clue how long he had these emotions inside of him. How long he had been waiting to get these things out.



“I’m sorry.” Phil said. “I have honestly fail you as a father, a parent, as a fucking human being if you were going through all of that alone without me knowing. I- I was trying to make your life easier and in the process I left you alone. I can’t imagine-”

“Phil.” Tommy interrupted. “I’m not mad at you. Not anymore. You’ve already apologized and I know you meant it because you knew what you were apologizing for. You’re better and you’ve been *trying* and that’s what matters to me. I don’t care what anyone else says about it, I know you care and you’re trying and that’s all I want. I love you, you’re my dad and I just wanted you to care.”

“I love you too, mate.”

“And that’s why it’s okay.” Tommy said. “Because I know that and you made sure that I know that.”

## Chapter End Notes

The big reveal, sort of.

Join the discord! We're like super active now! To the point where I may or may not be adding some new mods soon, so be on the look out for that! [DISCORD](#)

Hey I have a Tik Tok where I've posted a comic! Check it out! [Tik Tok](#)

Check out all my other social medias!  
[LinkTree](#)

If you post fanart or anything like that please feel free to tag me!

# A Small Umbrella in the Rain (Little Women; 1999)

## Chapter Summary

/\*\*Trigger Warnings\*\*\\

- Mentions of abuse of power
- Mentions of potential abuse of power
- Mentions of past alcoholism
- Allusions to past abuse or mistreatment of a child
- Mentions of potential manipulation (?)

**\*\*This list is potentially incomplete, please let me know if I miss anything be safe my loves\***

## Chapter Notes

In which many things happen but it's going to be okay... right?

Come get your twins duo and Allium duo crumb cause I guess that's what I did.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy didn't even bother going to first period, he walked straight to Puffy's office and didn't even bother knocking. His conversation with Phil was... enlightening? If that was the word for realizing something that you already knew but still feeling like it was a realization. Whatever he didn't care.

But he did care that his brothers now knew about his whole theater thing. With that would come so many questions and with those came so many truths that Tommy wasn't ready to say and they weren't ready to hear.

He walked straight in and sat down on a chair and just leaned on his knees and sighed.

"Eret had given me a heads up that you were going to come here." Puffy said. Eret had to leave earlier than the three of them, Elaina had driven the three of them in since Eret had gone in hours before them. The three wouldn't have minded going in with them, except they had all been asleep when Eret left.

"Yeah." Tommy muttered, not looking up. "I have been staying with them, actually we all have, for the past two days."

"Why?" Puffy asked, unable to hide her surprise, not that it mattered, Tommy still hadn't looked up.

"I- well they know." Tommy said.

"Oh Tommy." Puffy said, knowing what he meant.

"They knew about the Theater and I know the second I step foot into that house it's going to be question after question and demanding answers and I don't want to relive the worst years of my life Puffy!" Tommy exclaimed, looking up at her with tears shining in his eyes.

"Will you have to? First do you have to go back? And second, do you have to answer their questions if you do?" Puffy asked.

"I- I spoke with Phil this morning. He showed up at the school and was rightfully... I wouldn't call it mad but rather upset... The first thing he asked was if I was okay. Then told me I was welcome at home if I chose to come back. He was upset that I invited people over without telling him, especially Eret since they're an adult and all."

"Aren't you an adult?" Puffy asked.

"Yeah but he's right, I should've asked Phil at the very least." Tommy said. "I just thought... well I hadn't asked in the past and it wasn't an issue but I thought we'd be gone by the time they got home."

“Good.” Puffy said. “I’m glad you recognize that. That’s very good and mature of you.” Puffy told him.

“Thanks.” He muttered without really meaning.

“I have a feeling that’s not all of it.” Puffy said, Tommy shook his head.

“I- I don’t want to see them. They make me so *fucking* mad Puffy! I- they have no clue what they did to me and it’s so unfair. I *want* my brothers back, I really do. Like how I have my dad back! But they can’t even apologize or even realize that they did something wrong! I can’t stand it!” Tommy yelled. “It was so life changing for me, it started a spiral that I didn’t even realize and I can’t just deal with it! I can’t just have my brothers without their apology, without them at least acknowledging that they’ve hurt me.”

“What brought this on?” Puffy asked. “Normally you’re more passive when it comes to this, what happened?”

“Techno is the reason Dream is being horrible to me.” Tommy said. “Dream fucked up his knee or some shit when he fought Techno in high school and decided to take it out on me.”

“I’m sorry.” Puffy told him.

“But it just goes to show that they don’t care about others as long as *they succeed* ! They just don’t stop to take in the consequences of their actions!” Tommy yelled. “This place was my safe haven and they just had to go a ruin it, like everything else!”

“Was it his fault?” Puffy asked.

“I don’t know. I don’t think so but I can’t find it in me to care. Chances he just took the win and just shrugged when Dream couldn’t compete anymore.” Tommy said. “If he was a good

friend or something Dream wouldn't be treating me like this."

"That's a fair assumption but you should probably ask before jumping to conclusions." Puffy said. Tommy sighed.

"Why do you have to make so much sense?" He asked. Puffy shrugged.

"It's my job." She replied with a wry smile.

"What do I do, Puffy?" He asked.

"That's up to you." She told him. "You can go home, face them and answer questions, you can go home and ignore them, you can keep staying with Eret, I'm sure they and Elaina wouldn't mind you staying for a bit. You can stay with Tubbo if you want, I'm sure he wouldn't mind company in his huge and lonely house. You can even stay with me if you'd like, but I can't tell you what to do."

"I- I think I'm going to try to stay with Tubbo for a couple of days and then go home. I- I'm leaving for university soon and I want to be able to actually spend time with Phil before I go." He said.

"That's good, and what are you going to do about your brothers?" Puffy asked.

"I'm going to ignore them. At least for now. I'm not ready." Tommy told her.

"Fair enough." Puffy said. "Anything more you want to talk about, are you planning on going to classes today or are you going to take a mental health day here?"

"I'm going to head to class later, third period and on, but not English, sorry I just can't do it. Not right now." Tommy said to her.

“That’s fine. Take you time, it’s okay.”

“Thank you.”

----

“Ayup Tommy.” Tubbo said as he walked into Puffy’s office eighth period, just knowing he would be there too.

““Sup Tubs.” Tommy said.

“How are you doing?” Tubbo asked. “It’s been a rough couple of days.” Tommy shrugged.

“It’s not bad, but not great.” Tommy replied. “Can I stay at your place for the next couple of days? I think I’ve inconvenienced Eret and Elaina enough but I’m not ready to go home.”

“Sure thing. I’ll tell my dad before we head off to Theater.” Tubbo said. “He won’t mind, and if he does, who cares. I’ll just bring up my trump card.”

“Your trump card?” Puffy asked.

“Yep!” Tubbo said, popping the p.

“I feel like I’m going to regret asking this, but what is your trump card, Tubbo?” Puffy said, leaning back in her hair.

“Hey remember when you were an alcoholic and were *really* awful to me to the point where we were real close to getting put on the streets and the only thing that sobered you up was the fact that moms brother almost took you away from me?’ Or ‘I think I might stay with Uncle Sparkles for a bit, he has a pool and I kinda want to go swimming-’ wait shit, no that was the card that was trying to get him to get us a pool. Fuck.” Tubbo muttered.

“Nice shit Tubs. Good work man. I respect the hustle.” Tommy praised him.

“Do I have to schedule an appointment for you dad?” Puffy asked.

“Nah he deserves it.” Tubbo said. “You know I trauma dump on you daily!”

“It’s not a trauma dump Tubbo, it’s therapy.” Puffy said with a sigh.

“It’s a trauma dump.” Tubbo replied.

“Yes, I am simply venting, but not in the sus way.” Tommy added.

“You did *not* just say that. Please tell me you didn’t just say that.” Tubbo replied

“And what if I did?” Tommy replied. And he had no time to react before a pillow was coming at him at high speed, hitting him in the face.

“Oi, what the fuck.” Tommy said, holding the pillow in his hand.

“You deserved it for making an *Among Us* joke.” Tubbo replied. Tommy gripped the pillow tighter and approached Tubbo.

“No, no no. Do *not* hit me with that!” Tubbo yelled and he grabbed another pillow.

Puffy only sighed knowing she was bound to be hit with a pillow herself, she'd get caught in the crossfire one way or another.

----

Tubbo did *not* need his trump card when he went to tell his dad that Tommy was staying over for a couple of days. Schlatt *did* look like he was going to argue but Tubbo simply raised an eyebrow and he backed down and the two of them went to the Theater, meeting Ranboo on the way there.

“So.” Eret said, clapping their hands together. “Are we ready for our first run through of the show?”

The three boys cheered, as loud as three people could.

“Okay, remember, make mistakes, who cares it's our first run through. Incomplete things don't matter just run with it, 'yes and' if you have to! We're running through it without stopping. 5 minute break for the intermission so you're not over tired. Sound good?” Eret asked.

“Got you got it big man!” Tubbo said.

“Starting places, introductory number, speak to the audience, let them know who we are, what we're doing. This number is just for fun, don't worry about hitting the notes just fuck around!” Eret reminded them.

“Are we going to get in trouble for fucking around?” Tubbo asked.

“I mean... yeah this is the most important performance of our lives to date, if we mess up what's going to happen?” Ranboo cut in, obviously nervous. Unlike Tubbo and even Tommy,



If Ranboo lost his scholarship he was *not* going to this college. It didn't matter the school he was from if he didn't get a full ride he wasn't going.

"No." Eret said. "This is off putting, this makes it seem like we're not as good as we actually are which makes *everything* that follows seem more amazing than you'd ever imagine. That's if you mess up. This isn't a 'oh don't care' it's more of let your personality shine through, focus more on what justice this song, this number, can do for you and not the other way around. Is it traditional? No. Is it bad? Absolutely not. We're anything but traditional here, and honestly we *make* the status quo."

"Then why do we try so hard on the others!?" Tubbo whined.

"Do you *want* to go to college? Because the only school that has more power in the performing arts community than us is your college." Eret said with a laugh. "But the hardest part is over, you're already accepted into the school and all you have to do now is perform to the best of your abilities. Can you do that?"

"I guess I can." Tommy huffed, jokingly. Eret rolled their eyes fondly.

"Get to it then!" They yelled.

----

Wilbur was beyond stressed and beyond worried and he knew Techno was feeling the same way. Techno usually finishes a book a day without an issue but he has been on the same book for the last four days. Not to mention it was one of his old favorites that he usually only read when he was stressed out.

They were both concerned about Tommy. He wasn't answer their texts, not even opening them.

"What did we do?" Wilbur asked, tired of the tense silences.

“I don’t know.” Techno answered instantly, knowing exactly what Wilbur meant.

“We had to have done something!” Wilbur exclaimed.

“I know.” Techno replied.

“Well *think* ! Think about what it could be instead of just sitting there saying that you know or don’t!” Wilbur yelled.

“Don’t you think I have?” Techno replied, his voice dangerously cold as he looked at his twin with an expression usually reserved for people he hated. Wilbur was taken aback and at a loss for words.

“I-”

“He didn’t look at you the way he looked at me.” Techno said, maintaining eye contact. “He wasn’t looking at you with that look of *pure* betrayal. That-that look of fear and pushed all together and shoved at you.”

“Tech...”

“No.” He said with finality that Wilbur wasn’t sure he *ever* heard him use. “He. Wasn’t. Looking. At. You. He was looking at me and *told* me that I was making him miserable for- at *least* the second time!”

“He was looking at *me* when he felt that fear and betrayal. Not you, not Phil, not his friends, not even whoever that Eret person was. *Me* . Then when I asked what happened... seeing his face shut down like that. Go from the most expressive thing you could imagine, going from *Tommy feeling betrayed and scared* from someone he should be able to feel *safe* around to being completely blank.”

“Not an emotion, not a *hint* to what he was feeling in any way showed in his eyes. They were *dead*, Wilbur. That’s what you don’t understand.”

There was silence.

“Of *course* I’ve been thinking about what we could’ve possibly done to make the most expressive kid I’ve ever known look *dead inside* when I asked what we did. Of *course* I’ve been racking my brain as much as I *possibly* could thinking of what we could’ve done that made our little brother need a *fucking defense* mechanism against *us* .”

Wilbur couldn’t look away from his brother. He wanted to, *gods* did he want to but he couldn’t. He was stuck looking his brother in the eyes, until he looked away, Wilbur was captive.

----

Eret didn’t waste time when they were done, ushering them all out as soon as they had finished. They waved goodbye to the night security and walked out the doors.

“What’s the rush?” Tubbo whined. “I don’t want to go home yet.”

“Sorry, I have to get going.” Eret said, walking towards their car.

“What do you have to do that’s more important than us?” Tommy demanded, definitely *not* pouting.

“First of all, nothing is more important than you.” Eret said, seriously. “And secondly, I didn’t go to school for acting just to be a teacher.”

“You’re in a performance?!” Ranboo exclaimed, connecting the dots quicker than Tubbo or Tommy.

“What? No way! What are you doing?” Tommy yelled.

“Can we watch?” Tubbo asked.

“Calm down. Yes I’m in a play, we’re doing *Hamlet*, nothing special just Shakespear for adults with full-time jobs. You can come see it if you want but aren’t you in the middle of reading it in English?” Eret asked.

“Yeah but I can’t understand it, and you’ve always said that Shakespear should be seen and not read.” Tubbo replied.

“Yeah Dream doesn’t exactly *explain* what’s going on in the book. We just... popcorn read it and hope what we’re saying makes sense.” Ranboo said.

“I swear we’re summoning a demon, I’m not even sure if our books are actually *Hamlet* or if it’s just ‘How to Summon a Demon 101’.” Tommy said.

“Dream *would* have that book.” Tubbo nodded.

“You can come see it if you want.” Eret said. “We’re starting Tech week so I’ll be pushing us out these next two weeks just a bit earlier. Is that okay?”

“I would literally kill a man for you but yeah that’s fine.” Tubbo said.

“I’m going to pretend I didn’t hear that, you guys good for a ride home? Tommy your staying at Tubbo’s house right?”

“Yeah.”

“I am too, but just for the night.” Ranboo said.

“You are?” Tommy asked.

“Yep, I invited him.” Tubbo said.

“Do over sleepover?” Ranboo asked, a bit afraid if it was too soon.

“Do over sleepover.” Tommy agreed.

----

On Thursday Tommy texted Phil, for the first time since that night.

***Sonza***

*I'm coming home tonight*

***Phillipza***

*Okay*

***Phillipza***

*I've been home all week, my job gave me the week off for the whole booking the wrong place thing*

***Phillipza***

*Meaning you won't be alone with Techno and Wil*

***Sonza***

*Thanks.*

***Phillipza***

*How are you doing?*

***Sonza***

*Been Worse*

***Phillipza***

*Are you okay?*

***Sonza***

*I think so*

***Sonza***

*I don't want to come home but I also do*

***Phillipza***

*I understand that*

***Phillipza***

*What happened was hard*

***Phillipza***

*I'm sorry that it happened.*

***Sonza***

*It's not your fault.*

***Sonza***

*I'll text you when we're on our way*

***Phillipza***

*Okay, love you*

***Sonza***

*Love you too.*

And Tommy was definitely a wreck the rest of the day. Friday was the day of their midterms. So now he was going home, into a definitely hostile environment, and he was expected to go to school the next day and take his midterms.

To be fair it wasn't *all* his midterms, it took one Wednesday and two today but he had two of his hardest classes tomorrow. He had his EMT midterm which was a medical emergency simulation, high stress and even higher stakes if he messed it up. But worse than that was his English midterm. He wasn't afraid that he'd do bad, he was really good at English honestly. He was good at the subject but his teacher had it out for him personally and now he knew why.

Yes he would make sure his test was graded fairly, even if he had to get Schlatt involved. But honestly it still worried him.

Either way he was uncomfortable and very stressed and really didn't want to go home. But he wanted his bed, he wanted his stuff, he wanted the familiarity of *his* stuff. He also knew he would start to overstay his welcome at Tubbo's house. While Tubbo obviously enjoyed having him there and wouldn't mind him staying until they went off to university together, Tommy could tell Schlatt was getting agitated.

Not that he cared all too much but it *was* his house and he *was* letting Tommy stay there without complaining. He did stay one day more just to piss him off for what he did to Tubbo when he was younger but honestly Schlatt *had* turned himself around and Tubbo was proud of him.

So long story short, Tommy was a mess all day. He stumbled through the majority of his classes, only managing to focus on the classes that had midterms today. (ASL and Chemistry) Even in theater he was messing up.

Luckily Eret and his friends were patient with him, they understood what was about to happen. He stumbled in dancing, he missed his cue more than once and overall made the class run late and they were rushing out so that Eret could make it to *their* rehearsal.

For the first time in nearly a week, Tommy was walking home with Ranboo. And Ranboo, for his part, was filling in the silence by rambling about a new game he had been playing and that he wanted everyone to try playing it on their next game night.

Tommy was only half listening but honestly it did seem interesting and fun and he would like to try it at game night. But he wasn't so sure what it was about, just the mechanics.

Once they got to Tommy's house, because Ranboo refused to part where they normally do, they both just paused at the end of his driveway, the sun had barely gone down and was mostly just setting. Ranboo had trailed off and they were just standing in silence.

"I'm going." Tommy said, not moving. Ranboo nodded.

"Good luck." He said, as neither of them made any movement.



“Is it going to be okay?” Tommy asked, not looking away from his house, simply staring at it.

“Yeah.” Ranboo said. “It is. Maybe not at first and maybe not for awhile but it will be. Besides we only have a couple of more months here before we leave.”

“Yeah.” Tommy agreed. “Okay, goodnight Ranboo.”

And with that he walked down his driveway. Ranboo walked away too, but much slower and he was walking backwards as he watched Tommy, making sure he didn’t change his mind and stay with someone else for however long. Just walking and watching.

-

Tommy opened the door as quietly as possible. He took off his shoes and looked around. The lights in the living room were on but no one was there. The tv was off and no one sat on the couch or any of the chairs.

He walked to the stairs, almost to his room, almost away from this all and just allowed to be with himself in his own *goddamn* room.

“Tommy?”

## Chapter End Notes

We're almost done! Only a couple more chapter left now lmao

I would promote my discord but... we're beyond chaotic. On the Brightside if you join you get a new mother (me) a Father (Atlas/Dadza) and another dad/parental unit (Ash) It balances out? I have no idea I'm trying here [DISCORD](#)

Hey I have a Tik Tok where I've posted a comic! Check it out! (But I have misplaced my tablet so you may have to wait for an update lmao) [Tik Tok](#)



# If I Loved You (Carousel; 1945)

## Chapter Summary

/\*\*Trigger Warnings\*\*\\

- Past Neglect
- Almost Panic Attack
- Mentions of the foster system
- Mentions of/past bad homes
- Mentions of death
- Implications of past suicidal thoughts/ideations

\*\*This list is potentially incomplete, please let me know if I've missed anything, stay safe\*\*

## Chapter Notes

In which confrontation happens, and a family learns the truth.

Anyway, have fun reading this because the sheer amount of math and research that went into this short chapter was insane.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy turned to see Technoblade standing there. He looked at him for a second, neither one of them believing their eyes. In a split second he was engulfed in a hug, pink hair flooded his vision and was pressed against his older brother's chest. He blinked, but didn't push away.

"I'm sorry." Techno whispered and Tommy froze. His breath left his lungs and his body felt weak. He didn't trust himself to speak or move but he knew he had to do both. He pushed Techno away lightly, just enough to get him to let go and look him in the eyes.

"For what?" Tommy asked, his voice shaking as he was trying not to lose it in front of Techno. Technoblade opened his mouth, meaning to reply but nothing came out. Not a word,

not a sound, nothing. He just stood there with his mouth opening, the start of a reply dying on his tongue.

All light died from Tommy's eyes. All hope drained and he looked at Techno with contempt.

"Don't *fucking* apologize unless you know what you're apologizing for." He spat and twisted out of Techno's hands and tried to continue up the stairs.

"I'm sorry for ruining your life!" Techno yelled at him. Tommy stopped and turned around, at the top of the stairs he looked down at his brother.

"What did you do?" Tommy asked. "To ruin my life?"

"I- well you know- with Dream..." Techno trailed off.

"Dream," Tommy started, taking one step down. "couldn't ruin" *Step* "my life" *Step* "if he tired" *Step* . Only one step taller and yet Techno looked up at him. "And trust me, he's tried."

"I-"

"But you know who *can* ruin my life?" Tommy asked. "Two twins who can't get their heads out of their asses long enough to realize that other people exist in this world."

"That's not fair." Techno started.

"Isn't it?" Tommy replied.

"I don't think so."

“Yeah, because everything has to be about *you* doesn’t it?” Tommy answered.

“Is that what you’re upset about?” Wilbur asked from the top of the stairs, making Tommy turn to face him as well. “You’re *jealous* of the attention we get?”

“Jealous?” Tommy asked, pressing his back up against the wall.

“You had *seven* years of Phil’s attention, why the hell would you be jealous?” Techno asked, getting angry as well.

“Phil’s *attention* ? When the *fuck* would I get that?” Tommy asked. “For *seven* years not one of my friends have ever met him. For *seven* years my friends have been coming over, staying overnight, ever wonder why they knew the house better than you did? And not one of them could describe Phil to me. Not one parent-teacher conference was attended, not *one* show was attended, not one school event did I have anyone to show up with. I came *alone* . You know who was there for me? You know who’s attention I *did* get. I got Eret’s attention. I got Puffy’s attention, I got Sam’s attention. You know who’s attention I *didn’t* get? Phil’s and I certainly didn’t get yours.”

“Oh not to mention the fact that *you* two got Phil’s undivided attention for 14 fucking years before I came along. I am *not* jealous and if I was it wouldn’t be of you two. There’s nothing there to be jealous about.” Tommy said.

“Nothing to feel jealous about? You’re going into the same field as me! You were literally going to ask me for help the other night!” Wilbur countered.

“Okay and? I got into the country’s most prestigious high school while actively failing every fucking class! I hadn’t turned in one assignment in all of eighth grade before Eret came along! They had already accepted me by that point. I don’t give a fuck about you or what you’re doing! Besides I’m not even going into music I’m going into the theater! I’m an actor not a singer!” Tommy yelled.

“Well you’re not great at acting, anyone here can you see your upset with us!” Techno replied.

“That’s the fucking point dumbass!” Tommy replied. “And I shouldn’t *have* to act at home, it’s supposed to be a safe space not an active battle zone and it *was* a safe space until you two had to come home and fuck it all up!” Tommy was suddenly very aware of how cornered he was, trapped between Techno on the step below him and Wilbur at the top of the stairs. He pressed himself further up against the wall as he felt his heart rate increase and his breathing quickened.

“Boys!” Phil yelled. “Techno, move away from the stairs.” Techno seemed to hesitate but looked at his dad and moved. Phil moved closer to Tommy, who was already feeling better now that he was no longer trapped.

“Are you okay?” Phil asked him, in a hushed tone. Not that it mattered, it was obviously heard by the twins. Tommy took a shuddering breath but nodded.

“Yeah, I’m okay.” He said, feeling his heartbeat go down.

“Okay. That’s good.” Phil said. “Are you okay enough to have a conversation?” Phil asked. Tommy glanced up at Wilbur then over at Techno. Despite the anger they seemed to hold, and that Tommy held as well, they both looked at least somewhat concerned about him. Although Techno seemed to hold something else, or at least some other kind of concern.

So, Tommy nodded.

“Yeah I think so.”

-

Twenty minutes later found the Watson family sitting around their dining room table, after an awkward and pretty much silent gathering of comfort foods and hot chocolate or coffee. They sat in their normal seats and they were quiet for a moment.

“So, anyone can ask questions when it’s their turn but no one *has* to answer, and no one is going to pressure you to answer under any circumstances. But I ask if you *do* answer you answer with the truth. Am I understood?” They all nodded.

“No, tell me you understand.” Phil replied.

“I understand.” Tommy spoke up first.

“I do too.”

“Me too.”

“Okay, who wants to start with questions?” Phil asked. Wilbur’s hand shot up, Phil nodded to him.

“Tommy, why are you mad at us? Why are you acting so cold and what’s up?” Wilbur asked.

“The fact that you don’t know, makes this a hundred times worse. I’m acting cold and what’s up is that *you two* hurt me. Significantly so. And I’m not going to sit here and act all friendly with you when I can’t even *look* at you some days!” Tommy yelled.

“We can’t fix it, if you don’t tell us what we did.” Techno replied.

“You should know what you did!” Tommy countered. “I don’t care if you don’t know, if you don’t know don’t apologize because you clearly don’t mean it.”

“How can we know what we did if you won’t tell us!” Wilbur said.

“Boys.” Phil warned.

“You’re supposed to know!” Tommy yelled.

“Just because you’re being dramatic doesn’t mean the rest of us have to suffer because of it!” Wilbur replied.

“I’m not being dramatic!” Tommy answered, offended.

“Boys!” Phil tried to cut in.

“Of course you are! How could *we* ruin your life?! We were 19!” Wilbur said.

“I was 12!” Tommy said. “I was 12 and I lost the two people I thought were supposed to love me!”

“You’re mad at us for leaving for college? That’s so fucking stupid and selfish! It was our dream school! We *had* to go!” Wilbur stood up.

“I don’t give a shit about your college Wilbur! I couldn’t care less if you went down the street!”

“Then what? What is it?! You’re blowing this out of proportion and now your stories don’t add up!”

“Wilbur-” Techno tried.

“I was 13 when I considered going back to my caseworker!” Tommy yelled standing up and slamming his hands down and silence fell over the table.



“What?” Phil asked, his voice breaking slightly.

“I-” Tommy started, unable to finish.

“You considered what?” Techno asked, looking at him with concern, no contemptment or anything, just concern. Tommy sighed and hung his head.

“I considered going back to my caseworker.” Tommy admitted. “But I didn’t want to get put into another bad house so I didn’t go back.”

“Is that the only reason?” Phil asked. Tommy didn’t want to answer but he knew the whole ‘if you don’t want to answer you don’t have to’ was over now.

“At the time,” He sighed. “Yeah. It was.”

“What? Why not-”

“You?” Tommy cut Wilbur off. “Why not you? Why not you guys? Because I didn’t *have* you guys. I had a couple of friends who took me back to school shopping, I had an empty seat saved at my seventh grade recidial. I had *nothing else keeping me here!*” He yelled.

“I had nothing.” Tommy said, shaking. “And I continued to have nothing into the next year. Waking up in the morning was all I could manage because I had nothing and even then I almost fucking didn’t!”

“Tommy are you say-”

“Yeah. I am. And fuck I’ve never admitted out loud before because I certainly didn’t realize it then but gods I wasn’t making it past eighth grade if Eret didn’t step in. I was going to *die* ! Do you understand that? I am *not* being dramatic. I’m fucking admitting it, but it wasn’t making it. Not without Eret.” Tommy said.

“So no. I’m not being fuck dramatic, I’m not fucking jealous and I’m certainly not mad at you for leaving for college. In fact you can ask *anyone* I know and they’ll tell what a *shit* mood I was in when I found out you were coming back. As I said before, get your head out of your ass and realize that not everything is about you. The world doesn’t revolve around you, you are not the most important person in my life anymore. Get over yourself and stop hurting me!” Tommy yelled and shoved himself backwards and up the stairs and to his room, slamming the door shut.

Wilbur followed instantly, rushing up and trying to get Tommy to open the door. He banged on the door, just knocking and hitting it.

“Tommy- Open the door. I- I’m sorry I didn’t mean to downplay what you were going through, I was just frustrated. I’m sorry. Come on, open the door.” Wilbur said, still knocking.

-

Phil and Techno stayed at the dinner table, just sitting while coffee and hot chocolate got cold. They could hear Wilbur trying to get into Tommy’s room, they could hear what sounded like Tommy moving his dresser to block the door. Neither one of them moved, no one said anything.

The knocking stopped and all the talking and noise coming from upstairs. The house was silent and a father and son were left alone at the dining room table. Phil doubted if they’d ever be able to eat at this table again.

But he turned to Techno after an undefined amount of time.

“Do you know?” He asked. Techno turned him as well, his expression was one Phil had never seen on him before. It was desperate, broken and just all around *raw emotion* that Techno never showed.

“I- I think I might.” He closed his eyes and sighed. “No, I don’t but I think I’m starting to remember.”

“Remember what?” Phil asked, grabbing Techno’s hand.

“Remember what happened between us. I don’t remember that night, I genuinely don’t but I think something might’ve happened.” Techno said, staring down at their interlocked hands.

“When, what night?” Phil asked.

“The night we left for college.”

----

Technoblade spent the next couple of hours talking it out with Phil and the more they spoke the more he became sure that something happened that night. It was seven years ago and he remembers *nothing* from that night. He remembers re-packing over and over again and remembers being stressed, and he *thinks* he remembered Tommy coming into their room but after that the night is a blur. Hell he barely remembers getting on the plane the next morning and actually getting to school with Wilbur. Let alone the night before.

How do you remember a random night seven years ago? How do you remember ruining someone you care about?

How do you deal with the information that you caused your brother to want to get away from your family, to almost not make it, to fall into the arms of a stranger just because they were open?

But he knew it was his fault, but he didn’t know how it was his fault. What did he do? What did he and Wilbur do to cause a spiral of this size?

He didn’t know.

Logically, he could go through everything he knew about Tommy, anything that may or may not be relevant anymore, and see how it could be used against him. But gods did he *not* want to do that. He didn't want to think about how he could hurt Tommy, because he did already and he never wanted to do that again.

Techno walked up the stairs to find his brother, his twin, sitting in front of Tommy's door. No light came from under the door so it was safe to assume that he was asleep.

"Hey." Wilbur croaked, his voice was shot from talking and yelling so much.

"Hi." Techno replied. "Anything?" Wilbur shook his head and rested his forehead on his knees.

"Didn't think so." Techno murmured before sitting down on the other side of the door, as to not block it.

"What were you and Phil talking about?" Wilbur asked.

"Just trying to figure out what we could've done." Techno said. "He's actually trying to get into contact with Tommy's middle school friends and ask about it. He's also emailing both Puffy and Eret to set up a conference or something."

"Yeah, do you think that will help?" Wilbur asked, turning to look at Techno but not lifting his head from his knees.

"I hope." Techno said. "But honestly I'm not sure. It's not like they'll tell us anything Tommy didn't."

"No I know, but maybe they can help us open a line of communication or something." Wilbur muttered. "Something, anything."

Techno took Wilbur's hand. It was red from all his pounding on the door. But he held his brother's hand, knowing that neither of them were going to be moving anytime soon. Just waiting until they heard something, anything from Tommy.

Wilbur hummed quietly, Tommy's favorite song of Wilbur's, or what was his favorite song. Maybe he didn't like Wilbur's songs anymore, they didn't know. But he kept humming it, remembering how the two of them would calm Tommy down from nightmares. Phil would be there most nights but sometimes he'd sleep through them.

----

Wilbur woke up first, accidentally falling and hitting his head on the floor before waking up. The sound woke Techno up as well and blinked a couple of times.

"Are you okay?" Techno asked, rubbing his eyes, his voice hoarse from sleep.

"Yeah, fine." Wilbur said, checking to make sure his nose wasn't bleeding or broken. Wilbur stood up, using the door knob to help him stand when it twisted. They both froze and then rushed to open the door.

Tommy's door was the only bedroom door that opened both ways. It could open inside or out and the door was still blocked apparently because it wouldn't open inside. Wilbur threw open the door, almost hitting Techno in the process. He knew he couldn't move the dresser and instead vaulted over it and into Tommy's room.

"Tommy!" He called for a second but the room was empty.

Empty.

He wasn't there.

“Is he- He’s not here?” Techno said looking in from the doorway, on the other side of the dresser.

“No, no he’s gone!” Wilbur yelled and jumped over the dresser again. “We gotta tell Phil.” And the two rushed downstairs, skidding in the kitchen to where Phil was, sitting at the island sipping his coffee.

He simply raised an eyebrow at the frazzled twins.

“Tommy’s gone.”

## Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the short chapter but I was woefully unprepared for this lmao

Heyo join the discord server where we are just plain chaos, \*cough\* \*Cough\* Boo and Moby \*cough\* \*cough\* but honestly it's all /pos, we love the discord server, chaos and all, join us won't you? [DISCORD](#)

Hey I have a Tik Tok where I've posted a comic! Check it out! (But I have misplaced my tablet so you may have to wait for an update lmao) [Tik Tok](#)

# Satisfied (Hamilton; 2015)

## Chapter Summary

/\*\*Trigger Warnings\*\*\\

-Mentions of Self-harm

-Mentions of suicide

-Mentions of past bad mental state

**\*\*This list is intentionally incomplete, please let me know if I've missed anything! Stay save!\*\***

## Chapter Notes

HEY HOWDAY HEY, TO EVERYONE IN THE COMMENTS ASKING IF I'M OKAY, YES I AM

SUPER SORRY FOR THE MONTH LONG HIATUS IT WAS UNPLANNED AND I DIDN'T MEAN TO

First I had stuff going on with my server and figured it'd be okay to miss one week  
Then I had college and I was having a rough time at first but it's okay now! I'm having fun and I should be back to weekly postings but I may miss a couple more than usual lol

But here you go! The next chapter of Theater Major and we are slowly coming to a close.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Phil frowned at the two of them.

“Did you hear Wilbur?” Techno exclaimed. “He’s gone, Tommy’s gone!”

“Boys, do you know what time it is?” Phil asked. The question took them off guard, the last thing they expected Phil to do was calmly ask questions. They figured he’d be out of his seat looking for his son.

“I- Uhm... No?” Wilbur stammered out.

“It’s almost 12pm.” Phil told them, taking another sip of his coffee.

“Okay?” Techno replied. “So? He’s still gone, not in his room! We went in and checked.” Phil closed his eyes and took a deep breath and the twins realized they were missing something.

“What?” Wilbur asked.

“What day is it?” Phil asked.

“Friday. Why does tha- Oh.” Techno cut himself off, embarrassed. He flushed and shut his mouth.

“What? What does Friday have to do with anything?” Wilbur asked, confused.

“It’s 12pm on a weekday.” Phil said. “ *Tommy* is at *school* , like he does every day of the week.”

“Oh.” Wilbur said. “But- but how did he get past us this morning?”

“I don’t know, but he did it. I took him to school myself. Him and Ranboo.” Phil said.

“Oh. So you saw him this morning?” Techno asked.

“Yeah.” Phil agreed.



“Sorry, we saw his room and just assumed the worst.” Wilbur muttered.

“Yeah, I can tell.” Phil replied.

“Sorry...” Techno trailed off. Phil only nodded and grabbed his keys.

“Where are you going now?” Wilbur asked, setting up the coffee machine for himself.

“Back to Tommy’s school. I have a meeting with Mx. Eret and Ms. Cara Puffy.” Phil said. “I figured I’d speak to them about Tommy.”

“What more do we need to know?” Wilbur asked.

“Well, *I* need to know how to progress from here.” Phil said. “I figured I’d speak to the two people who know him best... two *adults* that know him best. Get their opinion on the situation.”

“That’s probably best.” Techno muttered.

“Get coffee or something in you boys.” Phil said, opening the door. “I’ll text you when I’m on my way home.”

The boys nodded, food and coffee sounded good right about now. Especially after the excitement this morning. Phil left the two of them and locked the door behind him. The twins sat down at the table.

“Was it stupid of us to think that Tommy ran away?” Wilbur asked.

“No.” Techno said. “He was stressed last night and with his room closed like that and empty... it was a logical conclusion.”

“I don’t know. I guess we should’ve stopped for a second to think about it. After a fight like that he wouldn’t want to miss school.” Wilbur sighed.

“He’s ran away before... to some extent. With Eret and his friends... the night we came home.” Techno said.

“You’re not wrong I just- I don’t know I feel like we should have at least checked the time.” Wilbur said, resting his head in his arms.

“We were high in emotions.” Techno replied, but even then he was losing fight. “We were stressed.” Wilbur sighed again.

“I guess.”

“We’ll get through this, y’know.” Techno said.

“How?”

“We’ll remember. Eventually.” Techno told him, not making eye contact.

“Are you sure?”

“No. But we have to.”

“Why?” Wilbur asked.

“‘Cause it’s for Tommy.”

Wilbur nodded.

“For Tommy.”

----

Phil waited in the hallway, standing against the wall, just waiting for Ms. Cara Puffy and Mx. Eret to call him inside. He was incredibly pleased that he was able to get a meeting with both of them, especially so soon.

“Mr. Watson?” Puffy asked, poking her head out of her office. Phil looked at her and she gestured for him to come in.

“Thank you.” Phil said and he sat down across from Eret and Puffy. Eret was sat with posture like royalty, although it fit with the whole vibe they had going on, their arms crossed and even with the sunglasses on Phil could tell Eret didn’t look very happy.

“So,” Puffy started politely. “What can I help you with?”

“I don’t know what Tommy does and doesn’t tell you, and I’m not asking to know. I just-alright. Last night Tommy said a couple of things, things that concerned me and I just wanted to reach out and ask what you would think should be my next step in helping him.” Phil told them. Both of them were quiet for a moment.

“What would you like help with?” Eret eventually said.

“Tommy told me you saved his life.” Phil admitted. “And first of all, I can’t thank you enough for that, Eret. I genuinely can’t thank you enough. I don’t know how to express it in words nor can I express the amount of guilt and regret I feel for not being there for him myself. I was caught up in what *I* was doing, for him, that I didn’t realize that’s not what he needed. It was just as much my fault as it was whatever happened with the twins.”

“I- He told us last night that he almost went back to his social worker, to ask to be taken out of our home. He also told us he almost didn’t make it. So, I want to know, what I can do to help him now that these things are out in the open. How do I make his home, *our* home into a safe space for him again?” Phil asked. Puffy shifted her seat and crossed her legs.

“Talk to him. Let him know that this is what you want. Ask him what you can do for him.” Puffy said.

“Ask him what happened.” Eret said.

“What?” Phil asked.

“Ask him what happened.” Eret repeated. “Ask him what happened between him and his brothers. I’m sure you already have but if he was willing to share *that* much I think there is something he needs to get off his chest, to you.”

Phil was quiet for a moment.

“Do you both know?” Phil asked. “Do you know what happened?”

“I do.” Puffy said. “I’ve been helping him through it for the time he’s been here. Along with other underlying issues.”

“I do too. I was the first person he told. Broke down to me in eighth grade. I spent more than a couple of nights helping him get his grades back up to what they needed to be to join this school. I’ve been a mental health advocate for years now, especially after what happened in high school. It was a way for us to connect, something we had in common.” Eret told him. “I probably know your son more than you do and I don’t mean that as an insult, it’s just the truth. I think you need to talk to him about this.”

“I will. Trust me, I will.” Phil said. “Anything else I should know?”

“Tommy wants this family just as much as you do. Which is exactly why he can’t let this go. Without an apology, an actual apology, this family will never work. Tommy wants it to work just as much as you do, and if Tommy tells you what happened then you’ll understand I’m sure.” Puffy told him.

“You’re doing what you can to fix what you broke.” Eret said. “That is admirable and it’s all you can do now. Tommy forgives you but that does not mean we, the people who had to heal him, do. I’m not saying I hate you as I understand where you were coming from, however what happened to that kid is not okay and it will never be okay. In time I’m sure things will get better, and perhaps we can even stay in touch, but at the moment I am only here because I want to help Tommy get what he really wants. His family back.”

Phil looked at Eret, the two engaged in some kind of staring contest, not that anyone could see Eret’s eyes as their sunglasses covered it. Puffy shifted in her seat again.

“Anything else?” She asked, interrupting the tense moment of silence. Phil looked at her and blinked before turning back to Eret.

“Thank you” He said to them, he looked a bit lost. Inside his head must have been a million emotions and a billion more thoughts swirling around. They could imagine, first time hearing Tommy’s story was mind boggling at times.

“Thank you.” Phil repeated, to the both of them this time as he stood up and walked out of the room.

Puffy and Eret stayed in their seats. Both unwilling to move and instead, content to sit in a comfortable silence with each other as they processed what had just happened.

“Did I come off a bit too strong? Mean?” Eret asked eventually.

“No.” Puffy said. “I think it was exactly what he needed.”

----

Tommy was surprised no one intercepted him as he came home from school. He managed to get to his room without a single person speaking to him or asking him something or ambushing him with some sort of life changing statement.

Not to say he wasn't *happy* about it, he was very much happy about it, but he was surprised, especially because his brothers had spent the night in front of his door. In fact he half expected them to be in front of his door when he got home.

Although he was *not* surprised to have someone knock on his door only an hour after he had gotten home. He sighed and walked over to the door.

"Who is it?" He asked.

"Phil." Tommy hesitated but then opened the door. Phil was standing there with a smile, soft and small.

"Can I come in?" Phil asked.

"I'd prefer that actually." Tommy said, not wanting to risk Wilbur or Techno seeing them. Phil nodded and walked in. The two sat on Tommy's bed and were quiet for a moment.

"Listen, Phil. I know what I said last night but I was in a bad place then and I was just frustrated and honestly I really do love you and I love being here.. Kinda, but the point is I'm not going to hurt myself I promise and you don't have to worry-"

"Toms." Phil cut in gently. "It's okay. I understand. I- I don't want to talk about last night."

"Oh." Tommy said, slightly embarrassed. "Then what did you want to talk about?"

“I wanted to talk about what happened with Techno and Wilbur? If you’re comfortable with that.” Phil said.

“I-” Tommy began but then stopped. “Do I have to?”

“No.” Phil said. “I would just like to know. Be in the know and maybe help. I would never tell them I promise you that.” Tommy took a breath.

“Okay.” He said.

“The day before Techno and Wilbur moved out, moved to college, I went into their room to give them a gift... and that’s when it all went wrong.

-

When Tommy was done with his story Phil was *fuming* . It was practically radiating off of him and Tommy hadn’t looked at Phil while he was telling him the story and when he looked up he was shocked into silence.

Phil had been mad before. He was mad when Techno broke Wilbur’s arm, he was mad when Tommy had accidentally spilled coffee on Phil’s laptop, he was mad when Wilbur smashed the TV with his guitar.

This wasn’t Phil mad, this was Phil *fuming* . Tommy was quiet and refused to look him in the eye.

“I’m sorry.” Phil said. “I want you to know that I’m not mad at you. But I do need a minute if you wouldn’t mind.”

“N-no go ahead.” Tommy said. And with that Phil walked out of his room and happened to walk completely out of the house.

Phil has no idea where he was going or what he was doing. He just knew he needed out of the house or else he was going to yell at the twins like there was no tomorrow.

How the *fuck they* thought that was okay to do, Phil will never know. He raised them better than that. It was in a moment of stress and annoyance, that was clear. The twins hadn't meant what they said and it was all because of stress. However, that was an explanation, not an excuse. There was no excuse for that, it was cruel and awful. Especially for a kid as young as Tommy.

And Phil *hated* himself for letting it go on as long as it did. Not to mention the fact that he kind of proved what the twins said by working all time after they left. He'd just wanted a better life for his kids and instead made one of them so much worse.

He *loathed* himself for making Tommy believe what he did. And he couldn't stand to be in the same room as Tommy, he didn't deserve to be in the same room as Tommy.

----

Phil didn't return for a couple of hours. Tommy was worried but didn't say anything. Phil said he wasn't mad at him but it was still hard to think about it like that. For most of his life Tommy had always been the one who was being yelled at, who people were mad at. And for once it wasn't.

It was refreshing. But honestly it was hard to believe.

Phil came back with ice cream. He walked through the house, footsteps just a bit heavier than normal. He dropped off an entire pint of ice cream, Tommy's favorite and sat back down on his bed.

"So. Is there anything I can do to make it up to you?" Phil asked.

Tommy thought for a moment. This was new. Nothing could *make it up to him, especially* not now so far from when it happened.



But.

But there was something that would make this whole ordeal a little bit better.

"No there isn't." Tommy said honestly. Phil sighed and started to speak.

"But there is something that can help." Tommy interrupted with a slightly devious smile. Phil took one look at his expression and knew that no matter what it was, he'd make it happen.

----

*"Just leave us alone Tommy, we're busy!" Wilbur huffed as he practically shoved past the young boy to put some extra clothes into his suitcase.*

*"But it will only take a second! Plus you said you finished packing yesterday." Tommy whined, his hands behind his back, holding a poorly wrapped present for the twins.*

*"Well things change." Techno muttered, rearranging the things in his bag for what must be the eightieth time.*

*"But-"*

*"Tommy, go." Wilbur said lowly. But he couldn't go, not when the twins were leaving to go to college tomorrow. If he waited until tomorrow to give them their present they wouldn't be able to fit it in any of their bags at the airport.*

*"No!" Tommy exclaimed and stamped his foot. He had to give this to them now. "I need to-"*

*"Just go Tommy!" Techno yelled and shoved Tommy back towards the door. Tommy hadn't expected such an outburst and instead of keeping his balance he ended up falling ass-first onto the floor... and onto his gift for the twins. He winced as he heard the cracking of glass and he stood up to find his present shatter, the pieces scattered across the floor of their room. Tommy blinked at the mess.*

*“Oh god tell me you didn’t just do that!” Wilbur exclaimed. Tommy’s head turned so fast to Wilbur that he was surprised he didn’t get whiplash. Tears were forming in his eyes. “You’re so annoying, move over.” Wilbur shoved him to the side, away from his broken present as Wilbur grabbed the trash can and started to shovel what he could inside.*

*“What the fuck, Tommy? What was in this? Glitter? Are you kidding me, this shit is everywhere!” Wilbur exclaimed.*

*“We’re never getting that out.” Techno huffed picking a piece of broken glass and tossing it into the bin.*

*“W- Techno was the one to shove me in the first place!” Tommy exclaimed, finding his voice.*

*“Because you” Wilbur punctuation his statement by poking Tommy hard in the chest. “Wouldn’t get out of here and leave us alone like we goddamn asked!”*

-

Techno shot up in his bed, he found himself drenched in sweat as he attempted to catch his breath. He remembered.

He remembered *that* night. The night before they went to college. That was it. Tommy was just trying to give them a gift and they broke it and blamed him. He was just a kid and they didn’t even ask if he was okay. They only cared about packing.

He couldn't wait anymore. He practically launched himself out of bed, unknowingly waking up Wilbur in the process. He started down the hallway, a man on a mission. He only stopped at Tommy’s door. He hesitated for a only a moment before trying the door. It was lock but honestly he was too far into his head to care. He had learned this trick a long time ago, back when they were high school and Techno was a bit scared of how Wilbur was spiraling, luckily he never had to use this trick and they caught Wilbur early on. If only they had caught it for Tommy.

He moved the knob, lifting it up slightly and shaking it until it unlocked. He rushed into Tommy's room, no time to feel regret for what he did and marched over to his bed.

"What?" Tommy muttered, having woken up from the small commotion Techno had made in his rush. Techno didn't answer but he grabbed his brother and hugged him tightly.

"Oh." Tommy said, blinking away the tiredness.

"I'm sorry." Techno whispered and Tommy felt his breath hitch.

"For?" He asked.

"Breaking the gift you tried to give us." And Tommy felt his heart break.

"I don't care about the gift." Tommy said, pushing Techno away.

"What?"

"You're getting closer though." Tommy said, pulling his sheets over his shoulder.

"Closer?" Techno asked.

"Hmm." Tommy muttered, already falling back to sleep.

-

"What happened?" Wilbur asked.

“I thought I knew what Tommy was mad about. The night before we went to college he tried to give us a gift and we broke it.” Techno said.

“I don’t remember that.” Wilbur said, frowning.

“I didn’t either. Not until tonight. I thought that was it but It wasn’t.” Techno told him, laying back in bed.

“Oh.” Wilbur said, laying down as well.

Wilbur stared up at the ceiling, something was nagging at him. The day before they left for college. It was sticking in his head and he had no clue why. What happened that day? He really couldn't remember.

Techno said that wasn't it though, but it had to be. Tommy liked them before they went to college but hated them after they got there. If it wasn't then leaving that Tommy was mad about it must've been something that day.

He racked his brain, trying to think of an answer. Trying to think of that day or even that night. What could they have possibly done to make him hate them that much.

He didn’t even realize his eyes were drooping until they were closed and at that point he was too tired to open them.

---

*“You’re so annoying! Why are you still here? You made your mess and now we’re going to have to stay up late and clean this up! You’re not even part of this family anyway, I don’t even know why dad adopted you!”*

-

*“It’s not like any of us even wanted you in the first place anyway.”*

-

*“College is best! We’re having the best time and it’s only been a week! We thought we’d be miserable away from home but god is it great! Without you or Phil around we have so much fucking freedom! It’s so much better here!*

-

*“Better than being at home with you losers!”*

-

Wilbur woke up with a gasp.

He remembered.

## Chapter End Notes

Techno- Yeah apparently it had nothing to do with that night

Wilbur- I think NOT

Join the discord?? We have lore apparently! Come meet amazing people and have fun!!  
(You get up to three new internet parents!!) [DISCORD](#)

I have a tik tok but haven't had time to post on it too much lmao [Tik Tok](#)

# If He Walked Into My Life Today (Mame; 1966)

## Chapter Summary

**\*\*//Trigger Warnings\\\*\***

- Emetophobia (Throwing up and mentions of throwing up, not graphic)
- Not liking being in your body
- Implied Home Issues
- Mentioned at home social worker visits
- Implied suicide/ suicidal ideology
- Implied/referenced abuse

**\*\*This list is potentially incomplete, please let me know if I missed anything, stay safe\*\***

## Chapter Notes

In Which an apology should be made.

I fine I swear. I just hate writing the endings and this one is literally killing me

BUT I worked it out so it's okay I know what I'm doing now, and as you can I see I updated how many chapters are left! At most we have three weeks left but maybe sooner because I know what I'm doing now and may just post as soon as I finish the next chapter. But who knows.

Anyway I'm back and I hope for weekly updates again but I wouldn't hold you breath. I hate writing the endings and I want this to be worth the read so please bare with as I finish!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur launched himself out of bed and barreled down the hall, not really caring if he woke anyone up. Techno woke up the second Wilbur was out of bed. Wilbur threw open the bathroom door and shoved his head into the toilet as he emptied his stomach of anything that was left from dinner.

Gods it burned his throat but he genuinely couldn't stop.

He was so fucking disgusted with himself and his brother and he couldn't even stand that he was himself. He wanted to claw his way out of his own skin and he hated it. He wanted to be anyone but himself right now and he couldn't even stand to be him. Wilbur hated that he was going to have to look in the mirror at some point but right now he couldn't even *be* himself let alone look at him.

Gods he was fucked and he hated himself for what he did. The fact that he didn't even know he did it for *years* . He ignored Tommy's problems and claimed they weren't as bad as he was making them seem. But gods were these probably worse than he thought. They were far worse than Wilbur could've ever imagined.

"Wilbur? Are you okay?" Phil asked, Wilbur looked up and saw his family standing in the doorway. All of them looked entirely too tired but all still concerned. Wilbur's focus was on Tommy, who, despite everything, was still concerned about his health and well being.

After everything he went through, because of Wilbur and Techno and yet here he was, at an ungodly hour, worried about him. Wilbur would've gotten sick again if his stomach wasn't already empty. He managed to suppress a gag.

"Yeah. yeah... I'm fine." He coughed. "I guess my lunch was bad. Shouldn't have eaten the...gas station meal." Techno raised an eyebrow but beyond that Phil only grimaced and nodded. Tommy rubbed his face.

"As long as no one's dying I'm going back to bed. Maybe I'll actually get to sleep this time before I have to go to school tomorrow. It's fucking tech week." Tommy groaned and with that he disappeared from the doorway. Well there goes any chance to apologize tonight. Wilbur sighed and stood up on shaky legs towards the door. Techno and Phil moved out of his way.

"Are you sure you're going to be okay, mate?" Phil asked. "Food poisoning is a real bitch." Wilbur laughed and nodded. Avoiding any glance at the mirror.

“I’ll be fine. I should just get some sleep.” Wilbur muttered, with that he walked, leaning on the wall, back towards his room. He sat down on his bed and a few moments later Techno came in and shut the door behind him.

“You didn’t eat gas station food today.” Techno said. “I made you lunch.” He sat down on his own bed.

“I remembered.” Wilbur whispered.

“What?” Techno asked, suddenly a bit more alert than he was a couple of seconds ago.

“I remembered what we did.” Wilbur said. Techno sucked in a deep breath.

“Oh.” He replied.

“Yep.”

“What’d we do? I only remember part of it.” Techno said.

“We told him we never wanted him. That we didn’t care and that he was nothing but a foster kid to us.” Wilbur said, his face hardly showing any emotion but his voice was level.

“What?” Techno asked.

“We even said that Phil didn’t care! And Phil took on so many hours at work that he barely saw Tommy. And we called a week later only to shove it in his face how much we were having *without* him and how we just *love* college.” Wilbur let out a bitter laugh. “We never visited, never called.”



“I don’t blame him for hating us.” Techno replied, not really having set in what he had done, shock still running through his system.

“And that’s the thing.” Wilbur replied, almost hysterically. “He doesn’t  *fucking*  hate us. He cares and he’s willing to accept our apology when we sure as hell don’t deserve it.”

“No we don’t.” Techno muttered.

“I don’t know how to even begin to apologize to him.” Wilbur said.

“Well let’s start thinking of ideas. Just saying sorry isn’t enough, we have to show him how sorry we are.” Techno said.

“Destroying our diplomas?” Wilbur asked.

“That’s just a waste of money and I don’t think Tommy would appreciate that. They mean nothing to him.”

“I’m just throwing ideas out there.” Wilbur defended.

----

No one in the Watson household was allowed to sleep apparently. Phil was woken up for the third time that night by one of his sons. Tommy, this time, shook him awake after he had only just fallen back to sleep.

“What’s up?” Phil asked, only half awake and hoping this would be quick so he could go back to sleep immediately.

“Um can-” Tommy cut himself off before starting again. “Can Purpled come over... and stay here... like now?”

“What time is it?” Phil asked, not quite awake enough to understand in full what Tommy was asking.

“3:47 am.” Tommy answered.

“Why is he coming over now?” Phil asked.

“Social workers are talking to his brother right now. His brother is his legal guardian.”

“Oh.” Phil said. There was silence for a moment.

“Yeah of course.” Phil agreed finally. He was awake enough now to understand what was going on, but didn’t quite understand why social workers were coming at 3 in the morning. Tommy nodded and started tapping away at his phone.

“Thank you.” Tommy breathed.

“Of course.” Phil nodded, throwing the covers off of himself.

“Where are you going?” Tommy asked.

“I’m coming to wait with you for Purpled.” Phil said. “Besides, whoever is dropping him off would probably feel best if you had an adult talk to them.” Tommy nodded.

“Thanks.” He muttered. Phil only smiled and nodded, ruffling Tommy’s already messy hair as he walked out of his room.

“Does he like hot chocolate?” Phil asked and Tommy grinned.

“Yeah, he does. And I do too.” Phil chuckled and nodded, heading towards the kitchen to make the warm drink for the boys. Both of whom deserved a treat after the long night they had had already.

-

Phil was heading back to bed, Purpled and Tommy both safely tucked into Tommy’s word after a quick thank you and apology that was completely unnecessary, when he saw the lights were still on in Wilbur’s room.

He knocked on the door lightly, trying not to disturb the younger boys in Tommy’s room. A muffled ‘come in’ was heard and Phil opened the door, surprised to see both of them up and looking at him.

“You’re up late. Feeling okay Wilbur?” Phil asked.

“Yeah I’m okay.” Wilbur said. “What’s up?”

“Oh well, I saw the light was on. And I’m not sure if you heard but Tommy’s friend, Purpled, is staying with us for right now.” Phil told him.

“I- what?” Wilbur asked.

“Yeah, apparently there has been issues going on at home and social workers came and asked if Purpled had a place to stay for right now and Tommy was only one up and able to answer him.” Phil told them. “Really unfortunate but who am I to say no.”

“Right.” Techno replied. “And how long is he staying with us?” Knowing that they couldn’t apologize while Purpled was here, they were both eager to get him out of here as soon as possible.

“I’m not sure. The way Tommy asked made it seem like it would be for more than night but I’m honestly not too sure. If you’re uncomfortable with him being here we could probably see about new arrangements but I figured he’d be most comfortable with a friend.” Phil told them honestly.

“No, it’s fine.” Wilbur said. “We were just wondering if everything was okay.”

“Yeah, I hope so. He didn’t say too much when he came in.” Phil said. “Well enough gossip. Wilbur I hope you feel better and try to get some sleep boys. Goodnight I love you.” With that he closed the door.

Phil was probably going to call in late tomorrow. He definitely needed more sleep than this if he was going to be a productive, or even functioning, member of society tomorrow.

----

The last thing Tommy expected to see as he, Purpled and Ranboo all approached the school in the morning after what can only be described as the night of hell, was police cars. Now it wasn’t all lights and sirens like they were arresting somebody or doing a raid of the school or something. No it was just three police cars, parked in the staff lot. But it was certainly noteworthy as there were *never* police cars at this school. No need for them.

“Well that’s certainly new.” Purpled commented.

“Yeah, and concerning.” Ranboo muttered, before ducking his head and continuing to walk.

“What do you think they’re here for?” Tommy asked, jogging a bit to catch up to Ranboo.

“I don’t know, and frankly I’m not too sure I want to know.” Ranboo replied. “That’s I lie, I definitely want to know but I’m far too nervous and would rather we just go to class and learn from Tubbo like we always do.”

“Probably the safest option.” Purpled said, agreeing.

“When did anyone get anything done by doing things the safe way?” Tommy asked.

“So you wanna go up to the police officers and ask what they’re doing here?” Purpled asked, an eyebrow raised.

“Nope.” Tommy replied, popping the p. “Just saying.” He hummed. Ranboo huffed out a laugh and Purpled shook his head.

-

They didn’t find out from Tubbo as Tubbo didn’t even know. And he was certainly not happy about that.

“He won’t tell me.” Tubbo huffed. “They’ve been in his office talking with him all morning and he won’t tell me why. I’ve texted him a dozen times.”

“Still nothing?” Tommy asked. They had asked Tubbo all day, anytime they saw him and apparently nothing had changed.

“No! Nothing!” Tubbo said, frustrated. “I know nothing more than you do. Except that they haven’t left his office all day.”

“Alright. Tech week, we’re almost there, your final performance as high school students!” Eret said, walking onto the stage.

“Yeah yeah very sad and we’re all gonna cry but do you know why the police are here?” Tubbo said, desperate to be in the loop.

“I am not allowed to say anything. But I do know it’s about a teacher.” Eret replied. “No more, now are we going to rehearse or are we going to talk because it’s *your* time not mine.”

“Rehearse.” Tubbo said, dejected.

“That’s the spirit.” Eret said. “Alright places, places, you know and if you don’t we’re screwed anyway so just stand anywhere.”

----

The twins were in agony.

Not only did Purpled come home with Tommy, not giving them a chance to apologize to him, but they were all going to Eret’s play tonight. Just lovely. Wilbur would usually leap at the chance to go see a play but having it be Eret’s just left a bitter taste in his mouth.

Eret was everything Wilbur wanted to be. They were successful, had a wonderful job, and a good relationship with his brother.

Eret might’ve been the best thing that’s happened to Tommy, might’ve saved his life but Wilbur only felt resentment, bitterness and above all jealousy for his old friend. Gods that sucked and made him feel like the shittiest person alive but it was how he felt and he couldn’t change that. Eret was the better version of Wilbur. The one that stayed by Tommy, the one that caught him when he fell and the one who actually got to see him turn into the person today. Potentially the person who raised him.

And now he got to watch as Eret was more successful than him in every way possible, in a play. *Wilbur* liked to do plays, *Wilbur* liked to be on stage and now he has to watch Eret living his dream.

Gods he could throw up again.

As he was getting dressed up he could hear both Tommy and Purpled talking, although it was muffled as hell and he couldn’t quite hear what they were saying. They sounded so excited.

It sucked.

Techno was indifferent about the whole thing. He enjoyed a good play from time to time but his brothers had such conflicting opinions of the person they were going to see. Eret had been a lifeline for Tommy and for that Techno would be forever grateful to them. He had no clue how many times Eret might've saved Tommy from himself nor did he really want to. But on the other hand, Eret had been labeled a traitor long ago in Techno's mind. While he didn't really know them he did have to hear Wilbur's long winded rants when Eret first left the drama club back in high school.

Not to mention he also felt a bit of jealousy when Eret came to mind. They had such a great relationship with Tommy and he *wanted* that. He wanted to be the one Tommy turned to when he was having issues. He wanted to be a strong one for Tommy, who would fight for him or just be a shoulder to lean on. But after what he and Wilbur did he wasn't sure he deserved that.

They didn't deserve their little brother, but Eret did. And that *killed* him.

So he was conflicted, inner turmoil raged, while Techno looked calm and composed on the outside, if not a bit emotionless. Hard to let any emotions through when you don't have any kind of expression.

----

The show was good, of fucking course it was. These were professional actors in a professional show that was put on with professional money. It was good show. But Wilbur had been shifting in his seat the whole damn time. He hated this, he just wanted to *talk* with Tommy. Five minutes even just five minutes to say sorry. Would it be enough? No.

But honestly he could probably apologize for eternity and it still wouldn't be enough.

Still he couldn't sit still during the show. Shifting and always looking towards where Tommy was sitting. (Away from them and next to his friends.) And if that didn't put salt in the wound. He dragged them here to watch a play they had no interest in and sat away from them.

Perhaps a play house wouldn't be the most appropriate place to apologize but it also seemed right in some sort of way. Tommy's whole life was centered around theater and now they were in a play house.

But it was public and no one needed to see their tearful apology. Perhaps afterwards. They weren't sure who would be around and who wouldn't so maybe they would have a chance to plead for forgiveness after the show was over. Tommy was probably really enjoying the show, afterall Eret was in it and as little attention as Wilbur was paying to it, it was very good. One of the best shows he's ever seen. The acting was incredible and the writing was just perfect.

Didn't make him feel any better.

Techno, on the other hand, was hyper focused on the play, unwilling to think about the apology for Tommy in general. He wanted all of this to be over, he wanted it to have never happened in the first place but that wasn't an option. Techno just wanted to be able to be brothers again with Tommy. He missed his little brother and only saw fragments of him when he was with Eret and his friends.

Techno didn't miss the game nights on discord, nor the hushed whispers and laughs with Purpled this past day. And he wanted to be part of it, he wanted to reply dryly when Tommy made a joke or weird comment. He just wanted his brother back.

But there was nothing he could do about it right now, instead he was focusing on the whole new world unfolding in front of him. The play, distracting himself, indulging in his little brother's passion and found himself enjoying it and wanting to watch more.

Techno loathed himself for missing out on all those opportunities to watch Tommy in plays and performance he only now was realizing he had missed.

He just hoped it wasn't too late to watch his last show of high school.

When the house lights came on and people starting filing out, making comments on the show, praising the actors and directors Tommy came bouncing up to them.

"Eret just invited us to a celebratory dinner!" He exclaimed. "Can I go Phil?"



“You’re an adult mate, you don’t need to ask, just let me know. How late do you plan on being out?” Phil asked.

“Pretty late.” Tommy said, somewhat sheepishly. “Cast parties and stuff like this tend to go on pretty late.”

“Have fun.” Phil said with a smile. Tommy smiled brightly.

“Thank you!” He exclaimed. “Bye!” He called to the three of them before running off back to his friends.

And with that his was gone, as was their opportunity to apologize.

----

Today was the day. It was the fucking day. It was Sunday, Purpled was gone, and Tommy was coming home late from late minute weekend rehearsal but he was coming home.

Techno and Wilbur had set up an ‘apology party’ for Tommy and had a million different things ready to show Tommy that they were sorry and how much he meant to them. Mementoes taken from over the years that had meaning to both them and Tommy. Pictures, memories, everything they could possibly think of to try and make Tommy forgive them.

Even though they were unsure if he would, or even if they deserved it, they had to try. At the very least make Tommy know that they didn’t mean. That they always loved him and he was so fucking wanted, in their family and in general.

They just needed him to know that.

Phil was roped in, if only to keep the peace between his boys, or to make Tommy happy. Apparently Tommy had told him what happened and he wasn’t exactly fond of the twins right

now and they would be punished accordingly as soon as they apologized to Tommy. Which was fair and deserved.

Tommy opened the door, it was late but not too late and they decided to go through with it. Tell him they were sorry.

Although Tommy came barreling in through the door. Phil tried to talk with him as Tommy was tugging off his shoes as fast as he could. He didn't get a word in before Tommy spoke.

"Ah ah ah! Sorry Phil, give me one second I have to know if I still have it!" Tommy exclaimed, rushing over to the piano quickly after dropping his backpack. He sat down, throwing up the fallboard without fear of it falling back down on his hands and quickly started playing the piano.

After a couple of minutes he sighed and smiled at Phil.

"I got it!" He said happily. Phil chuckled.

"I'm glad." He replied. "I haven't heard that one before."

"Nah it's new." Tommy replied. "So what did you want again?"

"There's something waiting for you in the dining room." Phil told him.

"In the dining room?" Tommy asked, an eyebrow raised. Phil nodded.

"Yep."

"Suspicious." Tommy replied but stood up anyway. The doorbell rang and Phil frowned.

“I’ll get it, you head into the dining room.” Phil told him.

“Alright.” Tommy replied.

He headed past the door and the stairs as Phil was opening the door.

Techno and Wilbur had been ready, ready to apologize, ready to have their brother back, ready to make any kind of change. Just ready to tell Tommy that they were sorry.

But as he reached the doorway, Phil stopped him.

“Tommy.” He said carefully. “The police are here to talk to you.”

*What?*

## Chapter End Notes

Come and join the discord! We're a great bunch and we're super welcoming, however please please please be 14+ I am an adult and if you aren't 14+ please do not join (If you're already in you can stay but please don't join if you haven't already) I am literally and adult and I'm just not comfortable with young kids in my server I feel responsible for you and I don't need that kind of pressure but if you are above 14 please join, we're lovely and I hope you can make it!

[DISCORD](#)

Love you all lots! Thanks for reading!

# Totally Fucked (Spring Awakening; 2006)

## Chapter Summary

**\*\*//Trigger Warnings\\\*\***

- Police investigation
- Invasion questions
- Mentions of drugs and alcohol
- Mentions of bullying
- Mentions of abuse of power
- Mentions of abuse (physical and mental)

**\*\*This list is potentially incomplete feel free to let me know what I might've missed!  
Stay safe\*\***

## Chapter Notes

In Which an apology takes place

Hey guess who posted on time?

And guess who's posting tomorrow?

Yeah I finished this fic so I'll be posting the last two chapters tomorrow and Wednesday so keep your eyes open!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

### ***17 hours earlier***

*Punz was woken up by a loud knocking at the door. He half expected to see Dream out there, after cutting him off cold turkey. He had been attempting to get into the gym and talking to him but Punz literally always had a class. Only one period did he have lunch and Dream had a class then so their schedules didn't match up.*

*But he was even more surprised that it was the police at his door.*

*“Uh, How can I help you officers?” Punz asked.*

*“Punz?” One of them asked.*

*“Uh Yeah.” He answered.*

*“We’re here to talk to you about some documents.” The officer said. Punz felt his heart stop for a moment. Documents? What documents?*

*“Yeah, yeah. Of course. Um, come in.” They told the police.*

*“Is there anyone else here?” The office asked.*

*“I- um, yeah my little brother. I’m his legal guardian.”*

*“Can he go someplace else while we speak to you?” The officer asked. “It’s sensitive and classified.” Punz was officially scared. He nodded.*

*“I’ll have to ask.” He stuttered out. “I’ll go wake him up and see if he has any friends to stay with.”*

*“No other family?” Officer asked. Punz shook their head.*

*“No.” They replied. The officer nodded. Punz went down the hall and opened Purpled’s door; quietly although they weren’t sure why as he was going to wake him up anyway. But regardless they walked carefully up to their brother and shook him lightly. Purpled cracked his eyes open.*

*“What’s up?” He asked.*

*"I-uh, some people are here to talk to me and they want you to go elsewhere because it's classified or something..." Punz told him.*

*"What?" Purpled asked, only half conscious and not really understanding what Punz was asking. Punz sighed.*

*"Text your friends and ask if you can stay with them. I don't know how long this will take." Punz told him. Purpled sighed but sat up and pulled his phone out from underneath his pillow, the charging cable still attached to it. He tapped away at it before looking back up at Punz.*

*"Are you just going to stand there and watch me?" Purpled asked.*

*"I- No, I guess not." They replied, remembering that the police were literally in the living room waiting for him. The police looked at him as they walked back down the hallway.*

*"He's uh, asking around to see if he can stay with someone." Punz told them.*

*"We'll wait then." The officer replied. Punz only nodded and offered them seating as they waited for Purpled.*

*A couple of moments later, a very uncomfortable and tense few moments, Purpled came out, a backpack full of stuff.*

*"I'm heading to Tommy's." Purpled told him, not looking at his brother or the police officers, only texting, keeping his head in his phone. "He said they'll let me stay there."*

*"Okay be safe." Punz replied, Purpled only waved him off and shut the door behind him as he left. Punz let out a sigh of relief although they knew the hard part was coming now.*

*“So, what do you need to talk to me about?”*

*“A couple of years ago, you signed off as being a reference for a teacher at your current school and place of employment, is that correct?” One of the officers asked. Punz did, Dream asked him to be his reference because he wanted to be an English teacher at the academy but was missing one reference. Punz remembered how intense the process was and how it would be great for Dream if he had a reference from someone who already worked in the school.*

*“Uh yeah. I do- did. I did do that.” Punz answered.*

*“And who was that?”*

*“Um, Dream. Dream WasTaken.” Punz replied.*

*Punz knew he had made a mistake when he recommended Dream. He knew something was off, he wanted nothing to do with the academy until Sapnap had dragged him to that one play. That stupid play. It all led back to the Theater program, didn't it. Punz knew he was taking a risk when it came to lying for Dream and yet he still did it. He never thought it would lead to him getting questioned by the fucking police and yet here he was. They wished they had shut their mouth when Dream asked if they still worked there. Fuck, they were screwed here weren't they?*

*“That's what we thought. Sit down please, this is going to be a long night.”*

*Punz wanted to disappear.*

----

Tommy sat down in the living room, two police officers across from him. One was sitting on the chair and the other was standing behind him.

Tommy was a good kid, despite all the shit that has happened to him he never turned to drugs or alcohol, he never did crime, despite claiming to his friends that he did, he was a good kid.

He got good grades despite everything, he did well in school. He was involved, he did extra credit, he only got detention twice and almost *always* did his homework.

So being questioned by the police was *not* something he was expecting. He was scared shitless right about now and wanted nothing more than to *not* be doing this. His hands were shaking and he was glad he was sitting down because he could feel his legs weren't able to hold him up right about now. He knew his family was just one shout away and he was allowed to not answer any questions. But that didn't mean he wasn't absolutely scared out of his mind right about now.

"You're not in trouble." The officer sitting down started and if that didn't take the weight of the world off his shoulders. Gods that was a relief, they weren't here to arrest him which was wonderful... but then, what were they here for?

"Oh, that's good." Tommy stuttered out.

"We're just here to talk to you about your school and your teachers. Specifically, Dream WasTaken." The officer said. Now if that didn't take Tommy even more off guard than the whole police coming to your house at 8:30 in the evening.

Dream was an asshole, he was a dick and he was petty as fuck. The guy was a piece of shit and Tommy would love nothing more than to see him behind bars. But... But he hadn't done anything that warrants arrest. Sure he was unsupportive, a bully and all around a shit person and teacher but he didn't do anything legal. Despite his grumbling and his attempts he never stopped Tommy when he brought up his 504, he's never laid a hand on a kid, to Tommy's knowledge and honestly he was really just your average run of the mill dick who peaked in high school and is bitter about it years later. Tommy had no clue why they would be here for Dream and why they would be talking to him of all people. Sure he was the target of most of Dream's torment but the guy was just a bad teacher in general, no one liked him and he just wasn't good, but legal trouble? Nothing Tommy knew about.

"Okay?" Tommy replied, unsure.

"How is he as a teacher?" Tommy blinked, what the fuck? Why were they asking these questions? It didn't seem like something *police* officers would ask. More like something Puffy would ask.



“Um, shit.” Tommy replied bluntly. “He’s awful, he’s a real dick and uh, targets me.”

“Targets you?” The officer asked.

“Uh yeah. Like pulls me aside and tells me I can’t do shit. That I should drop his class and shit. I mean it *sounds* like he has my best interests in mind but it feels wrong and mean. And my therapist doesn’t like him either. She lets me stay in her room and skip his class.” Tommy told them.

“Has he taught anything wrong, that you know of?”

“Um, not that I can tell. I mean English isn’t really my thing. I don’t really like being told what books to read and writing long papers bore me. Honestly all of my teachers could be teaching me complete bullshit and chances are I wouldn’t know.” Tommy answered.

“But he is unprofessional in the classroom, in which he singles you out and discourages you?”

“Yeah. He would crumple up my passes and throw them at me, I never saw him do it to anyone else but then again I’m always the one who’s late so, I don’t think I’m a great source on that.”

“Does he grade you unfairly?”

“No, surprisingly.” Tommy replied. “He’s been very fair with the grading, I’ve never complained about that since I was always given the grades I deserve. He’s mean and basically as bad a bully minus the getting beat up part but he’s fair when it comes to grading.”

“Besides the paper balls, has he ever thrown anything else at you or another student?”

“I don’t think so? I think he threw a book once but I don’t really think it was *at* anyone. He might’ve *wanted* it to hit someone but it wasn’t at me or anyone else.” Tommy replied.

“Has he ever hit you or any other student?”

“Again not to my knowledge.” Tommy replied. “I know he’s never hit me. I don’t think he’s *that* bad. He made my life miserable but only verbally and mentally. He’s about as bad a school bully, nothing more. I just have less than stellar mental health and he gets to me very easily. I’m not saying he’s good or anything, no he’s still a piece of shit but he’s not like... *that* bad.”

“Would you be willing to testify in court, if need be, about his behavior and his actions towards you specifically?” The officer asked. Tommy blinked.

“I mean, uh... um, I- hah- I don’t really know, probably? Like I wouldn’t mind, I’d do it I guess. But honestly I don’t think the shit he’s done to me deserves him go to court for it? Like- hah- It’s just stupid school stuff. Fired? Maybe. But court? No I don’t think so.” Tommy stuttered.

“This goes a bit deeper than that.” The officer said. “It’s not just his treatment of you and the other students but there is a reason why we came to *you* over any other students. At the moment we are not allowed to discuss these reasons, however know that everything is okay and if you’d like to skip your English class, please do.” Tommy blinked.

“We’ve spoken with your principal and if you are no longer comfortable being in the same room as him you don’t have to be. Just go to the principal’s office or if your therapist is okay with it, go to them.”

“O-okay. Am I safe?”

“Perfectly safe. He doesn’t know we are investigating and he definitely has no clue we’ve spoken to you. You are as safe as you were before.”

“Okay, thank you.” Tommy replied.

“Thank you.” The officer said, standing up. “Also you are not allowed to speak about this with anyone outside this household. No one from your school can know, do you understand?” Tommy nodded.

“I understand.”

“Thank you for your time.” The officer said. They thanked Phil on the way out and then they left. Phil walked into the living room, attempting to make sure his son was okay.

“Are you alright mate?” Phil asked.

“No, because what the fuck? My teacher who’s been ruining my life for the past *year* might be getting arrested for some shit and I don’t even know why! And- and it involves me! Me?! What the fuck did I do? Why me?!” Tommy ranted.

“It’s okay.” Phil told him. “It’s going to be okay, we’ll be here with you every step of the way.”

“Thank you Phil but I might have to go to court! Court! Phil this is insane! I just wanted to do plays in school! Why am I wrapped up in the middle of this?” He groaned.

“Some people don’t think about the consequences of their actions. I’m sorry his actions are affecting you, but you’re going to be just fine. You know that right?” Phil tired, slowly ushering Tommy towards the dining room.

“Yeah I know.” Tommy sighed. “And I know my friends and Puffy and Eret would be on my side but... ugh! It’s so frustrating and I don’t want to have to worry about this! I just wanted to go to school!”

“Your anger is justified. You are rightfully upset. It’s okay to be okay, mate.” Phil said, giving him one last little shove into the dining room.

“What are-” Tommy cut himself off as he looked at the room around him.

There was a banner hung up. It read ‘We are sorry’ there were balloons and Techno and Wilbur were standing at the head of the table, near the kitchen door. He blinked at the scene in front of him.

Wilbur was looking a bit shy; they both looked uncomfortable and they were definitely waiting for his reaction. They were both unsure and they looked nervous as hell. Tommy supposed he would too if he was in their place, but he wasn’t in their place and now he had to figure out how the hell he felt about whatever the fuck this was.

“What am I looking at exactly?” Tommy ended up asking.

“Our apology party?” Techno tried. “We’ve been trying to figure out ways to apologize all week.”

“For what exactly?” Tommy asked, trying not to get hopeful.

“For what we did before we left for college.” Wilbur said slumping. “I- fuck, Tommy how you kept all of this to yourself all this time is beyond me. I’m so fucking sorry. We had a script prepared about how sorry we are but... but fuck it. Tommy I cannot express in words how *fucking* sorry I am. I should have never said the shit I did and if I could go back and time to *kill myself* before I could ever say that shit I would. I can’t believe myself. You fucking matter Tommy. We’ve *always* wanted you and we shouldn’t have used your insecurities against you. Not only that but we actually fucking forgot about it! We had no clue we hurt you so badly and acted like you were the one who wasn’t making any sense. Gods above I’m so fucking sorry Tommy! I have absolutely no idea how to make it up to you because that was beyond fucked up and crossed lines that should never be crossed and... and I’m just so sorry.”

“We were shitty brothers.” Techno cut in, he looked like a wreck and Techno almost *never* looked wrecked, always looking put together. “I- I feel like the worst person in the entire world and an ever worse brother. There are things that should never be said, even in the heat of the moment and we said them. They weren’t true and we were just mad. We didn’t even have a right to be upset. You didn’t deserve that and we’re beyond sorry. If we could take it back we would... but we can’t and that’s something *we* have to live with and I’m sorry you do too.”

“You’re suffering because of our mistakes and I cannot say sorry enough for that. You didn’t deserve that, I’m so sorry.” Wilbur added.

Tommy looked at Phil, not sure what else to do. He, well he just never expected them to actually apologize, or at least he never realized he had no clue what to do when they did apologize. He, well he never thought, he hoped but he realized he had no clue what to do in this moment. Phil only raised his hands in mock surrender, not giving him anything to work with. Tommy turned back to the twins, he was still in shock really. They had remembered and they were actually apologizing to him. It was like a dream but he honestly had no clue to feel. Sure he had always said he would accept it if they apologized but... was it really okay?

He had gone through hell and back because of them. Sure he wanted his brothers back but *could* he ever have his brothers back. Tommy thought this would be easy, he thought this would be simple, just forgive them but his mouth couldn’t form the words. Did he really forgive them? They sounded genuinely upset and sorry. But... was that enough?

“I have to talk to my therapist first.” Tommy said, and turned on his heel and headed back up to his room. He needed time and a professional's opinion. He needed a minute to figure out if he really did accept their apology, if he really wanted them back, if he was ready to fix their relationship for real.

-

Phil gave the twins a sympathetic look. They both all but collapsed onto their seats in the dining room.

“It wasn’t a no.” Phil told them.

“It wasn’t a yes.” Wilbur muttered, his face buried in the wood of the table.

“Hm.” Phil replied. “I’m going to add insult to injury here and talk about your punishment for what you did.” The twins sighed.

“That’s fair Phil, what is it?” Techno asked.

“You two are grounded. You may not leave this house unless it’s on fire, there’s gas or unless I say so for the next four weeks. If Tommy needs a ride somewhere you are to take him there whenever he wants. And you *both* need to hurry up and find jobs before September, am I understood?” Phil told them.

“Yeah.”

“Crystal clear.”

“Good. Then, I believe you’ve learned your lesson and I think you’re suffering enough and while I know what you did wasn’t out of macile you do have to learn that your actions have consequences and these just happen to be *some* of the consequences.” Phil said.

“I know.”

“We deserve it.” Wilbur muttered.

“You do.” Phil replied. “Now get up and help me make something. I’m hungry and I’m sure Tommy is too and you as well.”

----

Tommy marched straight into Puffy’s office the next morning, he didn’t even talk to Ranboo on their walk to school, Ranboo could tell something had happened and didn’t push it, he just filled the silence with explaining how he was teaching Greek to some of the freshmen in his free time. Tommy appreciated it but just didn’t have it in him to talk to Ranboo after the night he had.

The police came and questioned him about his fucking English teacher and then his brothers finally apologized and Tommy was just every where at once and needed a minute. He needed to talk to Puffy.

He walked into her room and just sat down in the chair across from her. Puffy only raised an eyebrow, minimized her tabs on her computer and turned to face him. He didn't say anything at first, because he wasn't sure what to say or what he wanted to say or even what he wanted *her* to say. He was stressed and didn't know what to do next.

"They apologized... for what they did. Like... actually apologize." Puffy didn't mask her shock but she *did* keep her expression neutral, it wasn't happy but it wasn't upset.

"Oh yeah?" She asked.

"I don't know if I should forgive them or not. I know that I said I would but I don't know if I should! Like-... I don't know."

"Do you want to forgive them?" She asked.

"I do, I really do." Tommy replied, looking at his backpack.

"Then let go." She told him, grabbing his hand. "Your anger is justified but you know you want and if you want to forgive them, forgive them." Tommy looked at her and blinked a couple of times. He nodded.

"I think I will." He said. And with that, he stood up, slung his backpack over his shoulder and walked off to chemistry. He might have been a little late but Puffy would fix the late mark on his attendance.

He sat down in his seat without a problem as both Gogy and his classmates were used to him coming in and out at odd times. Apparently they were doing a lab today and Tommy walked over to Purpled, only feeling slightly bad that he had left the other boy on his own to do the first half of the lab.

Tubbo and Ranboo were right next to them and Tubbo leaned over onto their space.

“Nice of you to join us.” Purpled muttered as he placed his beaker tube in the holder over the unlit bunsen burner. “Goggles.” He reminded Tommy and Tommy quickly went over to his desk to grab the goggles that were already set out for him.

“Sorry, I’ve had a night.” Tommy replied. “Just needed to check in with Puffy a bit early.”

“Yeah?” Tubbo asked.

“Yep!” Tommy replied. “What about you guys, anything interesting happened with you?”

“I found out the people at my house that night weren’t social workers but police officers. So there’s that.” Purpled replied, handing Tommy the match box as he got ready to turn on the gas. Everyone’s least favorite part, lighting the bunsen burner. And since Tommy was late he got the honors of doing it.

“Oh no shit. The police were at *my* house last night too!” Tommy exclaimed.

“Seriously?” All three of them turned to look at him. Tommy nodded.

“No seriously. They were there.” He said. “Why do you think I stopped at Puffy’s?”

“What did they want?” Ranboo asked.



“I’m not allowed to say.” Tommy slumped, pulling out a match. “Now stop distracting me or else I’ll burn myself.”

----

The first day of hell week went off without any issues. Purpled had officially joined them, as he had to stay after with Tommy *most* of last week and had learned how to help backstage, he had agreed to help for the last show.

He was also going to the same college as Tommy, Tubbo and Ranboo but for filmmaking rather than performing arts. Purpled wasn’t to stay, he wasn’t a theater kid, he had no passion for theater or anything and has already stated that he only kind of likes the tech part of theater but only because it reminds him of filmmaking.

Regardless, with the help of Purpled the first day of hell week went great. Despite everything it was dark out when they finally left. Purpled was driven home by Eret and Tubbo crawled into Schlatt’s window and made him shit himself and Ranboo and Tommy walked home together.

The walk home was again filled with silence on Tommy’s part and ramblings on Ranboo’s part. He was talking about how they now had five people who could join in on game nights and what games they could play now and the new combinations of games and teams and what not. It was nice.

And then they got to the corner. Where they are supposed to separate. Where Tommy would head home and back to his family and Ranboo would go back to the group home. Tommy would be facing his family, his brothers, his future and he would be doing it alone. He supposed he could bring Ranboo with him but he shouldn’t. This was his battle, his fight and he was going to win it on his own.

Though neither of them moved.

Deja vu hit them both like a truck. They had been here before. They had stood here and waited in silence for Tommy to face a life changing decision. Ranboo was there, he’d be there and he’d keep being there for him.

Just like Tubbo would.

Just like Eret would.

Just like Puffy would.

Just like Purpled would.

He wasn't alone, Tommy would never have to be alone ever again.

And now, no matter what happened tonight, Tommy would have support. He'd have a family, legally or by choice it didn't matter.

Tommy gripped the straps of his backpack until his knuckles turned white. He stood up straighter and shook his head.

“Goodbye Ranboob! I'll see you tomorrow.”

“See you tomorrow.” Ranboo answered with a smile.

And Tommy started down his street, with hope his relationship with his brothers would heal.

Chapter End Notes

Join the discord! (14+) We're awesome and loving and caring! You're always welcome here!

Also come and vote for the next fic I write! Just join and react to whichever fic you want (in the announcement channel) choose up to five fics to vote for!

[DISCORD](#)

Love you all lots! Thanks for reading!

# Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered (Pal Joey; 1940)

## Chapter Summary

**\*\*//Trigger Warning\\\*\***

- Talk about 'giving up'
- Lots of talk about healing
- Mentions of trauma
- Arrests
- Police investigations
- Mentions of injury
- Mentions of abuse of power
- Mentions of abuse

**\*\*This list is potentially incomplete, please let me know if I missed anything! Stay safe!\*\***

## Chapter Notes

Shorter chapter for today

Guess who's posting the last chapter tomorrow? It's a very short chapter just finishing up a couple loose ends! I hope you enjoy it!

It's been a wild ride and while this story may be over I am certainly not done. I have more stories to tell and I will be writing them, come on to my discord (link at the end) and vote on the next story that I write! I will be out soon I promise ;D

Have a wonderful day and read!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy walked into his house and it was silent. He felt a shiver go through his body as it was hardly ever quiet anymore. The house, recently, had been like it was a long time ago, before the fight and before the twins went off to college. It was lively, the lights were on and the inside was just a tad bit warmer.

But right now it was like before they came back. When Tommy was constantly alone and the coldness returned to the home.

Maybe this was what solidified it, Tommy will never know for sure, but the stillness of the house, the horrible familiarity *of* the stillness made him never want to feel it again. He didn't want to be here, he didn't want to have to live in this stillness every time he came home. Because this *was* home. No matter how many times he tried to deny it, no matter how many times he wished it weren't sure when he was younger, *this* was home. He wasn't giving this up.

Healing was a process and one that he knew dangerously well, concerningly well. It was a process in which there were ups and downs, there were times in which life felt wonderful, where you felt as though you were on cloud 9. And then there were times in which you questioned if it was ever worth healing over, or if you should give up or if you should've even tried in the first place. But it was worth it. Fuck was it worth it. Healing had its ups and downs like anything would, like everything does. Sure it's hard, sure it's probably going to hurt, but is it worth it. Tommy wouldn't trade anything in the world for his healing.

He was okay because of his healing. Was it easy? Absolutely not. Were there times in which he wanted to stop and just ignore his issues? Yeah. But he pushed through and now he was at a point in which he could have literally everything he's ever wanted. Ever since that young little foster kid went to a play for the first time. He had a chance to have a family, a chance to go to the best theater school in the world.

And, if he didn't take it... he'd probably regret it for the rest of his life.

He needed to take this chance, he needed to fix his problems, let go of his anger and forgive. It would take time, it would take work but after yesterday's apology he didn't doubt that his brothers would put in the effort for him. If they didn't the relationship wouldn't heal and they weren't truly sorry, no loss on Tommy's part.

(That was a lie but sometimes you have to lie to yourself for a bit, just to get through something, you can tell yourself the truth later.)

And so, Tommy took off his shoes, leaving them by the front door, hiked his backpack further up his shoulder and walked upstairs and to his room. He dropped off his backpack and took a deep breath in, steeling himself and walked straight to Techno's room. He stood in front of the door, hesitating.

He stood, his arm ready to knock and he waited. Deja vu hit him for the second time that day. He remembered when he had been standing in front of Wilbur's door. Honestly he was surprised he was even in there. Both of the twins' rooms had two beds, in which they could switch between rooms if they both wanted to stay there. Sometimes they were in their own rooms, separate, other times they were together in the same room.

But he had stood here before. In front of Wilbur's door struggling to go and ask for help. He hadn't even remotely forgiven Wilbur there and now he probably already had. Tommy stood in front of Techno's door, a mirror to what happened only a week earlier with a completely different mindset. Hell they might not even be *in* the room right now.

But Tommy knew they were both in Techno's room. He knew it and he was hesitating. This wasn't easy, it was hard but he knew he had to do it.

And so, even though he probably wasn't ready, he knocked.

The door opened almost instantly and there they stood. Techno and Wilbur stood in Techno's room, and they looked at him.

"Hey." Tommy all but whispered.

"Hi." Techno replied.

"How was school? And rehearsal." Wilbur asked, although his bouncing leg gave away how nervous he was.

"Um, good. Purpled is helping out with the... performance so we have extra help." Tommy told them.

"Oh, that's good." Wilbur said.

And then they lapsed into silence. Tommy stood there, unable to make himself form words and say anything.

“Are you okay?” Wilbur eventually asked.

“Yeah.” Tommy replied and he stood up straighter. “I- um...”

“It’s okay.” Techno said. “Just take your time.”

“I think... I- No, I forgive you.” Tommy told them. And in seconds Wilbur’s arms were around him, his face buried in Tommy’s shoulder. He was crying, Tommy could feel his tears soaking in through his shirt and he could hear the quiet hiccuping sobs. Tommy glanced up at Techno who also had tears running down his face. His lips were pressed into a thin line as he tried to suppress his crying. But it was clear he wasn’t stopping anytime soon.

“Thank you.” Wilbur whispered.

“It’ll take time.” Tommy said. “It’ll take energy and- and a lot of fucking work.”

“But... but I’m ready.” Tommy continued. “I forgive you and I’m ready to start again.”

“Thank you, Tommy.” Techno said, moving to join the hug. “I think we’re both ready to work for it.”

“Good.” Tommy said, and the hug dispersed.

“When should we start?” Wilbur asked, sniffing and wiping his eyes free of tears.

“Now. We’re going downstairs and we are watching *Up* .” Tommy said. Wilbur laughed wetly, the occasional tear still falling and nodded.

“Yeah, okay. Let's go.” He said. Tommy nodded once and Techno slung his arm over Tommy’s shoulder and led him downstairs.

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Tommy walked to school the next morning feeling lighter and ready to take on the rest of hell week and the last month of high school.

He was actually chatting with Ranboo today, not so excited to tell his friends the news about what he did last night. Sure they’d support him but Tubbo would be disappointed about how he couldn’t beat them up now. Not that he was allowed to before but he’d be more disappointed now that there was no issue between Tommy and them. Or at least no long standing issue between them.

Although as they came up to the school they noticed people crowding something. Well as much as the students who actually had first period could crowd something. (all in all there were like 80-90 kids who actually had first period and maybe 60 of them were part of the crowd) Tommy and Ranboo looked at each other before running towards the commotion.

They, read; Tommy, pushed their way through the crowd until they reached the front and low and behold.

Dream was being walked out of the school in handcuffs. Tommy let his jaw drop, despite this very much being a possibility he never thought it would actually happen. Tommy made eye contact with him as he was walked out and Dream simply rolled his eyes as he was pushed into the back of the police car.

“What the *fuck* ?” Tommy whispered.

“Thomas Watson?” A police officer asked. Tommy jumped but looked at him and it was one of the police officers that was at his house the other night.



“I- yeah. Hi.” Tommy said. “What’s up?”

“Could you come with me? We are able to explain what’s gone on now. If you’d like to know that is.”

“Uh, yeah. I would like that, thank you.” Tommy stuttered out.

“Come with me then.” The officer said. Tommy nodded and gave Ranboo a shrug before heading off with the officer.

He was brought into the school and into an office he didn’t remember ever being in before. He had been in most offices of the school for one reason or another, but he didn’t remember this one. He sat down at a table in front of an officer and someone who looked important but didn’t look like an officer, and Puffy and Schlatt were there as well. Puffy smiled when she saw him but Schlatt looked frustrated, not at him but in general.

“So, um, what happened?” Tommy asked.

“It took awhile but we finally have the full story.” Schlatt said. “Dream wasn’t actually an English teacher. His credentials were fake, admittedly good fakes but fakes all together.”

“What?” Tommy asked, frowning.

“So here’s the whole story.” Puffy started.

As it turned out, Dream had no interest in teaching, while he did go to college and he did have a degree in English, which actually probably would’ve been enough to work here, he didn’t have any kind of teaching experience ever. Which *was* required to work at the academy. The only reason why he worked here was because Sapnap had dragged him to the showcase when Tommy was in his first year here. Sapnap was dragged there by Quackity who went to see it for Charlie Slimcicle.

Apparently he recognized Tommy's name on the play bill and realized he was Technoblade's younger brother and decided to attempt to get revenge, after all if both Sapnap and Quackity got a job there how hard could it be. But he needed a year of teaching experience and he didn't have that, so instead he faked the credentials and asked Punz to be his reference.

So, Dream was in and apparently his original plan was to befriend Tommy, and become like an older brother to him to make Techno jealous or something like that, his thought process was already beyond fucked hard to make sense of what was going through his head, and that's how he would get his revenge but the sight of Tommy in general just made him so mad that he decided to be a dick.

The reason why his grading was always fair was that if Tommy complained and showed his grades to Schlatt or something it'd show that his grading wasn't correct and they might take a closer look at his credentials.

Punz apparently knew about half of this, which is why the police were questioning them but he claimed he only knew about the fact that Dream wanted the job to get close to Tommy, in a brotherly way and figured what was the harm in that. The reference part was just to help him out but he had no clue about what was happening in the classroom, but with his part the full picture of what was happening came into light.

This whole thing started when Schlatt finally went and looked over Dream's credentials after he was tired of hearing Tubbo complain about him for the millionth time and he noticed a couple of things that didn't make sense.

All in all it was a team effort of things that just happened to happen. The star aligned and all of that. Tommy kind of just sighed not knowing how to process everything.

He didn't blame Techno, sure he did at first, it was easy to. If Techno hadn't beaten him in that stupid fight this wouldn't have happened... but it's not like Techno broke Dream's knee, Dream did that to himself after trying an *illegal* move. It was Dream's fault and the blame should be placed on the man who actually did the things.

Techno was just a catalyst and Tommy understood that now. It didn't make it any easier to process or accept. It was strange that this whole thing was because of him. But he *was* glad it was finally over.

"Are you still okay with going to court about your mistreatment?" The officer asked. Well it was *almost* over.

"Yeah." Tommy answered. "Yeah I think I am." Puffy smiled at him and then stood up.

"I guess that settles all of this then." She said.

"For you." Schlatt muttered and Tommy did not envy him. He never did but especially not now as Tommy could only imagine the legal troubles and the media coverage that was going to be all over this for the next coming weeks, maybe even months. Luckily the school year was coming to a close but it was hard to get around all the media and shit. Tommy didn't envy him and made a mental note to invite Tubbo over for many sleepovers in the coming month.

Puffy scrunched up her nose at Schlatt's statement and put her hand on his shoulder, giving him a reassuring pat.

"Your staff is behind you." She reminded him. He gave her a weak smile before sighing again.

"I'm calling an assembly in a bit. Tommy, if you could keep this quiet until then I would really appreciate it. But after that feel free to tell anyone as much as you'd like." Schlatt told him. Tommy nodded.

"Yeah of course." He said. Schlatt nodded and his shoulder sagged in relief just a bit.

He walked out of the small office muttering something about half the student body watching the least favorite teacher of the school getting arrested and something else about hating how

cell phones had cameras. Tommy snorted quietly at him before Puffy wrapped her arm around his shoulders.

“Come on. Let’s get you to class and we can unpack what happened this past couple of days during your session today.” She said and Tommy actually laughed this time and nodded.

“Got it.” He replied.

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Tommy ignored all of the questions his friends threw at him as he went to chemistry and just waited for the announcement of the assembly in a bit. George had his head down on his desk, no one went up to him or spoke to him. Puffy did pull him out for a minute but when he came back he just had his head down again. It was a bit weird to see your normally stoic chemistry teacher just with his head down.

Tommy felt a bit bad for him, after all his best friend had just been arrested and now you had to teach a bunch of kids who all they wanted to do was talk about it and show pictures of it.

But the assembly was called and everyone left, leaving George alone in the classroom. The four of them found seats together, as they spent the most time in the theater, they knew the best seats. Everyone was chatting, talking about what happened, showing and sharing videos until Callahan basically appeared on stage. Everyone was silent in seconds. Tommy thought he saw a twitch of a smile on Callahan’s face but he was too far to tell for sure and before he could think about it too much Schlatt walked onto the stage. Eret ran on after him and handed him a microphone before running back off.

Eret didn’t like being on stage in front of the academy kids. Tommy felt that but it was kind of funny that the person who ran the theater program had stage fright over 120 high schoolers.

Schlatt attempted to speak but the microphone didn’t seem to work. Callahan grabbed the microphone from him and for a split second the school held their breath, hoping he would speak. But he just turned on the microphone and handed it back to Schlatt.

“Thanks...” Schlatt muttered. Callahan gave him a nod and Schlatt shook his head only to turn his attention back to the school and cleared his throat.

“As I’m sure you know, saw or watched a video of it, one of our teachers, Dream WasTaken, was arrested on school property today. This was due to him faking his credentials and even having references who lied on his behalf. While this case is mostly closed, another one of our teachers is on unpaid leave for their involvement in this but this is temporary until we can figure out their role in this. Although it seems pretty harmless so I’m sure we’ll be seeing them back soon.” Schlatt said.

“This was just an information session for you, letting you know what happened this morning. If you have any question please *don’t* ask your teachers, chances are they know just as much as you do. Please make an appointment with me or email me and I’ll get back to you as soon as I can.” Schlatt said.

“Those of you who had English with him, for right now you are excused from the class. Watch your emails. The class *will* be rescheduled sometime in the near future.” Schlatt said. “That was all, go back to class and try your best to go about business as usual, it is still a school day.” And with that he shut off the microphone and walked off stage, Callahan right behind him.

Tommy turned to his friends.

“You will not believe what actually happened.”

And he launched into the story of what Puffy told him.

## Chapter End Notes

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# Something Wonderful (The King And I; 1951)

## Chapter Summary

\*\*//Trigger Warning\\\*\*

-Mentions of past family issues

-Mentions of life moving on

\*\*This list may be incomplete, please inform me of anything I've missed, stay safe\*\*

## Chapter Notes

In which we're at the end.

It's been a wild ride. I love you all very much, you've done so much for me, much more than you'll ever know. Thank you all so much!

I hope you enjoy the very short ending.

I hope you stay for my next fic! It's coming out soon! (not the next thing I post I'm posting a small series first not my next big fic lol)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy stood on stage, waiting for the curtains to open, to his right was Tubbo and to his left was Ranboo. The three of them had just finished absolutely *sobbing* backstage with Eret. It wasn't easy to leave the thing that gave you hope to live. It wasn't easy leaving what saved you behind. Sure they'd still have theater everyday after school but they would never do a show again. At least not here and not with Eret as their teacher. It felt wrong to leave all of this behind, but it's how life goes. You experience it and then you leave. All that's left to do is to keep moving on. Sure it might be over but maybe what comes next is better.

It was hard to imagine anything better than this. It was hard to imagine that there might be something out there that brought them as much joy as this place has. They'll be together, making new memories and doing new shows with actually complete theater companies. They'd do plays, musicals, dance performances, concerts and more.

There would be plenty of chances for them to be on stage again one day. But right here, right now, was probably the most important performance of their lives.

Their final performance with the program that changed their lives forever.

You could call it bittersweet, or perhaps just bitter. The fact that they were leaving in just a few short months left a bad taste in all of their mouths.

The familiarity of home wouldn't be available out there.

But it was a new start. The start of something greater. It wasn't like they'd be gone forever, they'd come back, they'd visit and Eret was going to keep in contact, game nights would continue, online and in person. There were going to be ups and downs in the future, sure, like there were in the past. But they'd get through it, just like they did before.

Right here, right now. That's what's important, a performance.

They were going to perform the hell out of this and they were going to go out with a bang.

The curtains opened and the rest of the world fell away. There were no more worries, no more concerns, no more anything. It was just them and the stage.

Them and the performance.

With the lights shining on them it was hard to see anything. You could hardly make out anything in the crowd and usually you aren't *supposed* to look at the crowd on stage, but this number, the opening act for them, was basically talking to the audience. Tommy looked out into the audience, searching the crowd as he always did. The balcony was filled with people, there was not an empty seat to be seen anywhere in the theater. Eret gave them a signal from the booth and also breathed in deeply, telling them it was okay and to take a deep breath if they were scared. Next to him, he heard Ranboo take a deep breath. Tommy smiled a little bit as he picked out people he knew in the crowd.

He saw a couple of the caretakers from Ranboo's group home. He saw some of his classmates that he liked. He saw Schlatt.

He noticed Callahan and Connor. Niki was there as well, she sat with Quackity, who had Charlie sitting next to him.

He spotted Sam, who had Puffy and Ponk on either side of him.

And he saw his family. Phil, Techno and Wilbur. They were all sitting in the audience, there they were. For the first time in his life since elementary school, his family was there, supporting him and in the audience of his show.

They looked so happy, Wilbur seemed to be vibrating with excitement. Tommy honestly couldn't wait to show off what he knew, what he had learned, what he could do, for them. For real this time. It wasn't just showing off, it was performing. It was doing what he knew how to do best.

Tommy was beyond ready for this, he didn't even feel nervous anymore, he just felt ready. He was ready to show the world what he could do. This is where he was most comfortable.

Music started and they all moved on instinct, months of practice let them move without so much as a thought.

The intro number went great, no one messed up but they were out of breath, especially Tommy who was mostly running around the stage as Tubbo chased him. So business as usual.

Skits were put on perfectly, play previews didn't miss a line and Improv... well improv was always give or take depending on your audience and depending on what kind of a night it was.



It was a good night.

Everyone laughed, no one missed a beat and everything flowed naturally. Most of it was just banter between friends played up just a little bit to sound like a play but not too much so it was corny and unenjoyable.

Dance numbers went off without a hitch, everyone was on beat and no one fell down or messed up, or at least not that the audience noticed.

The audience melted away the longer the show went on, and soon it felt as though it was just the three of them. Occasionally Eret came into the picture and even less Purpled came in, but the audience was gone to them. It was just the theater and them.

It was perfect.

Tommy took a drink of his water sighing as his mic was off. This part was just Tubbo's and Ranboo's. It was his break before intermission, everyone needed a break when there were only three of you. Tubbo just had his and Ranboo would be next. Only twenty more minutes until intermission.

The show was going as great as it could be, Tommy couldn't imagine a better last show. He made fun of Tubbo and Ranboo backstage with Purpled, double checking every five seconds that his mic was off, the last thing he needed was a live mic incident.

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As the show came to a close, Tommy's song, the one he wrote for his final project in this class, was the closing song, apparently it just fit the end and the songs would be the end of the show anyway, Tommy just got lucky enough to be the one chosen for it to be the last song of the show. Plus it included everyone, so they might as well.

He walked on stage in silence with his keyboard. He placed off to the side. As to make sure it didn't get in the way during the rest of the number. He took a deep breath and started playing.

The notes were familiar, something he had practiced time and time again. He played the bouncy notes and just let the music flow, but he had to time something perfectly. There was a button on the keyboard that started the track instead of him playing and there was only a second where he could actually press the button without making it sound off or having a weird pause. All while he was singing. This was his own idea, he had no one to blame but himself.

But as soon as he hit it he had to stop himself from celebrating as everyone else joined in.

When he wrote this song, it had everything to do with his family, with wanting away. With wanting to claw his way into comfort and away from his family.

And now it really had nothing to do with that. In fact he had everything to do with *staying* with his family. Tommy wasn't exactly opposed to change, but he didn't want to leave everyone behind. He wished he could stay here forever, stay with his family now that he finally was working towards healing and having everything he'd ever wanted.

Funny how the meaning completely changed but it still fit him perfectly.

He might've been a little bit too into it as he realized what he was saying. His voice portraying just a bit too much emotion. Eret put their hand on his shoulder. It might not have been part of the choreography but it worked and it really helped him get back on track.

Neverland, he sang, realizing how much he wanted this to be his neverland. He wanted to be here, never grow up, just stay and do theater with his friends, with his *family*. At this school, which might be getting two new teachers. Maybe twins with degrees in English and Music. They needed a new English teacher and Eret could use help in the theater program. After all, the middle school had the most potential and new students for next year than they had in years, maybe a decade.

Tommy's song finished and with that, their lives were changed forever. They were done, forever, no more shows, no more performances, nothing to practice. No more of the academy's theater.

It was bows, he took Eret's hand, and Tubbo's hand and the four of them bowed. People cheered, they stood and clapped. The four bowed as the applause continued.

Tommy looked to his left, looking at Tubbo and looked to his right at Tubbo and Ranboo and the dam he didn't know he had broke.

A couple of tears at first but soon I was sobbing. He cried out of both happiness and grief. He was happy, they were all together and he still had time left, but he was so sad about leaving. He just wanted to stay. He wanted everything.

The only reason why he was still standing was the fact he was being half held up by Tubbo and Eret. Ranboo was crying too and soon they were all hugging.

None of them cared that they were still on stage, or that the curtains were still open, or that people were watching, but they were just crying and hugging.

Distantly Tommy was aware of the curtain closing and made a mental note to thank Purpled for that later.

They were done, the show was over.

This might be their last show, but it won't be the last of them.

## Chapter End Notes

That's a wrap.

Thank you all, it's sad to say goodbye to the fic that changed my life!

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## End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Chapter two will be out sometime tomorrow!

Join the discord, we're not very active but we're super nice! Come bring some life to the server!

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